THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JULY 10, 1915 — 5cts. THE COPY

Closing the Door—By Samuel G. Blythe

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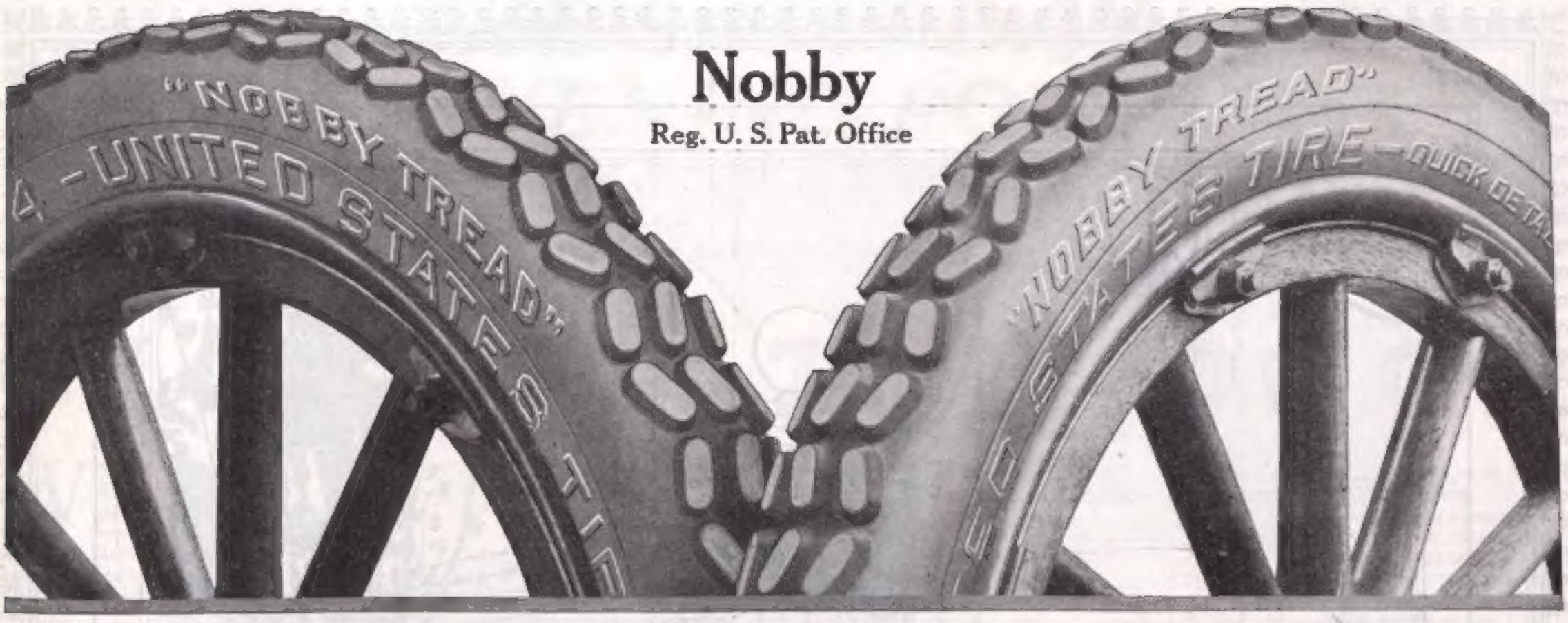

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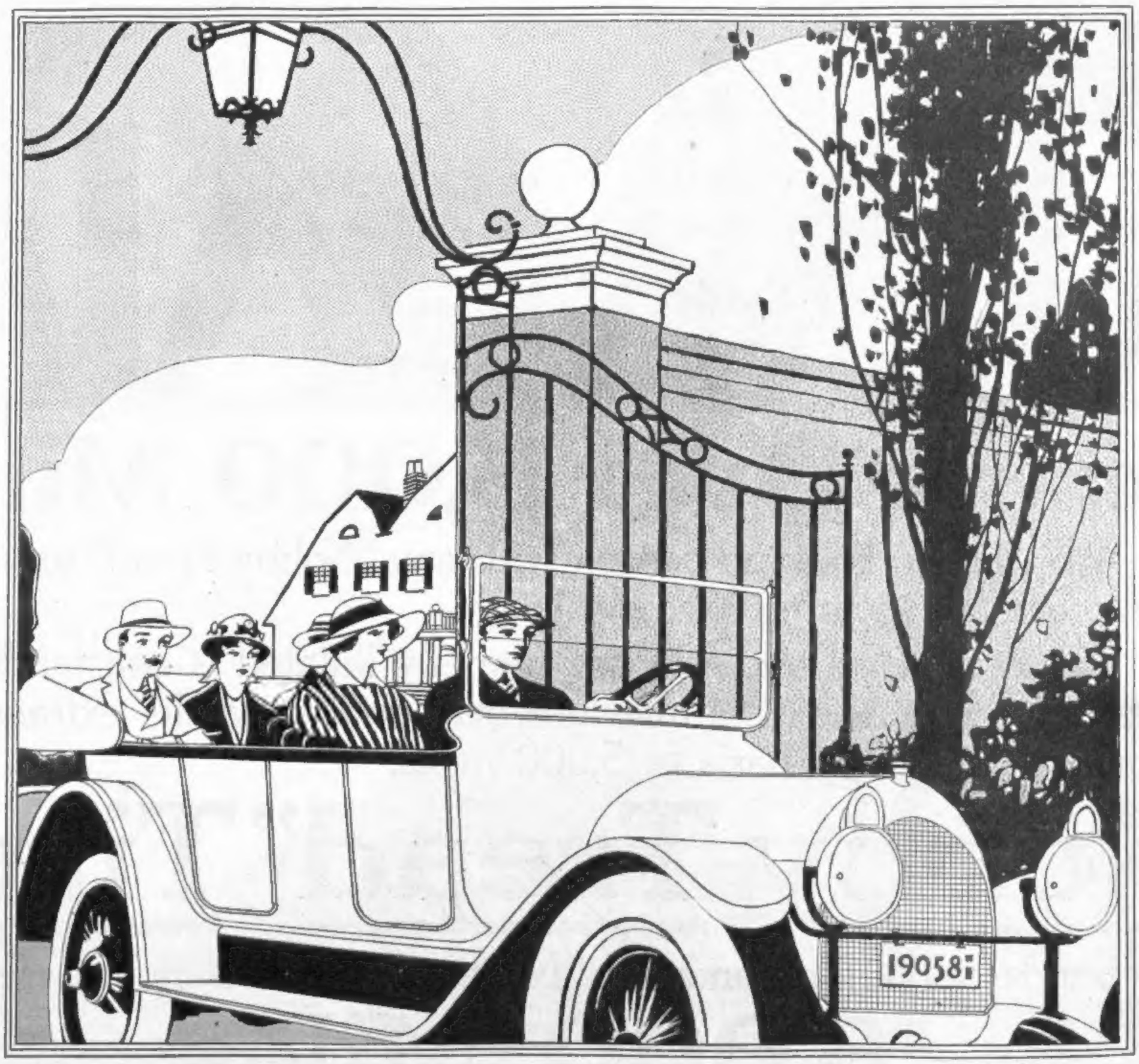

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CLOSING THE DOOR

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

WHILE the white men of Europe are destroying themselves and disintegrating their territory, the yellow men of Japan are planning to extend their influence, increase their power, and consolidate their fellows of blood and race and color.

That, in a sentence, is the explanation in broad terms of the demands made on China by Japan on January eighteenth last, discussed until May first, and then brought to the conclusion of their first phase by the refusal of China to accede to the stipulations which are the crux of the whole matter, the vital points in the comprehensive scheme of Japan to assume a virtual protectorate over China, and mold China into such an object of offense or defense as Japan's imperialistic desires may dictate.

Whatever may happen in the future, there are at this time several points that are clearly established. And, regardless of the future event, an explanation of both the aims and the results of the first phase of the situation ought to prove interesting to the United States, which, having voluntarily assumed a sort of guardianship of China, by virtue of the Hay open-door and territorial integrity policies, and by the Root-Takahira agreement, has at least a sentimental interest in the East, to say nothing of a certain commercial interest, and a prospective and potential commercial interest as great as the United States cares to make it, for the trade possibilities are boundless.

It may be that present conditions will be better understood in the United States if the preceding events, and the reasons for them, are set down in order and explained by a man on the ground. This article is written with that end in view, not as a prophecy in any form but as a record, and certain deductions therefrom, based on knowledge obtained by first-hand investigations by the writer during three months in Japan and China while the negotiations were in progress.

PHOTO. BY FU SHENG, TIENTSIN

Yuan Shi Kai, the President of China, Was Making Such Progress That, Given a Few More Years, the Chinese Would Have a Real Government

Certain propositions are too clear to admit of any dispute. The first and most important one is that, so far as Japan is concerned, she has seized this time, when the European Powers are engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle for existence, to begin the work for which she thinks herself the anointed Power—the consolidation of the yellow races. Who knows what grand ideas the Japanese may have? Fears of this program have been outlined many times in Western discussions and predictions concerning the Yellow Peril. The Japanese do not call it that, naturally. Several of the leading Japanese statesmen, including Count Okuma, explained Japan's position to me—for publication in the United States, of course—as that of mediator between the West and the East. It is more than that. Japan does not desire to be mediator between the West and the East. Japan wants to be the East.

The first step consists in the acquirement of the power of directing China. The demands made on China by Japan were the overture for that ambitious program. The time for presenting them was opportune. Great Britain, Germany, Russia, the three Powers most vitally concerned in the fate of China, were at war. Moreover, Yuan Shi Kai, the present President of China, was making such progress with the nationalization of China, and with the organization of that vast, inchoate mass of territory and people into a tangible something and the arousing of a sense of patriotism, that Japan saw clearly that, given a few more years, the Chinese would have a real government and the affair would be far more difficult. Hence, this was the time. Europe, Japan thought, would not or could not interfere, and China was not yet in a position to make an effectual protest. So far as the United States was concerned, Japan held to the view that the United States would not go to war with Japan over the integrity of China, and it is quite likely that Japan held the right idea. The Japanese have no very high opinion of the United States. The Japanese are intensely jealous of the United States. The Japanese realize that, as at present constituted, Japan cannot do much more than dislike us, which she does. But with China as a resource the time would come when Japan might get on terms of equality, and then Japan has her own plans for procedure. But Japan intends to consolidate the East before she attempts anything else.

At this distance—I am writing in Peking—there is no way for me to gauge the public sentiment in my own country. I do not know whether the people consider the saving of China of supreme importance. I know these two things, however: First, the Japanese will protest that they have none but the best interests of China at heart; but that talk is for consumption in the United States, and in Great Britain and elsewhere. If Japan finally gets her program through, time will prove the correctness of the statement that China will cease to be an independent country and become a fief of Japan. The Japanese do not stop when they have started. They have a big hold on China now. If they can increase it, as they hope to increase it, there will be a repetition of the Korean episode in some terms or other. China will cease to be China, but will become Sino-Japan, or Japan-Sino, which describes it more accurately.

The second fact is, that if Japan gets this hold on China the policy of the open door in China and the preservation of the territorial integrity of China, as originally proposed by John Hay, will cease. The door will be open just so far as Japan chooses to open it. The territorial integrity of China will be preserved, and why not, since it will be Japanese territory in effect? Japan certainly will not divide China among the other Powers once Japan has China in her clutch. Japan can preserve the territorial integrity of China by taking all that territory to herself. The preservation of the independence of China is quite another matter.

The excuse of Japan is the excuse of necessity. She is at the limit of her own physical and commercial expansion. She is a progressive nation. She must expand or she must decay. Here in China is a country, closely related by racial ties, of yellow men as the Japanese are yellow men; of the East, eastern; near at hand geographically; notoriously inefficient in managing her own affairs; just now in the great throes of making a republic where for fifty centuries there was an absolutism. What fairer field could there be for deeds of high Japanese emprise? Everything is propitious. In China there is potential wealth beyond the dreams of any dreamer, and potential military material greater than the world has ever known. Japan can secure an outlet for her crowded and hungry people; place them in a land where, in one part or another, anything can grow that is grown in this world for the utilitarian purpose of man; derive great profits from the ensuing trade; gain new and controlled markets. She can pile up wealth; develop vast potentialities in agriculture, in minerals and in industrial pursuits that shall bring the rest of the world to Japan for products and wares; supply her own wants; get money with which to pay off her staggering debt; and, most important of all, obtain, for military purposes, millions and millions of men who, once trained, make excellent soldiers and brave fighting men.

No wonder Japan has dreamed and planned for this since the days when she felt her own prowess after the Japanese-Russian War, and because of the indiscriminate praise showered on her and the consequent self-complacency and conceit that praise fostered. The spirit of nationality, of exaggerated patriotism, is strong in Japan. It is her religion as well as her politics. Here, in China, patriotism in a my-country sense was unknown until a few years ago, and the passivity of the Chinese has allowed all sorts of liberties to be taken with their nation by the grasping outside world. Any given number of militant Japanese can dominate three times as many passive Chinese. Japan knows this. The plum is there. It is rich and ripe and juicy. Japan, watching that plum mature, came to the conclusion that she was strong enough to pick it and to enjoy it, and that was the

reason for the Japanese demands and the Japanese assault on the very foundations of Chinese independence. Japan needed China. Japan felt that this war came opportunely to engage the attention of the rest of the world while she picked the plum. That was a miscalculation, to some extent. What the sober second thought of Japan decided upon is another question. The intoxicated first thought was to grab China under cover of this world war, and having grabbed her to trust in possession to hold her there when the other Powers, their own troubles composed, came to examine into the proceeding.

One point that should be held clearly in mind by the reader is that this is no sudden determination on the part of Japan, this seizing of China, but is the result of a long-conceived and carefully worked-out plan. Ever since the close of the Japanese-Russian War this idea has been Japan's, and incredible work has been done to make it successful. The country has been canvassed from end to end by Japanese spies disguised as students and patent-medicine vendors, and in other itinerant manners. The only business directory of China is a Japanese business directory, of several large volumes, compiled by Japanese students who penetrated to the smallest villages in this vast country. Every military condition has been canvassed. Many local Chinese troubles have been fomented. Japanese have been sent to every part. Great barracks have been erected. Many soldiers have been placed in advantageous positions. At Hankow, for example, there is a tremendous Japanese military establishment. The country has been planned and mapped and plotted. The strategic points have been marked out.

The advantages in South Manchuria and in Shan-tung have been pressed. The Japanese had their groundwork all laid when they made their descent on China on January eighteenth.

Japan's Military Missionaries in China

I QUOTE a literal translation of an official document which is in the hands of the Chinese. It is headed Memoranda Embodying Reports of the Three Officers Sent on a Secret Mission to China, and is as follows:

"Vice Minister Oshima, Departmental Chief Fukuda and Chief Inspector Kamibara proceeded to South, North and Middle China for a thorough investigation of local conditions, and have now returned to Japan in succession.

"Oshima and Fukuda went together to Tsingtau, Tientsin and Peking, but Oshima's special field of investigation was Middle China, while Fukuda's mission was South China. Kamibara's duty was the investigation of North China, the reconstruction of the forts in Tsingtau, its general defenses and other important matters.

"The object of these investigations was the solution of the present negotiations between Japan and China. Although the date of departure of the three above-mentioned officers from Japan was different, yet the decision of the Grand Council in regard to their mission was made at the same meeting. The said officers also returned at different dates. The reports of their mission are as follows:

"Oshima reported thus: 'Tientsin is the most important Japanese commercial center. After the Boxer trouble Japanese troops were stationed there. If these troops were strengthened by reënforcements and brought into communication with those stationed inside and outside of Shan-hai-kuan, they will be much more able to help the troops in Tsi-nan and Tsingtau. We will thus hold the very life of Peking in our hands and do what we like. More troops may be dispatched from Tsingtau in the future and brought into communication with our troops in Peking. All Central China will then be within our grasp.'

"Fukuda reported thus: 'The possession of each and every strategic position below Hankow, Kiu-kiang and Ta-tung should be the object of Japan's aim. For our military strength in the Yangtze Valley we should station many regiments in such a way that they shall be in direct communication with each other in order to give adequate mutual support. In Hankow we already have an ample force sufficient for any emergency in the Yangtze. If we can still further station troops in other important points along the river our strength would be even greater. When I was in Hankow I discussed with our general officer in command of the troops there as to such a division of the Yangtze Valley into military districts. The result of that discussion will be mapped out at another time.'

"Kamibara reported thus: 'Referring to Dalny, Port Arthur and the Kwang-tung Peninsula, when I was in South Manchuria I saw a vast region with a sparse population. South Manchuria is a splendid battlefield. If Japan desires to expand her influence in Mongolia and neighboring regions there is no stepping stone to that goal other than South Manchuria. The Mongolians know only the rites of Buddhism. They have long ago lost all political thoughts and aspirations. Japan should send numerous agents there to befriend them and gradually win them over to our side. Our bands of patent-medicine peddlers should be increased immediately so that they may at once survey the main routes and important tribal districts and complete the work by the autumn of this year at the latest.

"'In consecutive order the minor districts can be surveyed, and in case we have to resort to military force in the future we shall proceed from South Manchuria to Mongolia, certainly a short cut which can be relied upon for success.'"

Li Yuan-Hung, Vice President of the Chinese Republic

The document then goes into the activities of the Japanese General Staff, especially in getting names of Japanese officers who have a knowledge of foreign languages, and tells of the inquiries about the number of Japanese commissioned officers who can speak Chinese. Each division was instructed to report the names of such officers. The plan to send additional troops to China is also referred to. When I was in Japan, in February and March, Japan began sending additional troops to China. The official story was that these troops were sent to relieve garrison forces that were to be returned to Japan. However, there was a strict censorship on the publication of even this news. I saw a regiment go away in Kobe one day and was told that it was the fourth that had embarked from that port. Japan may have brought back the garrisoned troops thus relieved, but nobody in China believes she has. The general belief is that Japan has more than doubled her forces in China since the beginning of the year.

These reports I have quoted were not made after January eighteenth, but before that date. They are direct quotations of official documents, obtained by the Chinese in Japan. They show that Japan is not working on sudden impulse. Japan had her plans all made, and merely waited, with true Oriental patience, for the psychological moment. The situation was made to order for Japan, as it came out. Europe went savagely to war. Japan was an ally of Great Britain. Germany had a concession at Tsingtau. Japan, as Great Britain's ally, took Tsingtau, and thus cleared out the Germans. That gave Japan a mortgage on Shan-tung, where the Germans had

Chow Tzu-Chi, Chinese Minister of Finance

predominated. Then, as Japan viewed it, the European War gave promise of continuing indefinitely. This prevented reprisal from Germany and kept England and Russia reasonably busy looking after their own warlike affairs. The plans prepared for years, the ambitions nursed, the great scheme of consolidating the yellow men, had by this European catastrophe been brought to a place of beginning. It was Japan's move to exalt herself, and she moved rapidly.

After the fall of Tsingtau, Minister Hioki, who represented Japan in China, was called to Tokio. He went into consultation with Baron Kato, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and was told what the plans were. Kato had previously submitted the proposed demands to the Genro, or Elder Statesmen, for their approval. Hioki was given a written list of the demands, was told to prepare these demands in Chinese, to return to Peking and present them in person to President Yuan Shi Kai.

Hioki went to the presidential residence in Pekin on the night of January eighteenth, and presented his demands. In presenting them he made a truculent speech to Yuan Shi Kai, insisting on immediate reply to the demands, and insisting further on positive secrecy about them. Hioki threatened dire things if the full text of the demands, or any intimation of them, was made public. In that case Japan would take summary vengeance on China. Japan wanted the negotiations to be conducted in the dark, and Japan would punish China if any news of what Japan demanded, until after Japan had it, became public.

Putting the Screws on China

YUAN SHI KAI summoned his ministers and close advisers. He had made no reply to Hioki save that his country would consider the matter. Presently it began to leak out that Japan had made a set of sweeping and drastic demands on China. Japan met this with the statement that she had requested eleven items from China, and gave a summary of those items. Meanwhile, the full Japanese demands became known to a few men, and were telegraphed to England and America. This literal translation of the demands, so astounding in their character, was so at variance with the official Japanese statement about them that there was a disposition, both in America and in Great Britain, to discredit the Chinese version. Neither the United States nor England would believe at first that the little paragon of nations, Japan, would do so monstrous a thing to her big but helpless neighbor, China, to which country she was bound by ties of blood, and from which nation she had obtained not only her language, but her religion and her art, and many other phases of her earlier civilization. We were incredulous. So was England.

However, by dint of persistent pounding both the United States and England were convinced that this was exactly what Japan had done. Then Japan saw that she had overplayed her hand. She made haste to explain that what she meant when she said she had made only eleven demands instead of twenty-one was that the ten she had casually neglected to mention were of minor importance and requests only—the ten that were vital and that had occasioned so much astonishment and indignation in other countries. And Japan pressed them all.

While the sense of these demands eventually was made public in various ways, in order that the record may be complete and a full understanding of Japan's intentions may be had, I herewith present a full, official verified translation of the identical note served on President

Yuan Shi Kai by Minister Hioki on the night of January eighteenth last. These demands, regardless of the outcome, show what Japan originally had in mind:

OFFICIAL TRANSLATION OF DOCUMENT HANDED TO PRESIDENT YUAN SHI KAI BY MR. HIOKI, THE JAPANESE MINISTER, ON JANUARY 18, 1915

GROUP I

The Japanese Government and the Chinese Government being desirous of maintaining the peace of Eastern Asia and of further strengthening the friendly relations existing between the two neighboring nations, agree to the following Articles:

ARTICLE I

The Chinese Government agrees that when the Japanese Government hereafter approaches the German Government for the transfer of all rights and privileges of whatsoever nature enjoyed by Germany in the Province of Shan-tung, whether secured by Treaty or in any other manner, China shall give her full assent thereto.

ARTICLE II

The Chinese Government agrees that within the Province of Shan-tung and along its sea border no territory or island or land of any name or nature shall be ceded or leased to any third Power.

ARTICLE III

The Chinese Government consents to Japan building a railway from Chefoo or Lungchau to join the Tsi-nan–Kiao-chau Railway.

ARTICLE IV

The Chinese Government agrees that for the sake of trade and for the residence of foreigners certain important places shall be speedily opened in the Province of Shan-tung as treaty ports, such necessary places to be jointly decided upon by the two Governments by separate agreement.

GROUP II

The Japanese Government and the Chinese Government, since the Chinese Government has always acknowledged the specially favorable position enjoyed by Japan in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, agree to the following Articles:

ARTICLE I

The two contracting Powers mutually agree that the term of lease of Port Arthur and Dalny and the term of lease of the South Manchuria and Antung-Mukden Railways shall be extended to the period of ninety-nine years.

ARTICLE II

Japanese subjects in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia in erecting buildings for the purpose of trade and manufacture or for farming shall have the right to lease or own land so required.

ARTICLE III

Japanese subjects shall be free to reside and travel in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia and to engage in business and in manufacture of any kind whatsoever.

ARTICLE IV

The Chinese Government agrees to grant Japanese subjects the right of opening all mines in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, such mining places to be jointly decided upon by the two Governments.

ARTICLE V

The Chinese Government agrees that in respect of the two following subjects mentioned herein below the Japanese Government's consent shall be first obtained before action shall be taken:

Liang Shih-Yi, the Brains of China

(a) Whenever permission is granted to the subject of a third Power to build a railway or make a loan with a third Power for the purpose of building a railway in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia.

(b) Whenever a loan is to be made with a third Power pledging the local taxes of South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia as security.

ARTICLE VI

The Chinese Government agrees that if the Chinese Government in South Manchuria or Eastern Inner Mongolia employs advisers or instructors for political, financial or military purposes the Japanese shall first be consulted.

ARTICLE VII

The Chinese Government agrees that the control and administration of the Kirin—Changchau Railway shall be handed over to the Japanese Government to take effect on the signing of this agreement, the term to last for ninety-nine years.

GROUP III

The Japanese Government and the Chinese Government, seeing that Japanese financiers and the Hanyehping Company have close relations with each other at present, and also desiring that the common interests of the two nations shall be advanced, agree to the following Articles:

ARTICLE I

The two contracting Powers mutually agree that when the opportune moment arrives the Hanyehping Company shall be made a joint concern of the two nations and they further agree that without the previous consent of Japan, China shall not by her own act dispose of the rights and property of whatsoever nature of the Hanyehping Company, nor cause the said Company to dispose freely of the same.

ARTICLE II

The Chinese Government agrees that all mines in the neighborhood of those owned by the Hanyehping Company shall not be permitted, without the consent of the said Company, to be worked by other persons outside of the said Company, and further agrees that if it is desired to carry out any undertaking which it is apprehended may directly or indirectly affect the interests of the said Company the consent of the said Company shall first be obtained.

GROUP IV

The Japanese Government and the Chinese Government with the object of effectively protecting the territorial integrity of China agree to the following special Article:

The Chinese Government agrees that no island, port and harbor along the coast shall be ceded or leased to any third Power.

GROUP V

ARTICLE I

The Chinese Central Government shall employ influential Japanese as advisers in political, financial and military affairs.

ARTICLE II

In the interior of China Japanese shall have the right to ownership of land for the building of Japanese hospitals, churches and schools.

ARTICLE III

Since the Japanese Government and the Chinese Government have had many cases of dispute between the Japanese and Chinese police to settle, cases which cause no inconsiderable misunderstanding, it is for this reason necessary that the police departments of important places (in China) shall be jointly administered (by Japanese and Chinese), or that the (Chinese) police department of these places shall employ numerous Japanese for the purpose of organizing and improving the Chinese police service.

ARTICLE IV

China shall purchase from Japan a fixed ratio of the quantity of munitions of war (say fifty per cent or more) or Japan shall establish in China a jointly worked arsenal. Japanese technical experts to be employed and Japanese material to be purchased.

ARTICLE V

China agrees to grant to Japan the right of constructing a railway connecting Wu-chang with Kiu-kiang and Nan-chang. Also a line between Nan-chang and Hang-chow, and a line between Nan-chang and Chao-chow.

ARTICLE VI

China agrees that in the Province of Fu-kien Japan shall have the right to work mines and build railways and to construct harbor works (including dockyards) and in case of employing foreign capital Japan shall be first consulted.

ARTICLE VII

China agrees that Japanese subjects shall have the right to propagate religious doctrines in China.

(Continued on Page 32)

The Chinese National Council of State

THE ALLY

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE Russian was pretending to look through some old copies of La Nouvelle Mode that lay on a little table by the window; but he was, in fact, looking at the girl.

Madame Bousset was in humble quarters on a little street behind the Galeries Lafayette. One went into a dilapidated court and up a great many steps. When one arrived there was a sort of entresol, where Monsieur Bousset sat behind a rather high desk; and Madame Bousset, who reminded one of a sleek, nimble black kitten, received visitors and led the way into her salon, from which a door opened into the tiny fitting room.

It was through this doorway that the Russian was looking at the girl. He was watching her with his lips parted and his body quite motionless. He had never seen anything so alluring. She was on her knees, her mouth full of pins, fitting the skirt of the Princess Neuva's gown over a wire model. The Princess Neuva was a beauty in London, where she always spent the season; but here in Paris, beside this little modiste, she would seem stiff and awkward. There was something so preëminently lovable, something so soft and warm and alluring about the girl, that it got into Major Lykoff's blood.

Besides, there was an atmosphere of deviltry in Paris. Even under the shadow of the great German advance it remained. The Slav lost his restraint in it. He abandoned himself to what is commonly called "life."

"Paris and London are Open to Everybody. Everything That Goes on in Them Must be Known"

The picture framed in the doorway elaborated itself with an enticing detail. The girl's eyes were big and colored like an Italian sky. Her hair was heavy and yellow, as the autumn corn is after frost. There were masses of it, and it seemed to have the weight as well as the color of gold. Then there were little splashes of freckles, and the exquisite mouth, full of pins, and the supple body.

Major Lykoff had never seen a woman like this; but somewhere in one of Maupassant's stories he had read the description of her. He could not remember the story, but he knew her from it. Maupassant distinguished her from every other woman by that exactness which Flaubert so laboriously taught him.

The major had promised to marry the Princess Neuva and he intended to do it when he got back from the wars. She was counted a beauty in Petrograd and the English country houses, but on no day had she ever moved him like this. Besides, a sort of intent in chance happenings had thrown this lark in his way. Why not have a fling? All things were fair in love and war, and this was both.

As an aide to the Grand Duke he had come with the Russian Expeditionary Force to Paris. The Grand Duke would be here two days with the French War Office. Then he would go out to the front; but he had until to-morrow on his hands in Paris. Besides, it was the Princess Neuva's fault that he even came to see this girl. If she had not written Madame Bousset to find him at the Grand Duke's hotel and have him see that her gowns got across to London, he would have gone off to the wars loving one woman only, like a virtuous knight of romance. But here came Madame Bousset and this vision, to search him out at the hotel and say that the Princess Neuva had written that Major Lykoff—and so on—would see that the gowns she had ordered got over to London.

To persons like the Princess Neuva, he thought, this war was a sort of tiresome affair at the ends of the earth, and in no sense to be permitted to disturb the season's gayeties.

Finally the Russian rose and went to the door of the sitting room:

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am quite alone in Paris."

"Yes, monsieur," she replied.

She spoke with a soft, adorable lisp. Perhaps it was because of the pins in her mouth.

"I have until to-morrow here," he continued.

"Yes, monsieur."

She did not look up; and Major Lykoff thought that if he should put out his arm he could get a handful of sunlight out of her hair.

It was no wonder that Maupassant was able to describe a woman like this so that the picture remained in the memory, though the story round it faded out. He was sorry the story was gone; there might be a suggestion in it as to how one should go about such a conquest. At any rate one should not stand on ceremony with a little modiste in Paris.

The major leaned against the doorpost and fingered his mustache. "We are Allies, you know," he said, "and we ought to know each other better."

"Yes, monsieur."

She took a pin out of her mouth and put it into the cloth over the wire model.

"Since I came to fight for your country," he continued, "don't you think you ought to be nice to me?"

She looked up at that, and he saw the glory of her eyes and the exquisite beauty of her mouth.

"I would be nice to anyone who fought for my country," she said. She lisped the final word.

The Russian moved through the doorway. Things were going well, even though he could not remember Maupassant's story; and the next moment they advanced beyond all hope.

The girl began on the skirt, putting in the pins.

"What would you like me to do, monsieur?"

Major Lykoff hesitated. How far could he go at a first flight? he wondered. A conventional opening was always safe at chess or any other game.

"Suppose we go to the theater, to begin with," he said. "I think the Vaudeville is open."

"I will ask Madame Bousset," replied the girl.

Then she got up and went past him into the entresol; and there was a faint perfume as of some forest wild flower in her wonderful hair.

In a moment Madame Bousset appeared, always sleek like a black kitten, looking as though she would purr if one stroked her. She seemed to take it for granted that Major Lykoff did not speak French; so she merely smiled and made a little gesture like a kitten putting up its shoulders.

"Madame Bousset says I may go if monsieur wishes," the girl explained.

"Now that will be jolly!" said the major. "Where shall I come for you?"

The girl spoke to Madame Bousset.

"I will meet you at the entrance, monsieur." Then she added: "But you may take me home afterward, if you will be so kind."

The Russian felt a warm glow descend over him.

He went down the long, dark stone stairway with the iron rail, and through the unkept courtyard into the narrow street. His campaign had opened brilliantly. He said the girl's name over, trying to pronounce it as she did—"Marta Deschamp."

Only one doubt assailed him—Madame Bousset, like all shopkeepers in Paris, would be practical. She would wish to please her customers—therefore the girl would go with him because Madame Bousset thought it advisable; but against that he set the moment when the girl had looked up at him and made her patriotic promise.

Jove! She was a beauty! And getting into these games was always the difficult thing. He had mastered that in half an hour and he had until to-morrow.

The evening was overcast and Paris was half closed up. The motor busses were all gone, and for once he saw how attractive the Avenue de l'Opéra was. He turned down the Rue de la Paix into the Place de la Concorde. Everywhere he seemed to see Paris naked and always he realized how beautiful it was. It would be a beastly shame for the Germans to foul it up.

He saw the Grand Duke at the hotel and got permission to go his way, provided he appeared at headquarters in the field by noon the next day.

Toward evening it began to rain. There were no taxicabs in Paris; but the French War Office had provided motors for the Russian aides, and Major Lykoff impressed the one assigned to him.

He waited some time at the entrance to the Vaudeville. The rain fell steadily and the crowd that entered seemed depressed. They were mostly women, with now and then a boy or an old man. Nothing he had seen had impressed him so much with the fact that the men of France were at the front. Even the presence of women everywhere at the business of the city had not so forcibly expressed it.

Presently he saw the girl running in from the shelter of an umbrella. She had come up the Boulevard des Italiens with Monsieur and Madame Bousset.

There was a mist of rain on her hair that sparkled like diamond dust. Her costume amazed him. She wore an exquisite evening dress; and she had spoiled it with thread gloves. But for the thread gloves no woman in any Russian drawing-room could have equaled her. She had no jewels, of course; but she did not seem to need them.

It was wonderful how these girls from nowhere could pick up the manners of a lady. To be sure, there was always some little thing that annulled the part, like the white thread gloves.

As they entered the theater and were well down the aisle Major Lykoff noticed that the whole house was applauding. The curtain was not yet up and he did not understand it. To be sure, the woman beside him was a stunning beauty; but that was hardly sufficient to account for this demonstration in a Paris theater. He did not understand it until they were seated. Then the girl said to him with a rather curious smile:

"Are you very proud?"

"Proud of you!" replied the major.

"Oh, no," she said; "proud of the appreciation of Paris for an Ally. That was for you—for the Russians."

Then he realized how easily a Russian was to be distinguished in this company of women and old men. Of course all Paris knew that the Grand Duke and his staff were in the city. Every one of them would be conspicuous.

It was a fine night for Major Lykoff—the applause of a whole theater, and such a dream of a girl almost in his hand!

The play was an episode in the Franco-Prussian War, adapted from a familiar story. Two citizens, during the siege of Paris, had gotten permission to go out of the city to fish. They had been captured by a detachment of Germans; and, because they would not reveal the watchword by which they could reënter Paris, the Germans had shot them down and thrown their bodies into the Seine. It was a singularly depressing play, and hardly the sort of thing a Slav would have selected in order to fire patriotic sentiment.

Major Lykoff was surprised to find that Marta Deschamp had no sympathy for these two unfortunate persons. She talked very well about it, as well as the Princess Neuva could have done or any woman he knew.

She could not understand, she said, how any man could remain a noncombatant, with his city, his wife and children, his house, besieged by a foreign enemy. And to go fishing unconcernedly at such a time! Well, they deserved what they got. She was glad the Germans shot them. They were hardly worth shooting, and certainly not worth having a play built up round them. If the men of Paris were like that now the Germans would have an easy time of it.

She said it was all foolish to talk about noncombatants anyway. When a great nation was at war there could be no noncombatants in it. Everybody ought to help—women too.

If a woman could not carry a gun there were other things she could do—things to help her country; and if the enemy shot her for it the shooting would be perfectly fair. She would be trying to do them all the harm she could.

Of course there was always a great fuss made about killing women, as there was a fuss made about bombarding towns and dropping bombs; but when a woman was an enemy—and she always was—why let her go? War was to kill enemies, and the side that killed the most won. Then, too, a country had to be terrorized before it could be conquered. Why, then, mince matters about how the thing was done?

She said, and there was a light in her face, that this play was not representative of her countrymen; that every man in her country would fight until he was killed; and that every woman would do anything to help.

Major Lykoff saw a line with which to draw in his prize, and he seized it.

"Then, mademoiselle," he said, "why don't you do something for your country?"

The girl, like persons usually, seemed staggered at this direct application of her bellicose theory.

"Why, monsieur," she said, looking up with a troubled face, "what could I do?" She said it with that innocent willingness with which she had said: "What do you wish me to do, monsieur?"

It was all said in that hopeless manner so common with those impractical persons who are accustomed in life to urge verbal achievements without any idea of how they are to be carried out.

The major, with mature cunning, developed a little of his plan.

"Our field hospitals will be full of wounded men," he said; then he laughed and caught her fingers in his hand. "If I am willing to go out and fight for France, mademoiselle, you ought to be willing to go along and take care of me if the Germans shoot me up."

"Will there be nobody to take care of the wounded Russians?" she said—"I mean nobody but the surgeons—no women?"

The major's reply was a trifle Delphic.

"I am afraid," he said, "we shall be pretty badly off for women."

She seemed to reflect at that, looking down. Her face in its troubled aspect became patrician. In this reflection it was fine and noble. Her hair, like spun wheat chaff, was massed round her head. Now, when she looked down, its contour was classic.

For a moment Major Lykoff was put back into the place the conventionalities of Petrograd compelled him to maintain with a lady. Jove! She was a ripper! It was as good as the Princess Neuva could do, or any other woman in Russia.

How were these nobodies able to manage it? It took good blood to look like this, when one was forgetting to pose—at least, one was always told that blood was back of it. Well, perhaps she had it on some side; all sorts of blood came to Paris and were mingled with French blood.

The orchestra began then and they had to get up. It was the national air of Russia! People all over the house were beginning to applaud. Major Lykoff did not see any other Russian, and the tribute restored him to his serenity.

For all this chance attitude the girl was a bourgeoise and a shopkeeper's assistant, accustomed to being patronized. No doubt she was the daughter of a cab driver if one knew her history, or born in a hospital, of that class which always dies there.

It was nonsense to take her seriously; nobody ever had, he was certain. She was lovely as a vision. He had her hooked and he intended to keep the line taut. Suppose the bait had a patriotic savor, some sort of sentiment usually caught a woman in the first move. A little later one was always able to replace it with the personal equation. The thing never failed.

When they left the theater there was still rain, but it had become a sort of mist, a drizzle, that fell miserably over Paris. Every one went away under an umbrella. Every motor vehicle had been impressed by the War Office in its great haste to get the army to the front.

Major Lykoff said he was "infernally hungry" and asked his companion where they could find a café. The girl seemed troubled at the suggestion. She thought most of the cafés were closed; besides, she ought to go directly home.

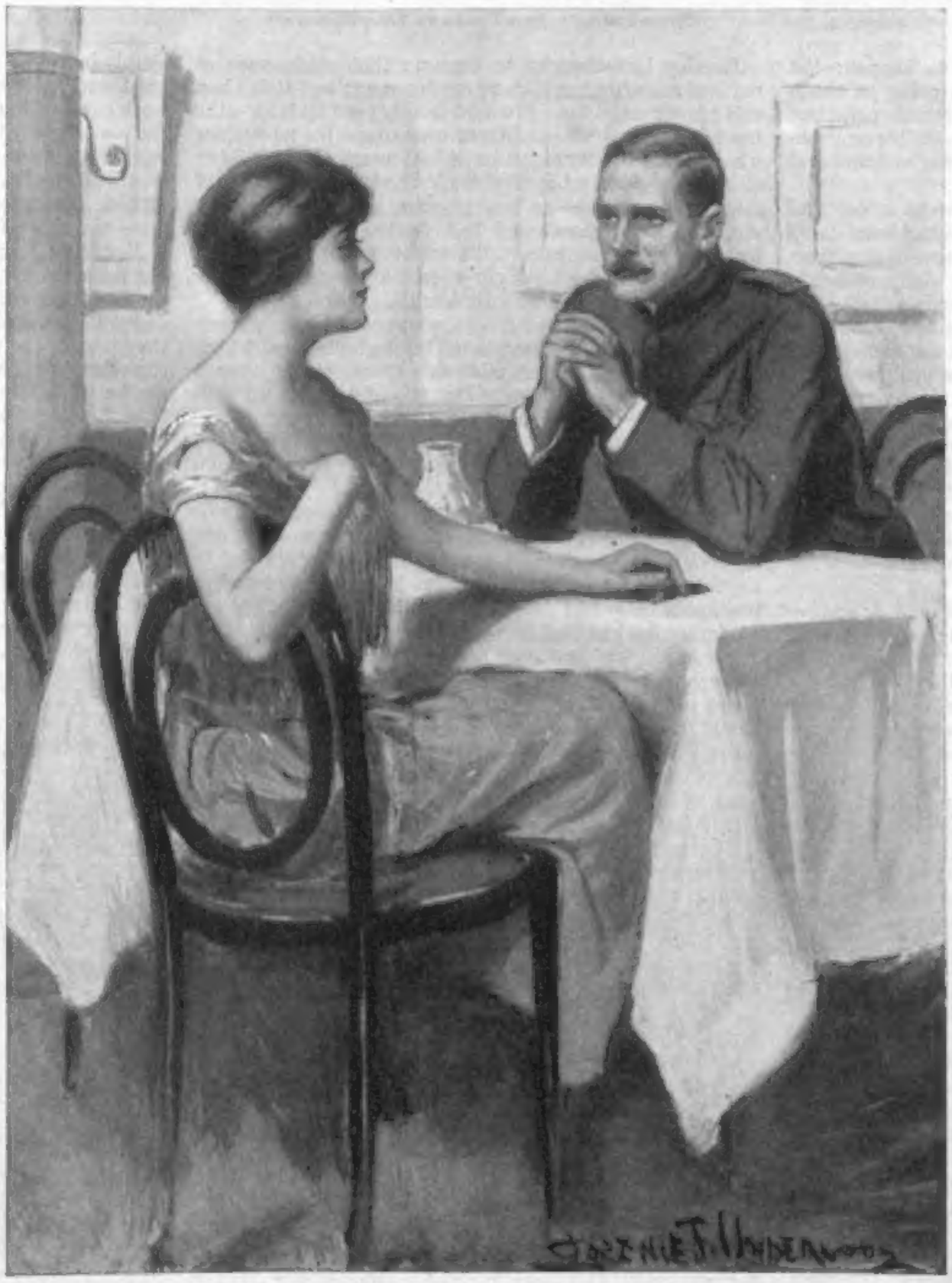
She lived near Notre Dame with her brother, a cripple, who worked in the printing department of a morning paper. He would be away all night and she ought not to be absent also.

The major heard this with a good deal of satisfaction. The chaperonage of Madame Bousset had given him some anxiety. He was afraid the girl nested under her wing. He dwelt on his pressing hunger. Did she wish him to go away to the war an empty ghost? It was poor hospitality to an Ally!

Marta Deschamp seemed undecided and uncertain what to do. Finally she said the café of the Hôtel Saint Louis on the Rue des Saints-Pères was open. It was a very nice place and the food good; but it was unpretentious and over the Seine, across the Boulevard Saint-Germain.

The major was not particularly pleased with the suggestion. He knew the Hôtel Saint Louis; but what he wanted especially just now was time and a place to talk. The chance developments of the play had given him a plan; and it had heated the iron, so to speak. What was needed now was quick hammering.

They got into the car and crossed Paris. There were few vehicles and, with open streets, it was a short journey.



To Persons Like the Princess Neuva, War Was a Tiresome Affair, in No Sense to be Permitted to Disturb the Season's Gayeties

The Rue des Saints-Pères was wedged in—pressed on all sides, one felt. It was narrow, with only an inch of curb. The café was a little glass affair.

The place was almost deserted. An old priest and a schoolboy were at a table. An old waiter with a faded imperial shuffled about. Nevertheless, the dinner was good, the Burgundy excellent; and Major Lykoff took up his plan with vigor.

Every hour he was more impressed with the beauty of the girl. There was nothing of the canaille about her. She was fine and alluring. The adventure was like carrying off a princess. He put his elbows on the table.

"Mademoiselle, are you going to help us fight for your country?"

And again he put a bit of laugh into the words. There came a little fire into the girl's face.

"Ah, monsieur," she said, "I wish I could fight for it in a trench, like a man, with a rifle."

"Russia will furnish the men"—the major laughed. "Come along, mademoiselle! I'll shoot and you can load the rifle."

And again he laughed; but the girl was entirely serious.

"Do you think I could help any out there, monsieur?" she said.

"Of course you can help," returned the major. "We shall need Red Cross nurses, and all that sort of thing."

"What could I do, monsieur?" she said. "I have no training."

"There will be lots to do," the major went on; "the surgeons will show you in a jiffy. Come along, mademoiselle! I shall be damnably lonesome. Don't stop here in Paris when we need you—when I need you," he added.

The girl's classic face, shadowed by the wonderful hair, was thoughtful.

"My grandmother lives in a little farmhouse on a hill south of Soissons," she said. "Would that be near the place you would need me, monsieur?"

"It would be on the way," replied the major. "We are going in on the Germans' right, west of the Oise, and north. We shall crumple up their flank. They expect us in the center, naturally. . . . Come along, mademoiselle!"

He patted her hand gently with the tips of his fingers. For some time the girl was silent, then she said:

"When do you go, monsieur?"

"Oh, right away—to-night," the major replied. "The whole Russian Expeditionary Force will be on the line by noon to-morrow."

The girl made a little troubled gesture.

"My brother and Madame Bousset would never let me go; but I might persuade grandmother."

Major Lykoff labored to conceal the joy of victory.

"We can go by way of Soissons," he said. "I know the road. . . . Come along, mademoiselle!"

The girl blushed.

"Now," she said—"to-night?"

"Now; at once!" replied the major, getting up. "I shall take you along with me in the motor."

"But, monsieur," the girl stammered, "I cannot go like this, and—and I should have to take some things with me."

"Of course," returned the major. "I shall drive you home and pick up the luggage on the way."

"But, monsieur," the girl went on, "how are we to get out of Paris?"

"That's simple," replied the major. "I have all sorts of right of ways for myself and the driver. I shall chuck the driver, put a cap and my great-coat on you; and in the night, in the rain, we shall go through like a rocket."

He was too shrewd to risk a discussion after the victory, and at once they left the café. They traveled along the Boulevard Saint-Germain and up the Seine, crossed, and, entering the street the girl indicated, stopped in the square before Notre Dame.

She would not let Major Lykoff go in. She would be ready in half an hour, she said; and, jumping out of the car, she disappeared in a doorway.

Major Lykoff was not altogether pleased; he feared to allow the girl to get out of his sight. One ought

(Continued on Page 45)

THE MATERNAL SACRIFICE

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Never Mind! Just Listen to This, Father!"

HELEN DEAN'S eyes were dark with tragedy as she looked across the table, which held the remains of their meager breakfast, at her husband and son. In her hands was a sheaf of those dreaded envelopes the monthly appearance of which formed the very core of that tragic shadow under which they lived.

"I shall go myself," she announced. Then she glanced desperately about the room and back at them again, and her dismaying doubt found words: "How—*how* will you get along without me?"

The two male things looked at each other and then at her—mutely. They could not tell her how they would get along—they themselves had not the slightest idea. To attempt to get along without her was the incredible, the thing it had never occurred to them they should have to do—unless she died; and from sudden death Helen's piety prayed daily to be delivered. For Helen to leave them was like removing the props from under the house.

Hartley Dean sat as though stunned; Amadeo—he had been born to them in Italy and this was his quite unmerited punishment—wove and interwove his long and too-slender fingers nervously while his eyes mutely interrogated his mother's face.

To be sure, they knew something had to happen; the very law of impossibilities forbade their going on much longer as they had been going. Beyond a certain point one cannot—in a commercial world—continue to live on nothing; the miracle had been in their continuing so long—and this had been Helen's miracle altogether.

Helen's life might be briefly summed up as a record of the accomplished impossible. Always she had been doing the things that people say cannot be done—doing them cheerfully, courageously, patiently; even with an effect of liking to do them, year in, year out, and years on end. She had mastered every secret of that hidden lore of womanhood—how to make bricks without straw and fire without fuel; she had poured into this elected service her entire being—body, soul and spirit—in one great, continuous, unstinted offering on the altar of maternal sacrifice, which embraced, without distinction, husband and son.

And before that altar and that offering husband and son maintained a kind of perpetual adoration; they could do no less and no less was required of them—more, rather than less, would have been accepted. If Helen was revered she was also obeyed; the position of high priestess carries with it authority.

She had told Amadeo that he was frail and delicate—and he had become frail and delicate. She had discovered early to her husband that there were many things she could do which were too much for him—and they had become too much for him. She had built about her twin idolatries, with her own slender arms, a rampart between them and an inferior world, so that evil might not come nigh to them and they might not go nigh to it; and inside that rampart she had planted flowers and reared altars.

Her home was the shrine, the triune domestic heart the high altar, and she at once the high priestess and the sacrifice thereon. The more she sacrificed, the happier she was. Everybody who knew said it was wonderful; but nobody knew so well *how* wonderful it was as her husband and her son.

One thing alone it had not been in her power to keep from them—their ever-increasing poverty. She had denied the presence of this ravening wolf long after his presence was obvious; when he stole into her pleasant places and ravaged her flower beds she pretended he was not there and drew the sacred circle narrower. She fended and shielded and covered and denied by a thousand devices, standing between them and him until his jaws were fairly at their throats.

Hartley's broken hip had been the last swept straw of defense, laying him up for months, only to find on his recovery that meantime the world had gone on; that there was a huge bill for doctors, medicines and sick-room dainties; and that the slender post he had held on the book-reviewing staff of a small magazine had been imperceptibly filled.

Hartley had thought to keep up that work, even at reduced rates, during his long confinement; but Helen had told him he could not—it would merely put him back—the truth being that she could not bear to see his white face when he tried to write. And he had wearily accepted her statement. She had scoffed tenderly at his hinted fear of losing his position—as though men like him could be obtained everywhere—and had declared it would teach them his true value instead. This dictum, also, he accepted, as he later uncomplainingly accepted the fact that his particular editor proved unteachable.

Helen, with indignant cheeks, protested it was so much the better—she had always hated his degrading really high gifts to the level of that miserable sheet; it had been a prostitution of his talents. But the higher-up and supposedly more discerning editors proved just as unteachable; and, in the months that followed, the loss of the little pittance brought down the last frail barrier between them and the ravening fangs.

Amadeo, with the courage of despair, had proposed hurling his young body into the breach—in other words, going to work. He did not know at what, being all untrained to anything, but at something. Helen had burst into such a passion of tears and nerves at this that, after a glance at his father, he had desisted.

Could not her dear ones have any faith in her after all these years? Helen demanded. Had she not always found a way in the past and shown herself equal to emergencies? Could they not trust her even a little, without breaking her heart by proposing horrible things? Had she not taken care of them all these years, enabling them to do their best work which one day would make everything easy for them all? Alas, she had!

The memory of those unparalleled, sacrificial, encompassing years rose up in both their faces; and Amadeo also rose up and went into his room, and shut the door behind him. He shut it very quietly—nevertheless he shut it; and Helen, noting, mourned softly over the fact. It was the first time he had ever shown that spirit. She would have liked to have everything open and aboveboard, "like their love"; it was her ideal of family intimacy. She had always known one haunting dread, that anything should come between her and her boy—even a door. Here it was!

Beyond the door, however, Amadeo made no further demonstration; indeed, he seemed more incapable of it than ever the next morning, not even getting up for breakfast; wherefore his mother had the joy of carrying it to him on a tray, on which she spent herself in decoration—Helen would have decorated an antiseptic plaster if that had been the thing she was to bring. And while ministering the tray's contents she gently pointed out the folly of a boy who needed to breakfast in bed thinking himself strong enough to plunge into the rude world-wrestle. She extracted from him a promise not to get up until noon; this was easy, because at the moment he did not care whether he ever got up at all.

She hurried through the dishes and went downtown, where, taking part of her precious last bill to do it, she bought him a coveted musical score for his cello—for Amadeo was musical; they were only waiting until he could go abroad and have the very best in order to begin serious instruction—so that he might become a great artist.

Meantime he played, as his father wrote, and as his mother sang—before she lost her voice—with facility and expression. It had even been suggested that he might make use of the gift, such as it was; but Helen knew better than to sacrifice a great future to a doubtful present, with heaven knew what in the way of associations!

Helen did not propose to trust heaven in that matter, however; if she could do nothing else for her boy she could preserve him from evil, and Amadeo thus far had grown up like a lonely angel.

Hartley's gift, his wife felt, she had not been wholly able to save—it was one of her heartbreaks; but Amadeo's was to be saved at all costs. Not that Hartley Dean ever in his patient life had done work less than good—he was simply incapable of doing bad work; but there is a kind of good work that wrings the understanding heart as no bad work can do—like the sight of a perfect body going through the motions of life, with its pathetic suggestion of what it might have been—really alive. The paralysis of all but the technical faculty, too integral to lose, which extreme, continuous poverty produces in the soul of all but a very few—and those die young—was on him.

Meantime Helen went on—they all went on—multiplying miracles, the piled-up evidence of their patient and heroic faiths; renouncing, denying, abstaining, and day by day getting a little and a little deeper in. Work as fast as they would, the pile of bills grew faster. And, whatever the others did, Helen outdid them; she always went them one better in this heartbreaking game. She was worn to a thread and wild with an anxiety exceeding all the anxieties she had ever known put together; but still she smiled.

At times the smile reminded one of Hartley's work—it was the motion of a smile. Her husband and son united chivalrously to cherish her. They would have spared her, as well, if she had let them; but they had learned one thing—not to cross her.

This was a tacit understanding between them. Hartley had early known, and Amadeo had somehow wordlessly grown into the knowledge, that Helen must never be crossed in the plans she made for their good—and they were always for their good; it was the one thing Helen could not bear, and in face of her immolation chivalry could do no less than succumb to this her one weakness. They succumbed accordingly; only, as time went on, Amadeo shut his door more and more frequently. There were moments when Helen wondered whether her son showed her his *whole* heart.

On this the most crucial morning of their lives—though it had not seemed there could be a superlative left for their recurrent crises—there was a long-foreseen note from their landlord among the bills. Both men recognized it; they also saw Helen's color change as she opened it—Helen always opened all the business envelopes—before they looked away and down at their plates. Helen promptly laid the note aside.

"I shall go to him myself," she repeated—and she did not mean the landlord.

She did not need, either, to tell them whom she did mean; there was but one him outside the family circle to whom she had ever—and, of late, with increasing frequency—spoken of appealing. This was the uncle she had displeased by her marriage.

Mr. Thomas Marsden had no use in any capacity for "literary freaks," by which term he understood everything beyond a journalist that ever tried to make money with a pen. And, after a brief and cynical study of the particular freak his niece had presented to him as a nephew, he had one day as briefly sent her a fair-sized check and,

like Pilate, washed his hands. He had first left unread and finally had gone the length of returning, unopened, Helen's letters as the mounting tide of troubles impelled her to cry out for aid; but this had not deterred her from writing others.

Even her pride she crucified above the altar of her love; and at last, when Amadeo lay at the point of death from typhoid fever, she wrote a letter that must have burned its way through the envelope—at least, it had both been read and replied to. Her uncle returned a check for medical expenses and an offer to take Amadeo into his shipping office and "make a man of him"; he added: "But I shall call him Thomas."

Helen accepted the check; it meant life for Amadeo, and for that she would have felt forgery justified. She answered in a twelve-page letter—of which Thomas Marsden read the first two paragraphs—thanking her dear, kind uncle, and explaining to him in words of one syllable the physical, mental and spiritual murder he was proposing. Since then he had not been heard from; even Helen had grasped the futility of writing to him, but she had held in reserve the weapon of direct action. Now she proposed to use it.

Hartley Dean watched his wife, fascinated. Personally he would have preferred to starve like a gentleman—so would Amadeo; so, for that matter, would Helen herself; but it is the peculiarity of cumulative misery that to starve like a gentleman may, in given circumstances, become synonymous with shirking like a coward.

Hartley Dean thought of his wife's past and his son's future—no thought of himself crossed his mind—and his fine lips folded closer. If by bearing crosses he could repay, even in part, her whom he had no other means with which to repay, this cross, too, he would cheerfully add to the load. Amadeo looked at both his parents and studied his napkin ring attentively. Helen, including her heart's idols in one beaming glance, repeated, with the fire of zeal that has animated every idolater:

"I tell you I am going; he cannot refuse when he hears."

Her husband believed this. He had seen too many proofs of her passionate persuasion, and the effect it, with the fine writing on her still-lovely face, produced, not to believe; it seemed to him every way probable that she would succeed. Whether this would be worse than failure, he hardly knew; either way, he bowed a silent head to it. He had undergone so much that a little more hardly mattered—mattered, indeed, not at all, so long as it helped Helen. And somehow he passed on that mute acceptance to his son.

Tacitly they consented to her plans and thereafter stood about in ineffective willingness while, with a zeal even beyond herself, Helen fell on the house and them, ordering, arranging and rearranging all things to her will, planning alike their days and their meals, and finally counting out with careful hand the minute store of money that remained after the purchase of her round-trip ticket. No use to ask what she had parted with to obtain this; but—beyond question her uncle would listen to her!

There was a tense hour of farewell later while she held their hands, and looked fondly into their faces, in turn, as something she might never see again. These faces wore the expression of startled children about to be deserted by their elders.

"Now promise me"—for all the bravery of her smile they felt the withheld tears—"promise me you'll not be too miserable; promise me you'll not only take care of each other but you'll try to enjoy yourselves while I'm gone."

They promised with deathbed solemnity; they would have promised her anything.

"It will be a nice, quiet time for you to finish your Antigone." She fastened her fond glance on her husband. "And you——" She turned to her son and her eyes filled. "I shall come back just as soon as possible." This was the promise floated to them from her car window.

For half a day they wandered about, lost in the immense endowment of time and space she had bequeathed to them. The very apartment had become strange; they kept turning up against each other in unexpected angles of it as they prowled dismally, missing her. About the sixth time this happened Hartley Dean laughed and laid a hand on his son's shoulder.

"Lost souls—aren't we, old chap? I don't seem able to settle to anything. Tell you what—suppose we work this afternoon, then pick up a bite and go somewhere—to get this first day over with? To-morrow we can settle. Your mother wanted us to enjoy ourselves, you know." His lips twisted wryly, and Amadeo laughed an answering scorn; yet he brightened suddenly.

"The movies, father! I'll make tea and rush out for some rolls presently."

They served this humble repast later with a ritual precision, testifying to Helen's dominion even in absence; it had been one of her wise protests against circumstance. At first her empty chair smote them anew with loneliness, and it was only in their courageous pretense for each other that they presently became cheerful.

They started out finally in something like a holiday mood, Hartley taking his son's arm with an odd sense of possession; usually it belonged, of right, to the mother. In the suddenness of this intimacy Amadeo forgot himself and walked quite briskly, and his father forgot to check him; both were intent on plans for economizing the dime apiece of admission—later on.

On the way home, however, they were concerned instead with economizing another dime, for another evening's dissipation. All the way they discussed the future of the film, wrought to enthusiasm over its possibilities. Amadeo unfolded to his father his hidden faith in its musical hereafter, and Hartley confided to his son a belief that he himself could write scenarios; they agreed that there was a field for collaborated pictorial and musical themes.

From seeing a field to occupying it the step is not large—especially to the imagination. Neither is that from the possible to the probable—to the all-but-certain. Before bedtime they had all their fortunes rehabilitated and only wondered why this easy means had escaped them before. And then—what a thing with which to surprise Helen! They chuckled secretly to each other over the little note each wrote to her before going to sleep, dwelling on their loneliness and briefly mentioning that it had driven them to a moving-picture show.

Next day promptly they fell to work, Hartley explaining, as he pushed Antigone aside, that there was everything in "getting one's ideas down fresh," and Amadeo agreeing as he swept aside the cello and began running over airs at the piano to accompany the action. Deep in this delightful preoccupation both forgot their luncheon hour and stopped only when exhaustion set in. Then Hartley looked up aghast.

"I promised your mother to see that you ate regularly!"

"Never mind!" Amadeo absently replied. "Just listen to this, father!" He played a few bars.

"The very thing!" Hartley made a note and flung his pen on the table. "I wish I'd noticed the number of cut-ins and throwbacks," he observed to Amadeo.

The latter, who was now rummaging the larder, spoke courageously their common thought.

"Why don't we go again—to-night? Will bread and milk do? There doesn't seem to be much else."

"Perfectly, for me." Hartley's eye was on his manuscript. Then he looked up. "But your appetite—your mother said I was to tempt it."

Amadeo chuckled softly; Hartley could not remember when he had heard him chuckle before.

"It doesn't need tempting if we are going movie-ing."

Hartley made a feint of demurring:

"The expense ——"

"But she said we were to enjoy ourselves, and this is for study."

"True!" admitted Hartley.

Amadeo paused midway in an alert start for the pantry.

"Do you mind, for once, if I bring things in on a tray? It's quite late already."

"Bring them any old way!" replied his father energetically, sweeping the table clear of papers with an old-time vigorous gesture.

Amadeo's laugh was a sound that startled even Hartley from his dream of accomplishment into a moment's wonder.

On the third day they heard from Helen. She had arrived, and at a psychologic moment, which only a latent remnant of humor deterred her from describing as providential. Uncle Thomas was laid up with an attack of gout and had all but welcomed her, being in a frame of mind when he would have welcomed anything with a gift for nursing. And Helen, like all the eminently maternal, had this gift, amounting to talent—a talent she had never suffered to rust.

She made the most of the almost, accepting her uncle's invitation to stay—"since she had seen fit to come"—and was making herself useful as a supplementary nurse until he should be about again. This would keep her from them a while longer; but they would see its importance to her errand—of course not broached yet, only waiting its moment.

Followed a long and loving list of injunctions and commandments for their welfare, including a special one against "brooding"; for, however hard for them, they must remember how much harder it was for her—away from them. She was supporting herself with the dream of a finished Antigone; and was Amadeo eating regularly and were they both "remembering"?

"Poor, dear mother!" breathed Amadeo; and—

"Your poor, dear mother!" said Hartley, laying down the letter. "We must do all she wishes. I'm afraid she'll be tired out."

"But maybe we'll be able to rest her!" Amadeo's eyes encountered his father's hopefully and the two exchanged a smiling glance of secrecy.

"If it weren't for her getting tired," said Amadeo delicately—"in a way, father—it's almost lucky to have more time." Again they beamed their happy comprehension.

They had by now a regular régime. All the days Hartley wrote—first languidly on Antigone, and then diligently on his scenario; and most of the day Amadeo practiced and combined—but more the piano than the cello. At intervals they disappeared separately—to return and compare notes excitedly. Somehow they were fed, having devised a simple but sufficing dietary of bread, milk and moving pictures, varied with occasional delicatessen orgies; and on most days they remembered to make their beds.

At first Hartley had insisted on Amadeo's taking cars everywhere and had anxiously cross-questioned him concerning distances; but they were long past all that. Instead, frankly they walked a great deal. Two car-fares is one "movie." And the absurd thing was that Amadeo throve. Hartley had never seen his son eat so heartily under any system of tempted appetite; yet they were saving money—and money again is more moving pictures. These they frequented unashamed and frankly—for purposes of scientific study!

There came a great day when Hartley, after an unusually extended pilgrimage, walked into the meat shop and paid the bill, and walked out again

"And, as for Amadeo, Don't You Know it Would Kill Him?"

with squared shoulders. He whistled as he went up the dark stairs of the apartment house and smiled as he picked up a letter from Helen, tucked under the door. Gout had run into rheumatism and she had been absent almost two months. He opened it, still smiling; and the smile was yet on his lips when he turned to greet Amadeo, whose swift foot on the stairs preluded his entrance, flushed and exultant.

"I say! It's all right; I've sold the first one!" Hartley greeted him, beaming as his son wrung his hand and then proceeded to a sedate war dance. "And you ——"

"I—guess—it's going to come through!" gasped Amadeo. "I'm to know to-morrow. But isn't it great that you've sol ——"

"And your mother," said Hartley, "is still detained."

Unawares he made the announcement almost as though it were good news and handed the letter to his son.

Uncle Thomas had asked her—in a manner of asking that was like a royal command—to stay on through his convalescence, a matter of some weeks; and had offered to pay her in place of the dismissed trained nurse. That, said Helen, meant twenty dollars a week; and—not only on account of the money but because of the better chance to "talk over things"—it seemed to be her duty to accept. Uncle Thomas might be said to be in an "almost human" mood; it would be dreadful to risk jeopardizing things, even though it was still so dreadful to be away from them.

It was dear of them to make so light of it and write so cheerfully; but she knew and again she begged them to try to enjoy themselves a little, and inclosed a tiny check. Its littleness lent it pathos, and the eyes of father and son met above it tenderly yet triumphantly.

"I guess we don't have to touch that!" said Amadeo proudly; and Hartley folded it away with a certain pride. Had he not paid the meat bill that day?

"No; we'll just put it by for a surprise." He added more soberly: "You see, she says—'by the end of the month probably.'"

"Oh, by then we'll be ready for her!" said Youth magnificently. "We'll have to rush things though."

He was laying out the supper ingredients. By this time they were eating frankly in the kitchen off newspapers, after the fashion of the unregenerate male left too long to himself. As soon as they had finished their meal they piled the dishes; and, hurried though they were, secretly they each took time to write a little note to Helen, telling her not to worry or to hurry; for though, of course, they missed her every minute, yet things were going on passably. These they posted on their way to the moving pictures.

Helen's next repeated that it was dear of them, but that nothing less than all they had at stake would have kept her an hour longer from them; she "read between the lines of their letters."

Finally she wrote that she was coming home. Amadeo brought the letter in and cast it, together with his triumphant cap, on the table where Hartley was writing—alas, not Antigone!

"It's all right! I'm to have it!" he exclaimed; and man to man they enjoyed a brief moment of jubilance. Then Hartley tore open the envelope.

"And your mother"—he ran through the few lines—"will be here to-morrow night!" The surprise brought him to his feet, and his eyes sought his son's—breathless like the rest of him.

"Well," said Amadeo, recovering first, "she can! We've done it!" Exultation fairly oozed from him.

"Yes—we've done it!" Hartley repeated; but somehow his accent struck the note of an unapprehended doubt.

"Won't she be surprised!" murmured Amadeo.

"Oh, she'll be surprised," replied his father. He looked, for the first time in many days, toward the neglected desk. "I'm afraid"—in spite of himself he breathed the doubt, as between men—"she'll be a little disappointed that I haven't finished Antigone."

"Oh—but when she knows what you *have* done!" His son hastened generously to reassure him, and once more they smiled happily together.

"Father!"

"Well?" Hartley had already reverted to a pile of numbered sheets.

"When you've finished that let's have supper and go to the movies; we can post it on the way. I'll get up early and put the house in order."

Hartley Dean hesitated a bare minute.

"Well, we might—to celebrate your mother's return," he chivalrously concluded.

They went gayly off an hour later—comrades, friends, man to man; they were, indeed, laughing together, rather as boys than as men, when they turned the first landing of the long flight of stairs and came face to face with a weary ascending figure, slight and black, and loaded down with bundles, expressing in every line an exhaustion that mounted with her and seemed to fill the narrow hall. Amadeo spoke first.

"Why—why—why!" he stammered; but Hartley, dropping the arm of his son, rushed forward.

Automatically he transferred the packages; and in another moment, with a hand of son and husband beneath each elbow, Helen was almost lifted up the stairs and into the front room, where she sank, gasping, into a chair Hartley pulled forward.

"You—were—going out somewhere?" she managed to say.

"Oh, just out a little way."

Amadeo pushed a footstool beneath her feet, while Hartley tenderly undid her cloak and lifted the hat from her head.

"I'll get you some supper!"

Amadeo eagerly seized the thought.

"Only a cup of tea, dear—weak!" called Helen after him, from habit. "Those awful cars!" she murmured. "The heat—the dirt ——" She closed her eyes wearily; then opened them to scrutinize closely her husband's face. "The bliss of being at home again! And you are both well? You haven't kept anything back from me?"

She turned from him to Amadeo, bearing the preliminaries of the cup of tea. Something unexpected in their faces reached her—a something as yet undefinable. She watched it as she stirred the tea which presently Amadeo brought, and while her husband carefully ministered, sugar bowl in hand. They looked well—even remarkably well; even happy. Was it possible they had not suffered from her absence? Was it possible they had not really missed her?

"Are You Going to Desert Me Too?"

"It is you who have been overdoing," said her husband fondly. Amadeo, with a guilty sense of unwashed dishes and undusted dust, was planning a midnight foray. They drew chairs on each side of Helen and showered attentions on her; and all the time she was aware of only one thing—how well—how convictingly well they were looking! And she surprised between them secret and triumphant glances.

She had intended to wait until morning to surprise them; but now she decided to play her trump card at once.

"Well"—she pushed away the empty cup and, sitting back, held out a hand to each—"it's too late for details to-night; but everything's all right! It's even better than I dared hope. Uncle Thomas was really almost human at the last; he wouldn't even call it a loan. We shall be able to pay up everything and see our way—well, for a whole six months at least!"

She looked at them triumphantly and they mutely rendered her the homage she craved; but human nature is human and Amadeo suddenly exploded.

"And we see it—maybe forever!" he announced triumphantly in his turn. "Don't we, father? You tell her—or shall I?"

Hartley nodded. He stroked his wife's hand, modestly concealing his own elation; and it was only very gradually, as Amadeo's tale progressed, that he became aware he was caressing a more and more inert and unresponsive thing—until it was finally snatched from him altogether.

"You say," exclaimed Helen—and her voice held for him every kind of warning, though he had never heard precisely its tone before—"that you have been going into this moving-picture business—you, my son! You say that you have been attending those shows right along—and that your father—your father!—is writing for them—for those vulgar movies! And you wish me to understand that you are going to play—hours a day—in a cheap moving-picture theater for money—for a little money! You mean to say you have both been wasting your time and money, and risking your health like that!"

"But father's sold one already!" Amadeo broke in in quick defense. "And for much more than the movies cost us."

"For how much?" Helen's voice was pitiless.

"Only fifteen dollars; but it paid the butcher's bill," said Hartley gently.

His wife waved this aside.

"Fifteen dollars—for the strength and time in which you might have done something real—something great—your Antigone! And, as for Amadeo"—scorn and horror filled her tone—"Amadeo—and those low moving-picture concerns! Why, it would kill him! Don't you know it would kill him?" She turned with passionate indignation on her husband. "And then—to prostitute his talent! Oh!" She wrung her hands. "It is bad enough that you have had to do such things; but Amadeo!—when we have always been so careful—when we have made every sacrifice! Why, you don't know whom he might meet! You don't even know what he might catch in those vile places. Oh, what can you have been thinking of?"

Her husband said nothing; his head was bent and his hands were pressed together. Amadeo stood twisting and untwisting his fingers. Helen looked from one to the other and rose to her feet.

"There! We will talk it out in the morning; I'm far too tired to-night. But if"—her tone took on indescribable bitterness—"this is what we have made such sacrifices for, all these years—just for this—to let ourselves down now, at the very moment when I've been making this last tremendous effort ——"

She stopped, biting her lips and changing color. Suddenly her hands caught at the table and she swayed. Husband and son exchanged one frightened glance and Hartley sprang to take her in his arms.

"Helen! My dear! If you feel that way, why, of course —— We were only trying to do our part—to—to help! We thought—yes, we thought you'd be glad!" One inevitable touch of bitterness, on his part, crept into that single word. "At least," he added slowly, "it—it isn't charity!"

"Charity!" Helen's voice was almost a shriek. "Charity! You call a gift from my own uncle charity? And glad!—you thought I would be glad to see you fritter away your talent—your talent that God gave you! And glad to see Amadeo—my son—our son—in that low place! You must be out of your senses!"

Wild terror seized her; she looked at the set faces of husband and son, and dimly perceived them as slipping from her grasp—eluding her—becoming horribly and forever independent of her. She knew now, too well, the secret of their well-being. They had been happy without her; they had not suffered in her absence; they had been able to do without her. These to whom she had given her life—who were her life—had in themselves an unsuspected capacity for existing without her.

Something in Helen broke loose. She walked the floor, she wept, she all but raved; she reminded them of all she had ever borne for them and all she had ever been to them. In one summary reckoning she called in their whole debt to her since ever they came into her world; and thereto she added interest, piling obligation on obligation; she invoked the past and summoned the future; with her own hands she tore down in one brief hour the edifice of a lifetime.

Hartley and Amadeo stood terrified, astonished, crushed and humiliated beneath the implication of her words.

"Don't—don't talk of it any more!" Hartley pleaded at last with one sick look at his son. "Of course we'll give it up—we'll give it all up if you feel so."

"If I feel so! As if it were what I feel!" exclaimed Helen. "Why, it would kill him—it would kill you both; it would kill Amadeo in a month! Look at him now!" She pointed a trembling finger; then she added her bitterest dart: "And it would be almost better that it should—than for our son to sink to that!"

"Helen!" exclaimed her husband. "Helen!"

Amadeo dropped into a chair; he leaned limply forward; his shoulders drooped, his head hanging, his inert hands hanging loosely too. He seemed to have lost height, color, vitality; he was pallid. He lifted a pair of heavy eyelids from eyes out of which every ray of light had gone.

"I—I feel pretty tired," he said. "I—I guess I'll go to bed." He staggered up, and Helen, in a revulsion of love, rushed to his support.

"You see!" her accusing eyes said plainly above his head as she led him from the room.

Hartley himself sank into a chair and let his head fall into his hands; life, courage and hope departed from him. No doubt it had been foolish business; no doubt Helen was right—she always was.

She came back presently with a triumphant step—and a hot-water bottle.

"He had a nervous chill; and now his pulse is racing. I've got him to bed and am going to put this at his feet.

(Concluded on Page 31)

THE RAIN MAKER

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

"My Doctor Says I Have a Weak Heart and Mustn't Overdo"

YOU take the long-handled joke, now, that can be shot over intervening shoulders at the victim, and you have avoided one difficulty and stepped squarely on top of another. The twenty-mile-range pleasantry keeps you out of the spotlight and is, therefore, easier to get by with; but consider the complications if the blamed thing back-fires! That's the point.

Well —— Judd Nagle was one of those fellows who will have their joke. Back in Youngstown, Ohio, where he was raised, he was a regular cut-up—so they say—and never could mature. Show him a man who was nervous about cats, or a Pullman porter who jumped against the ceiling when you snapped your fingers, or an Irishman who was touchy about Home Rule—and Judd was happy for a week. On the road he used to transfer samples from one traveling man's bag to another, for instance, and then laugh himself into the hospital when the spool-cotton salesman reached down to show the latest thing in embroidery floss and pulled out a patent set of aluminum stewpans instead; or when the fellow who was out for a cutlery house dragged forth a fistful of chewing gum and a novelty chocolate mouth organ, and lost a sale.

In the office Judd would put a year-old newspaper on the boss' desk; and, after the old man had fainted from seeing that Steel was up twenty-eight points, had discovered the hoax and had fired an office boy for it, would go out into the shipping-clerk's office and roll round on the floor, screaming with joy. Or he would get out a bunch of wedding announcements for old Preston, the head bookkeeper, and the red-headed Sheldon girl, a stenographer, who was so crazy about Mort Walton, one of the floor salesmen, that she could not transcribe her notes. Judd Nagle thought those things were funny. They were—the first nine thousand times!

There was some excuse for his taking life lightly, to be sure, because everybody knew that when his Uncle Ed got back from a trip round the world the old gentleman was going to take Judd up and let him manage all his business for him, which was mostly real-estate holdings and land, and so on; and that after that Judd Nagle would have everything pretty soft. So he figured out that it could not pinch him any, even if he should get caught at one of his killingly funny little lunacies and be fired for it. Nevertheless, he always enjoyed a joke more if he could pull it so that there was somebody else in the line of fire when the victim tumbled. That made the whole enterprise doubly funny to Judd. He called it finesse—and maybe it was.

Then a new sales manager came along and jerked Judd off the fattest territory in Southern California to put him on the desert run to Yuma. The rest of the office force thought that was a joke and sent Judd a nice, thick, warm pair of red-flannel pyjamas to wear on the desert when it was coming summer. I never saw a joke-smith yet who could laugh at one that beaned him; and Judd was no exception. He started on his new territory with an awful peeve and those who knew him expected him to come back a broken man.

It had been a dry winter, and Riverside and San Bernardino Counties would not buy a king-pin, let alone a traction engine or an orange washer. Down on the desert side the irrigation company was in some kind of a row and there wasn't money enough in the whole country to pay a traveling man's expense account. Judd made the Imperial Valley on his way down, sweltered three days in Yuma, where the state had just gone dry and there wasn't a bottle of beer to be had even for emergency purposes, and then started back. His order book was full—of clean, white, unused pages.

Judd estimated that they were out of the available supply of hard luck and would ease up on him some by this time; but he basely deceived himself—basely!

The day he left Yuma one of those March hot spells broke loose and curled the rails on the roadbed. He had a quarrel with the conductor about how much scrip it should take between Yuma and Bairdsville. He ate canned tuna in the diner and had a mild attack of ptomaine poisoning. And the porter forgot to call him for his stop; so he was carried on to the next station and had to rout out a farmer and give him ten dollars to be carried back. He put down his grips in the Vendôme in Bairdsville at one o'clock in the morning, with a mean disposition sticking out far enough to hang an umbrella on.

Of Course They Didn't Believe He Could Make, Cause, Incite, Produce or Even Forecast Rain

The clerk appeared, in a torn pair of pyjamas and a brow bedewed with perspiration, and showed irritation at being summoned forth at such an hour. Judd expressed his opinion of the hotel, the town, the weather and the clerk in a few brief remarks; and, to get even, the man behind the register gave him the hottest room in the place—going some! Judd asked for a pitcher of ice water; but the clerk went to sleep before he attended to it and Judd fell down a flight of stairs when going after it himself in the dark. That being all for the night, he wrung out a sheet in the bathtub, pulled it over himself and caught a snatch or two of rest.

You wouldn't get this unless you knew what Bairdsville is—or was. Taking the word of the local Board of Trade for it, Bairdsville was "the center of the newest and largest reclaimed desert region in the Southwest, having for its back-country two hundred thousand acres of the richest and most productive"—and so on. A Los Angeles real-estate firm had promoted it right out of the ground and it was taken very seriously. Page ads, and that sort of thing, had made the name of this growing young city a household word, especially in households where they had invested all there was in the sock in Bairdsville town lots. It was two years old and really growing to be quite some spot.

Take any Middle-Western town of twelve hundred population, replace all the old unpainted buildings with new unpainted buildings, root up all the trees, tear down all the fences, imagine the dust two feet deep, and dump a trainload of tin cans into the vacant lots, and you'll have a fair idea of what Bairdsville was—outside the Board of Trade circulars. As has been hinted, the Bairdsvillians—or Bairdsvillains, however it's spelled—took their "incipient metropolis," to quote Sam Christian, very seriously. They were enthusiastic and zealous boosters, and the sucker who got out of there without buying a town lot or two was a lucky sucker, or else he went through on a limited with the bedclothes pulled over his head and his compartment door locked.

That was the place Judd Nagle stepped out to cast his eye over the next morning. It didn't look good to Judd. He was thinking of Simi, and Saticoy, and Ventura, and Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, where bean thrashers and combined reapers and harvesters could be sold like patent ink removers at a country fair; and Bairdsville had the appearance of being one of the worst places for his line of talk there was on the whole Southern Pacific system.

An hour's work convinced Judd that he had guessed the naked truth.

"What's the matter with this burg anyhow?" he asked Sam Christian, the leading implement dealer, after Sam had turned a deaf ear to persuasive talk concerning everything, from a three-thousand-dollar tractor and gangplow, combined, to a quarter dozen of garden rakes.

"Matter!" queried Sam innocently. "Matter with Bairdsville? Why, nothing I know of—except that there isn't room enough in it to accommodate all the people who want to buy corner lots."

"Hand that stuff to the tourists from Joplin and Troy, friend!" Judd Nagle replied tartly. "I'm from Los Angeles, where they invented this get-rich-quick real-estate game; and plain, ordinary local boosting

"Will You Stop a Minute? Cease! Desist! Shut Off! Put on Your Brakes! Come to Rest!"

sounds flat to me. What I want to know is, what's behind Bairdsville? Any back country? Any farming? Any mining? Any manufacturing, or Indian basket makers, or sulphur springs—or anything? Come down to bedrock for a minute."

The merchant loosened the collar round his stringy throat and wiped off his forehead.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said; "I'll get Bert Champlain to drive you round a little this afternoon and show you."

Judd Nagle hesitated. He was soured on life and aching to get even. Bairdsville struck him as a good target—one that a well-considered and well-executed joke couldn't miss at any range. All he needed was an inspiration; and a drive round this sublimated oven, with a talkative real-estate agent, trying as it would be, might furnish the clew he wanted.

"Much obliged," he said; "but I don't want to buy, you know."

"No trouble to show goods," Christian replied amiably, and set the hour at one o'clock.

On the exact minute the young land agent called for Judd at the Vendôme in a wheezing, one-lunged gasoline affair that looked as though it might stand without hitching for a considerable length of time, and that had a great habit of crow-hopping a few rods when it started and every time gears were shifted. Nagle decided the thing would make so much noise it would drown out the agent's dulcet tones; but that was because he didn't know the agent. Bert Champlain had talked against that rheumatic auto for several months and held all the records—time, pitch and distance. Try as it might, that machine never could seem to catch up, and Judd Nagle got every word.

It may not have been mentioned before, but this was a hot day—quite a hot day—104 degrees in the cool of the afternoon, to be exact, and just enough breeze to stir up all the dust that wasn't actually under cultivation in the district; which was considerable dust, too, as Judd noticed. It wasn't long before he had lost all interest in getting even with Bairdsville, and could think of nothing except a keen desire to catch the first train toward Los Angeles and rent a room in the ice and cold-storage plant by the month. He said:

"All right, Mr. Champlain; I'm convinced. 'S a great country. Let's go back to the hotel."

The agent smiled, twisted the wheel to steer the machine across a rattlesnake that was attempting to escape, and stepped on the throttle.

"Oh, yes," he yelled cheerfully; "it's the depth of the soil that makes that."

Nagle leaned closer.

"I said I've got to go back to the hotel. Want to catch a train!"

The local booster nodded delightedly.

"Exactly—that's the point. We don't want any rain at all." They plowed through a quarter of a mile of sand and the agent lowered his voice somewhat. "It's the whole secret of success—our ability to turn the water on when we want it and to turn it off when we don't. See?"

Nagle put one arm round Champlain's shoulders and hauled him close.

"Will you stop a minute? Cease! Desist! Shut off! Put on your brakes! Come to rest! Doggone it, anyhow, you stop or I'll choke you to death!"

Champlain shook his head, shut off his power and applied his brakes. When the peripatetic iron foundry had ceased moving he said apologetically:

"You know this old machine of ours makes considerable noise when it's running right, and I couldn't hear what you were saying just now. What was it?"

Nagle threw up his hands.

"Oh, nothing," he replied sadly. "But, now you speak of it, I think I'd better be going back. I've got to catch a train out of here sometime to-night."

"You can't get away before the nine-twenty-two, and I want you to see the Paradise Ranch—regular show place! Only been in two years; but last summer they cut a ton and a half of alfalfa to the acre, and nine cuttings. This season ——"

He cranked the car energetically; it roared like a mogul that's struck frost on the rails and away they went again. They went four miles—and stopped.

"Now, that's funny!" the real estater said merrily. "We must be out of gas."

Judd wiped his forehead and looked back toward the speck on the floor of the desert that was Bairdsville.

"Deliciously funny!" he agreed. "Funny as a funeral in the rain!"

"Aha! Pretty good, that one! Cheer up, though. It's only two miles to the Paradise Ranch. They'll have plenty of gasoline."

The traveling man turned and viewed the road ahead, on which the heat waves quivered up from the gray, parched earth.

"Oh, is that all?" he queried. "Only two miles! That's a mere saunter."

Champlain missed the sarcasm.

"Sure! Come on; do us good!"

Judd shook his head; then his eye caught a tall, square tower standing off to the left, half a mile distant.

"What's the matter with yonder castle? Why not get it there?"

The real-estate agent laughed.

"That's Crazy Max Shearer's place, and you couldn't get near it with anything less than a siege gun and a young army. Shearer's an inventor of some sort—won't allow anyone near him. Fence round it—padlocks—all that sort of thing. No; we'll have to go to the Paradise."

"That last statement," said Judd firmly, "is a mistake. You may have to go—I won't. My doctor says I have a weak heart and mustn't overdo. You shall go over and fetch the gasoline. I shall recline, or succumb—or whatever it is—right here in the shade of the sheltering Six. And you might hurry too."

Champlain tried argument, beguilement and ridicule; but all three failed, and in the end he went alone, swinging along and whistling merrily, as though it were a mild day in the autumn, with the red and gold and yellow leaves fluttering down into his path, in the soughing wind, from the elms and beeches and alligator pear trees. Judd propped himself against a wheel in the bare strip of shade that offered, mopped his brow again, wrung out his handkerchief, fanned himself with his hat, and mused.

"I wonder," he said contemplatively, when his host was a quivering speck in the hot distance—"I wonder, now, if Crazy Max Shearer, the inventor, isn't a hunch?

Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers let him go—
Eeny, meeny, miney, mo!

The inventor is it! Now, let's see ——"

II

EVERY man with an idea is crazy until he puts it over. That's an axiom which should be contained in the prefaces of the Blue Book, the Encyclopædia Britannica, and Bradstreet's and Dun's; for there are thousands of examples in history. And when the rest of the world can't even make out what the idea is, and the man who owns it refuses to share his secret, he's crazier than ever.

No one should be surprised that the people of Bairdsville, therefore, agreed Max Shearer was a nut. They didn't have much to go on, for they didn't know what he was working at and he wouldn't tell them. He had been there more than a year, but no one had been able to get acquainted with him.

There was a high barbed-wire fence round his little place and beyond the gates no one was ever admitted. His tower, which could be seen for miles round, was a tantalizing mystery. It was accepted that he was an inventor; but whether of a new bacillus or a cotton-picking machine was a hidden thing. First, Bairdsville had been proud of its possession of him; then it had become curious and impatient; then it faced the knowledge that Max Shearer wasn't looking for confidants—and it felt abused and became sarcastic and bitter, named the man Crazy Max, and took a dislike to him.

Judd Nagle discovered these bare facts about the man of mystery the next day, for Bert Champlain had brought him back from their trip just in time to miss the nine-twenty-two train westbound. But, instead of showing surprise or interest, Judd smiled in a superior fashion and said to the simple people of Bairdsville:

"Oh! Didn't you know he is a rain maker? Well, well; takes an outsider to put you on the inside about your own home town!"

"A rain maker!" they would exclaim; and then they would laugh heartily.

But Judd Nagle was too old a hand at practical joking to be drawn that way. He'd laugh with them—only louder and harder than any of them could laugh; and pretty soon their merriment would die out and they'd get uncomfortable.

"Excuse us for smiling, Mr. Nagle," they'd say; "but right at first that sounded funny."

"Not at all!" Judd would answer. "Not at all! Almost anybody could make rain up along the Coast, where they get more or less anyway; but it takes a real artist to make it down here on the desert. See?"

"Well, now, that sounds reasonable!" they'd exclaim. "Hadn't thought of that."

"That so? Think it over."

"But how did you come to know about it, Nagle? Mr. Shearer never opens his head to us."

"Uh-huh! I suppose not. No; he wouldn't. But you understand our house handles all sorts of heavy hardware—inventors' stuff, and retorts, and furnaces, and vats, and suchlike. I mustn't say any more; but you want to look out for squalls if this Crazy Max Shearer shows bad-weather signals—that's all! He's not so crazy as he looks."

Judd dropped this sort of information tactfully and in the most likely places, but not wastefully, and went away from Bairdsville, chuckling quietly all that evening and the next morning in the Pullman, and reviewing the details of the next step in the joke. He was feeling better all the time.

Judd Nagle's victims round the office were disappointed by his jauntiness when he breezed in at ten o'clock. It was reported within a few minutes that he had brought only two orders—one for a keg of eightpenny nails, and one for a valve tappet for a gasoline engine; and Preston, the head bookkeeper, who bore Judd a grudge, freely expressed indignation at the size of the traveler's expense account.

These things, however, did not appear to be weighing on Judd's mind. Truth to tell, he was much better disposed than when he left; his smile was as bright, his loud voice as confident and unworried, and he hadn't been back twenty-four hours before he telephoned from the booth to Carter, the manager's chief clerk, to say that he was the boss, talking, and that Carter was to give everybody a half holiday that afternoon to witness the opening of the Pacific League baseball season. Being the serious-minded sort of guy who usually gets to be a chief clerk and then

kills himself working to hold the job, Carter, who knew the boss was a great fan himself, dutifully passed the word.

When his chief, Browning, came in, it was to find most of the force tearing off their working clothes and hustling so they could get lunch and take in the parade before the game. It wasn't until about the time Mr. Browning got through "panning" them for a set of iron-headed mutts that they began to suspect Judd Nagle hadn't been exactly tamed by his first run to Yuma.

Judd was totally oblivious to their concern for him, because he was pretty busy. There is one thing you have to hand to him—when he started a play he saw it through, and he was full of this rain-maker gag of his, full of it! Two or three days later he shipped two big boxes to Max Shearer at Bairdsville—one labeled "Chemicals—Glass! Handle with care!" and the other, "Fragile!—Use no hooks!"

Bairdsville, taking a new interest in its mysterious celebrity, drew its own conclusions without coaching and immediately, when mentioning Shearer, dispensed with the cautious preliminaries: "They say ——"; or, "I heard the other day ——" and made it: "You know Max Shearer, the rain maker? Well, yesterday he ——" and so on.

In fact it instantly became poor form to call him Crazy Max, or "That darn fool, Shearer"; and he was dubbed The Rain Maker by common consent. Of course those who got close enough to him to do so asked him about his work; but Shearer only shrugged his shoulders impatiently, swore in German, and went on his way. He took the two crates out to his intrenched habitation, though expressing some half-formed doubts to the freight agent that they were really for him, and the Bairdsvillians watched him with awe as he drove from the station, and held their several breaths every time his wagon lurched into a rut.

They could not have told just what they expected, but certainly not the least was that he would be catapulted skyward by a horrific explosion in case of a mishap. If they could have known that he found in the box marked Chemicals a bottle of very superior whisky, entombed in a world of excelsior, and in the container labeled Fragile a hundred pounds of waste paper protecting a box of good cigars, they would have been still further mystified; but it is doubtful whether they would have recanted their new-found faith in him.

Of course they didn't believe he could make, cause, invite, produce or even forecast rain. That was hardly to be expected. They reserved the right, even now, to smile at his hallucination; but they had ceased to smile at him. When he was discovered on the roof of his squatty tower, apparently taking observations of the sky, everybody in the Bairdsville country hastened to express his or her well-known opinion that rain making couldn't be done, as a business, even by the most astute or scientific person; but they recognized that Max Shearer thought he could bring rain when his experiments were completed, and they marveled at the amount he must know in order to get even that far. He was surely a smart fellow and a credit to the community; but, as for bringing rain—Pshaw!

All this was patent. Why, then, did they glance covertly at the western sky for hours after it had been reported that Shearer was working on the roof of his tower? Why did Mrs. Sam Christian, and several other prudent mothers, after that last mysterious consignment of freight arrived for the inventor, lay in a bottle or so of cough medicine and insist on having a week's supply of wood for the kitchen stove chopped up and put under cover? Why did the menfolk become so tiresome in their insistence that no human agency could alter the weather, and at the same time relate each his own timeworn anecdote going to prove that heavy battles are always followed by showers? And why, lastly, did Hen Monk and Bill Oliver discover, on taking an inventory that spring, that they had completely sold out their respective stocks of rubbers and umbrellas?

These were not questions that Bairdsville would have cared to be asked. These were not subjects that Bairdsville thought to discuss. No; they all agreed that Max Shearer, though not crazy, as some people had once thought, was wasting his endowments in trying to figure out a plan for regulating Old Man Weather! They made that point unanimous.

Judd Nagle kept them in mind too. Little did the simple folk of Bairdsville reck that the playful Judd was thinking of them many a time and oft as he lay awake in his boarding-house room contemplating life, and the future with Uncle Ed, and the monotony of existence as a traveling man for a heavy hardware firm, and the grudge he bore the young and thriving city that would buy no tractors or gangplows or gasoline engines.

Not for one instant did Judd's vigilance relax. If it threatened to do so, Judd would recall the cadaverous frame of Sam Christian, or the screamed monologue of Bert Champlain, the real-estate agent, or the poor meals at the Vendôme, or the hottest room in the house, or the perniciously active family of fleas he had added to his chattels, and that had come away from Bairdsville with him and had never entirely deserted him since. Judd would think of these things and then would commune with himself thus:

"This owl in the Weather Bureau here says he can smell a rainstorm before it leaves Honolulu, on the west, or Colorado Springs, on the east. Some bird! All right! For five fish, cash in hand paid, and receipt therewhich is hereof acknowledged, he sends me the form sheets on the weather every day. In another two weeks I'll be able to read the signs like a ground squirrel or an Indian myself.

"Let there be a storm no bigger than a spring housecleaning in the Ozark Mountains, and some tag-end of it will hit these parts. Maybe it gets as far as Bairdsville, maybe not; but when I spot one coming I warn that metropolis of the desert in the name of Prof. Max Shearer, R. M. If it misses—try again. If it hits—zowie!"

Then he would lie still and chuckle in the dark.

"And if it misses a couple of times I'll send the professor down there another consignment of chemicals and spread the tidings casual-like that the ingredients were nix and that good old Max is mixing another mess. Class—all class! Some day I've got to hit it right; and then what these newspaper guys do to serious-minded Bairdsville will be aplenty!"

As said, so done. Toward the end of April Judd was informed that an unusual storm was heading southward from Alaska or San José, or some place in the frigid zone, and a call at the Los Angeles Weather Bureau on the eve of his departure on his regular Yuma trip put him in possession of the further information that it was a big storm, fully equipped to spread havoc and desolation in its path, and likely to stir up little neighborhood squalls in surrounding countries which had never known squalls before.

Judd stopped at Bairdsville on the down trip, leaving again on an eastbound train at midnight.

Fortune favored him. Max Shearer had been in town that same evening and had gone on out to the Coast on an early morning train—point number one. The first alfalfa cuttings of the year lay in windrows all about Bairdsville—point number two. And it was Saturday; so most of the countryfolk were in town that morning and saw the sign—point number three.

That sign! Simple, chaste, modest, it caught the eye and held it. Subtly it reminded the reader of Max Shearer in every letter. No effort at effect, no bombast, no pretensions—just a plain statement; take it or leave it. It was tacked on the post-office door and ran thus:

RAIN SUNDAY NIGHT!
TAKE IN HAY AND WASHING
THE RAIN MAKER

Tom McWilliams, the postmaster, was the first to find it. He glanced at its portentous words, stopped, opened his mouth, put on his specs and read it again; then again. Then he sighted Sam Christian making for the hardware and implement store, and haled him over. Sam read it three times. Sniffing the unusual, several men changed their courses and came up to stare.

"By jucks!" Tom McWilliams exclaimed. "I admire the cuss' nerve!"

"Rain!" cried Sam Christian. "Rain? On this desert? In April? Well, of all the dum fool guesses!"

"'Take in hay and washing.'" read Walt Smith aloud. "Why, you couldn't get in the hay that's on the ground in this valley in a week—let alone two days! He might have given us a little warning!"

Bradner Parsons, the druggist, laughed faintly.

"You'd think Walt was expecting to have to stay home from the Presbyterian Church to-morrow night, to hear him talk!"

Walt Smith reddened.

"Well, I ain't saying it's going to rain—not by a mile! But if it is ——"

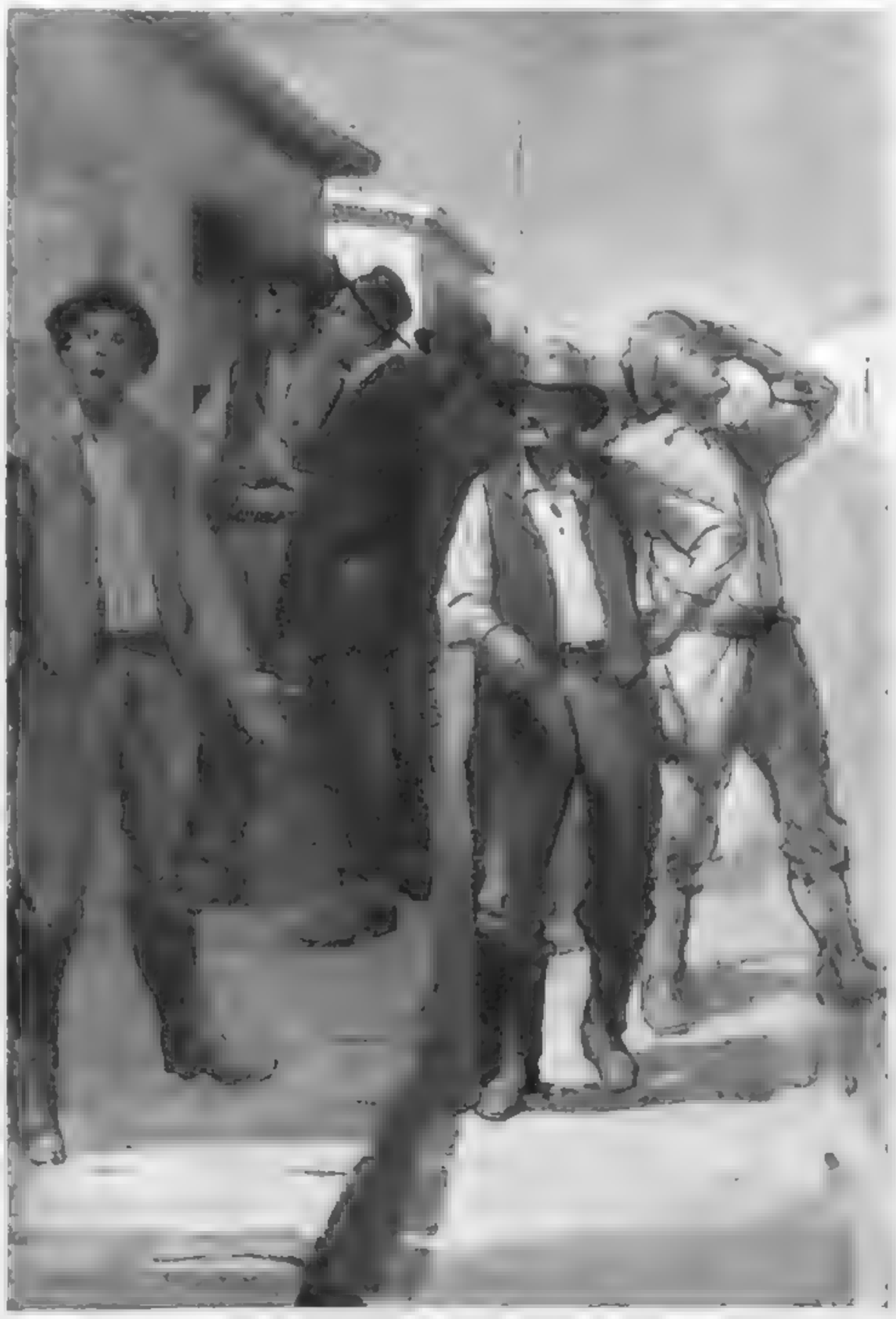
"If it is," Sam Christian chimed in, "it's going to ruin an awful sight of good alfalfa and beat down a lot of ripe barley—that's sure!"

Somebody else observed the sky meditatively, if not anxiously. There was not a cloud in it. The sun was three hours high in the heavens, which were azure and were drawn as taut as a drumhead over the shrinking desert. Off in the west the mountains—shadow-splotched—showed every gashed cañon, every sharp, bared tooth, every gray and sterile shoulder; and above them there was not the adumbration of a haze. And yet, when they turned to the warning on the post-office door, even the boldest spirit was shaken.

The news spread rapidly and in an hour Bairdsville was agog with excitement, wonder and speculation. There were many who laughed aloud at the idea at first—just as Sam Christian had done; but to more it was a grave and serious matter. Mysteriously, subtly and insidiously a certain almost superstitious faith in their own prophet had taken hold of them in the weeks past, and now they were awed.

Divided between doubt in the rain maker and fear of ridicule, scarcely any had the courage to hasten in the hay or make other open preparations for the unthinkable fulfillment of this prophecy. Secretly, though, many of them mended leaky roofs, or banked up henhouses, or opened wastegates in their irrigating ditches that evening. Oddly enough, the women were impressed; and before Sunday night they had stripped clotheslines, put storm aprons about the beds in their sleeping porches, and taken hasty glances at

(Continued on Page 36)



That Sign! Simple, Chaste, Modest, It Caught the Eye and Held It

THE ALL-BRITISH OFFICER

By Reginald Earle Looker

WHICH road, sir? To the right or left?" I asked the lieutenant.

Whir! Whir! Whir! rose a covey of partridges from the bushes by the roadside.

"By Jove! By Jove! Wonderful birds those! Watch 'em rise! Oh, for a gun and a dog! I say, see that codger on the right? He's a clean shot from here. We could do it standing, too, even with a single, don't you think?"

"Crossroads, sir, and there is no signpost. Which way, please?"

"Ah! Eh? Road to the left, I think," he answered.

So I drove to the left, heading the motor-ambulance column along the *pavé* road and through the inevitable aisle of Flemish poplars, thinking of the wounded we were to carry and how many trips they would make back to the railhead.

At the Field Ambulance the loading of the stretchers and the arrangement of the sitting cases were none too brisk. My lieutenant was thinking of the birds. It worried me, because I was trying to impress him with the quickness, efficiency and snap of our ambulance section. It was not a good start. No; he would not be impressed—his mind was off in the hills, where the grousing was good.

I liked him, because he held his head so well and looked straight into my eyes with steady brown ones when he talked. He was clean from healthy living and rosy-cheeked from Midland mists. The tawny service mustache, nostril-width, carefully clipped, apologized for its presence. "Army regulations and necess'ry, y'know." He was straight, an athlete—short perhaps, but looked a hunter and hard rider. His khaki tunic fitted well and the strap of his "Sam Browne" belt, running over his shoulder, showed the depth of his chest.

"May I add two more names to your list of wounded, sir?" asked the corporal.

The lieutenant shoved his hands into the bulging pockets that ran deep down into the skirts of his uniform coat and made it look like a hunting coat. "The King's Coat is a hunting coat," thought I; and I have thought so ever since.

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROS., NEW YORK CITY

The King's Coat is, First, a Splendid Hunting Coat, and Then, Perhaps, a Uniform. A Fox Hunter Must Have Designed It

"*Très pratique!*" was the comment of Parisians when they first saw Englishmen in khaki on the boulevards. It was the depth of pocket that impressed them as much as the dust color. The coat of the British "ranker" has a collar like the American uniform, which buttons up to the throat, and is a smart military uniform. The coat of the British officer is usually of finer cloth, the collar is open, showing khaki tie and shirt, and the skirts and side pockets under the sword belt are fuller. It is, first, a splendid hunting coat, and then, perhaps, a uniform. A fox hunter must have designed it.

Riding to Hounds Over Battlefields

THE English officer is, above all, a gentleman. Gentlemen in England are all keen sportsmen—they have shot and hunted since they left the public school, and their theory of life is a happy one. Life is a great game—a game of adventure, phrased in the terms of the hunting field and shooting box. Everything in their lives is a part of the game—even this war. They are all "going in for it" enthusiastically and "taking their sporting chances."

"'Ere they come! Give 'em 'ell!" shout the Tommies as the Germans advance. "There they go! That's enough—let them go!" call their officers along the line as the attacking party is beaten back and the firing slackens. It is the true sportsman's spirit to beat your enemy fairly and refrain from shooting him in the back; but to-day it is war to shoot in the back.

With the English war will still be a game, even after the last regiment of the Expeditionary Force of a hundred and twenty thousand men that landed on French soil in August has been shot to pieces—an earnest game—a fighting game—a great game; but still a game.

In the height of the first six-weeks battle of Ypres-Armentières, on the twenty-third of October, we met two British officers on the Richebourg road, shotguns in hand, "grousing, you know, and having a jolly good time of it!" A Frenchman could not have understood; nor would an American. The Frenchman would have said "*Dégoûtant!*" and the American would have turned away with a "Well, what do you think o' that?" expression.

War is war with the French, as it is with us. There is no sidetracking—even in details—from the grim business of war, war, war.

"Play up! Play up when you're playing. Rest in the intervals." This is the British of "Work like the devil—then loaf."

This war is essentially a nervous war; and shattered nerves can cause as serious losses to a regiment as shattered bodies. The psychological effect of Jack Johnsons and "Coal boxes" is a calculated quantity.

Trench nerves require rest as do exhausted bodies. In the British Army it has been the rule that each regiment spends three days and three nights in the trenches, under ordinary circumstances, before being allowed its one day and one night of rest. Another regiment takes its place and they march back fifteen and sometimes twenty kilometers from the lines, to be out of shellfire. Their officers go with them.

"If you had spent three days and three rotten nights out theah in that holy mud and, by the extr'ord'n'ry grace of God, not been potted—and added an officer's strain of respons'bil'ty—I say—you would have the right to use your 'one' as you jolly well pleased." And there is obvious justice in that. The resting business is intensely practical and necessary during the present siege fighting.

Excessively practical these arrangements, from the English point of view, when they include two full packs of hounds within the fighting lines in France.

From hunting field to battlefield and back again. To the French it seems utterly wrong, thoughtless and most inconsiderate that the *champ de bataille* of a few weeks ago, sacred because men have given up their lives for their country there, should so soon become the *champ de chasse;* and that hallooing huntsmen should jump the newly made graves and follow the pack in full cry through the deserted streets of a French village, scarred by lust and pillage and blood. It is the insult of levity added to a great and lasting injury.

It was this same practical attitude, but hopeless callousness, from the French viewpoint, that made trouble in a village north of Bèthune. A cockney driver of a motor lorry—truck—ditched his car by the roadside to repair a broken connecting rod. He had to crawl under the truck, the mud was deep, and he needed something to make a "lie." Just over the hedge was a bit of square cloth lying on the ground, torn and dirty. So he picked it up and jumped back over the hedge with it. An old peasant, who had been standing by placidly watching him arrange his tools, clutched him by the arm and attempted to take the cloth away

"Wot's all th' wind 'bout, you bally old blighter?" was answered in fluent patois; and, of course, neither could understand.

It ended with a quick blow, and the old man let go the cloth and caught at the wheel for support.

The lorry driver cursed him for a minute and, grinning triumphantly, spread his cloth under the car and went to work. The old peasant, still holding to the wheel, watched him a while and then turned slowly away and shuffled off toward the village *estaminet*—wine-shop.

It is not safe for a civilian to quarrel with a soldier in a town where martial law has been declared.

I asked a younger man, who stood by, what all the trouble was about. He was trembling with indignation, but his French was more intelligible.

"It is the altar cloth, m'sieur, of our little church—Notre Dame de Piété. Two weeks and three days has it been there on the ground, undisturbed. It has lain there just as it was thrown out of the church. *Les cochons!*—lain there in the mud and the rain and the sunshine. M'sieur le Curé was killed the second day—he tried to protect some women; it must not be moved by other hands. It is a sacred part of the church, is it not, m'sieur?" It was the deep French sentiment that sanctifies even those things that have been defiled.

Even to the American it might not seem wholly dignified to see one of His Majesty's colonels, on the lists as Fighting in Flanders, and three young subalterns, without their swords but with chin straps fastened for action, each with a short shotgun, all plunging madly through the waist-high underbrush, the crimson-faced colonel leading and shouting "Where has that rotter gone?" to the cottontail that had just jumped the road ahead of my motor.

The Frenchman would say, with a shrug: "Ah, yes; here they are in France, these sportsmen, but have they the time to fight?"

The *Vive les Anglais!* sticks in his throat.

The Cockney Rankers' Idols

IT WOULD have been most humiliating to have been filled full of birdshot in the pursuance of duty, driving a motor ambulance in the British lines in the north of France. Unexplainable!

But for bravery and dash the British officer is hard to match.

"*Ah, il devient Français!*"—Ah, he is more like a Frenchman!

The regimental officer is called on to give all that is best in him in the attack and the "bulldog stand," as it is called. And the British officer gives it.

The army organization makes it possible for him to be comfortable, or nearly so, under almost all conditions, in all places and at all times—even on campaign.

With the French there is only one regimental mess; but with the British there is a separate ration for officer and man, which will probably continue to divide officers from men even in the new volunteer armies.

On the march and in the lines of communication the English officer, as we have met him, too often appears as a pampered, selfish, petulant, self-centered "swanker." Though the Tommies often remark, "With the swagger that is right and proper," we thought there was too much of it. Too many caps atilt and too many plain glass monocles swinging about!

A British regiment will follow "gentlemen" anywhere. An American regiment, if officered by Englishmen, would not stand their foibles and eccentricities. The cockney ranker, with his Whitechapel training of "gentleman and bloke," grins and takes it with serene good humor. The men know what they are made for—these gentlemen and officers—and credit is given for their specialty. It is nearly the same with the Scottish and Irish regiments.

Life is a Great Game, Phrased in the Terms of the Hunting Field and Shooting Box

"Come on, lads!"—and they forget the reprimands and injustice of the drill yards with a cheer.

Then, "Biff! Biff! Biff!" as General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, commanding a British army corps, cried.

The British officer's lack of interest in petty details, allowed by the responsibility that falls on the shoulders of the N. C. O.'s—the noncommissioned officers—reserves him for leadership.

Personal magnetic leadership counts more at this stage of the war than the leadership of strategy. In the last few months the science of land warfare has retrograded. These vast armies are like the hordes of ancient times—"The Huns!" as the English newspapers cry.

The German tactics of infantry massed attack—the trampling force of men in weight and numbers—is mediæval. It has come back to Stonewall Jackson's "First there with the most men!" rather than great strategy on the field. It is force, weight and numbers. The first necessity is system, hustle and efficiency in mobilization back of the lines. Officers who can anticipate transportation needs before they arise, and doubly prepare for them, will accomplish the greatest things that are done.

Field Marshal Sir John French says of the first heavy losses of the British troops, at Mons:

"They were inevitable in view of the fact that the British Army—only two days after a concentration by rail—was called on to withstand a vigorous attack of five German army corps."

The armies are so huge that, when once they are settled down to trench fighting, nothing much can be accomplished except by individual leadership. Pure courage, tenacity and shove accomplish it. It is becoming less and less a war of wits and machinery; both sides have nearly exhausted their ingenuity in devising ruses and plans of sapping and mining, and there cannot be many more gas or artillery surprises. Movements of troops and artillery are immediately seen by the aviators, and it is checkmate after checkmate. It is easy for the staff to select a place to "smash a hole." It takes strong men to lead the attempt.

Lines of Caste Drawn Hard and Fast

THE British officer rides out to battle as did the knights of old, with his attendants and esquires—sometimes two, even to-day. Soldier servants, they are called.

The plumes and pennons are gone, but now in their stead the monocle is worn; leather can be polished to mirror brilliancy; khaki tunics can be spotless and without wrinkle; boots can be without a fleck of mud—and all this on active service.

"Yes; but wait until they get into action!"

An officer of the Indian Army said to me, realising the situation, "The English officer from England has his uses, as have our little Ghurkas from the Hills," with a mischievous twinkle in his blue eyes. It was then that the Indian General Staff was learning that certain Ghurka regiments could not be trusted for prolonged trench fighting.

At Abbeville I met a captain I had known in Washington, of one of the Guard Regiments. After the first greetings were over and the invariable cigarettes exchanged I started "chimneying him a bit" about his boots. Riding boots they were, and so magnificent in my sight that I thought they had just come from the bootmaker's.

"Where did you get your boots, Billy?"

"Rather good—what? Worn 'em the whole show—extr'ord'n'ry good. He's one of the best in London, y'know."

"But aren't they new?" I asked.

"Oh, a year now!" said he.

"But, Billy, how do you get them on and off in the trenches"—remembering past difficulties of my own.

"What a question, dear boy! My valet pulls 'em on and off, of course."

Not then being initiated, I was naturally incredulous and listened a quarter of an hour while he convinced me that he actually had his Washington valet along with him as soldier servant.

Twelve days later he was killed in a bayonet charge—not in it, but leading it. Honor to him!

These are the men who are making the daily lists of gallantry and amazing adventure in the British fighting.

Buy an English newspaper, turn to the back page and look at the last column, as is the morning habit in so many British households to-day. It is the British Press Bureau list of killed, died of wounds, wounded, believed missing and missing.

You will not scan it so closely, reading twice, or use a blotter to keep the printed names and numbers apart on the list, but you will see, above all, the great number of officers there. Six hundred officers are in the list I have before me. It may not take courage to be killed or wounded, but the lists show that the British officer is doing "his bit." He is giving all that he has—his life.

The British Press Bureau list is a more thrilling story than any man has ever written or ever will write. It is an epic of patriotism.

There is as great a social gulf between the officer and the N. C. O. as there is between the N. C. O. and the ranker—as deep as the Grand Cañon and as difficult as the Grands-Mulets.

In all enlisted armies—even in the armies of extremely democratic nations—there is little contact between officers and men. It is as natural as the line drawn in civil life between literates and illiterates. The officer has a highly specialized scientific education and the man has only a physical training, combined with the bare elements of schooling.

The British Expeditionary Force was an enlisted army and class distinctions were rigid. Great Britain is a monarchy—a democratic monarchy, but a monarchy, nevertheless; and most of her younger aristocracy were in the army. Her system of "This man must not!" equaled the Potsdam spirit of the Prussian Guards.

The caste feeling was so deeply rooted that it applied not only between officer and ranker, but between noncommissioned officer and ranker as well. N. C. O.'s had rankers to do their soldiering—cleaning and care of equipment—to polish their boots and to run beer for them, rarely speaking to a ranker unless to give a curt warning or an order. The noncommissioned officer rose from the ranks, but the highest rank he could hope to win in peace time was warrant officer, sergeant major or staff sergeant.

Though the loss of officers was considered heavy in the South African War, yet a yearly average of only thirty-five noncommissioned officers during the three years of the war received commissions as second lieutenants. The loss among officers was so heavy in last winter's fighting in France that already over two thousand rankers have been given their commissions. In the early fighting, during the Ypres-Armentières battle, the Twenty-first Infantry Brigade marched out to the lines in their full strength of four thousand men. After three weeks seven hundred and fifty men marched back. The Scots Fusiliers, one battalion of the Twenty-first—a thousand strong—came back with seventy men and one officer, a subaltern. These losses have continued steadily—sometimes more and sometimes less—since the beginning.

Kitchener knew that the old class prejudices would have to be forgotten, and they were forgotten as far as Kitchener and Sir John French were concerned; but not forgotten in the lines.

Go into any regimental mess in the field, or in the dining room of a little hotel in a headquarters' town, or back in the lines of communication, and the sharp distinction between "officer and gentleman" and "officer, but ranker" is perhaps more characteristic in these hotels. There is a subdued clash of knives and forks and glasses; but, apart from that, there is a curious silence. Nobody is talking to anybody else. When you enter the room you find that nobody is even looking at anybody else—directly. It is a sideway glance and away again.

"What's the trouble?" "Rankers about," is the answer.

On the right side of the major of a distinguished corps sits a ranker, second lieutenant now; on the left sits a ranker, a lieutenant, with the double insignia on his shoulder straps, and directly across the table sits another ranker, now a captain. The major makes a great show of dissecting his chop, but he reaches for the bread himself. He is dining among his social inferiors. When he elects to look up it is far away and through the chest of the captain. It is decidedly uncomfortable for the captain, though he was commissioned for gallantry.

The major finishes his luncheon, pulls his mustache for three or four minutes, and leaves the table. The second lieutenant and lieutenant half rise, as is proper, and salute. The captain slides back his chair. The major does not look at any of them, but he is sure they are saluting; so he half raises his arm and then lets it fall limply down again. The rankers smile quietly, and a little sadly, perhaps, and go back to the lunch.

Social Formalities at the Front

HERE is England fighting for her life; and because this man is not Sandhurst—the British West Point—or, failing that in these times, not the son of a peer, country squire, clergyman or London professional man—is not a gentleman—they cannot associate together, even in fighting the common enemy.

Every man respects himself, however! On the road near Chocques two cavalry officers passed, going in opposite directions. The older saluted first—by error. The other returned it properly and they both passed on. A few minutes later the older and ranking officer galloped furiously back to the other, who had stopped to question a peasant by the roadside. "You go to the devil and blazes!" said he. "I didn't see you were a leftenant when I saluted you." Then he dug in his spurs and galloped away.

The new regiments in the field have a more democratic spirit, like the spirit of the French; but class distinctions are as rigid as they are in civil life in England to-day.

There has always been a sharp distinction between the English officer of the Home Army and the British officer serving in India. "We send our smashed polo players back to the English regiments," said an Indian officer, half in jest.

Most of the English officers of the Home Army have sufficient incomes outside the army salary, which is small, to insure at least moderate comfort and luxury. Rank in the army gives an assured social standing of a kind much to be desired, unless the officer is already of the aristocracy; and then, "One really must have something to do, you know."

(Continued on Page 48)

The English Officer is a Gentleman, and Gentlemen in England are All Keen Sportsmen

SOMETHING NEW

The Feature Which Impressed Ashe Most Was the Fact That It Looked Warm

V

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE four-fifteen express slid softly out of Paddington Station and Ashe Marson settled himself in the corner seat of his second-class compartment. Opposite him Joan Valentine had begun to read a magazine. Along the corridor, in a first-class smoking compartment, Mr. Peters was lighting a big black cigar. Still farther along the corridor, in a first-class nonsmoking compartment, Aline Peters looked through the window and thought of many things.

In English trains the tipping classes travel first; valets, lady's maids, footmen, nurses, and head stillroom maids, second; and housemaids, grooms, and minor and inferior stillroom maids, third. But for these social distinctions the whole fabric of society would collapse and anarchy stalk naked through the land, as in the United States.

Ashe was feeling remarkably light-hearted. He wished he had not bought Joan that magazine and thus deprived himself temporarily of the pleasure of her conversation; but that was the only flaw in his happiness. With the starting of the train, which might be considered the formal and official beginning of the delicate and dangerous enterprise on which he had embarked, he had definitely come to the conclusion that the life adventurous was the life for him. He had frequently suspected this to be the case, but it had required the actual experiment to bring certainty.

Almost more than physical courage, the ideal adventurer needs a certain lively inquisitiveness, the quality of not being content to mind his own affairs; and in Ashe this quality was highly developed. From boyhood up he had always been interested in things that were none of his business. And it is just that attribute which the modern young man, as a rule, so sadly lacks.

The modern young man may do adventurous things if they are thrust on him; but left to himself he will edge away uncomfortably and look in the other direction when the goddess of adventure smiles at him. Training and tradition alike pluck at his sleeve and urge him not to risk making himself ridiculous. And from sheer horror of laying himself open to the charge of not minding his own business he falls into a stolid disregard of all that is out of the ordinary and exciting. He tells himself that the shriek from the lonely house he passed just now was only the high note of some amateur songstress, and that the maiden in distress whom he saw pursued by the ruffian with a knife was merely earning the salary paid her by some motion-picture firm. And so he proceeds on his way.

Ashe had none of this degenerate coyness toward adventure. Though born within easy distance of Boston and deposited by circumstances in London, he possessed, nevertheless, to a remarkable degree, that quality so essentially the property of the New Yorker—the quality known, for want of a more polished word, as "rubber." It is true that it had needed the eloquence of Joan Valentine to stir him from his groove; but that was because he was also lazy. He loved new sights and new experiences.

Yes; he was happy. The rattle of the train shaped itself into a lively march. He told himself that he had found the right occupation for a young man in the spring.

Joan, meantime, intrenched behind her magazine, was also busy with her thoughts. She was not reading the magazine; she held it before her as a protection, knowing that if she laid it down Ashe would begin to talk. And just at present she had no desire for conversation. She, like Ashe, was contemplating the immediate future, but, unlike him, was not doing so with much pleasure. She was regretting heartily that she had not resisted the temptation to uplift this young man and wishing that she had left him to wallow in the slothful peace in which she had found him.

It is curious how frequently in this world our attempts to stimulate and uplift swoop back on us and smite us like boomerangs. Ashe's presence was the direct outcome of her lecture on enterprise, and it added a complication to an already complicated venture.

She did her best to be fair to Ashe. It was not his fault that he was about to try to deprive her of five thousand dollars, which she looked on as her personal property; but illogically she found herself feeling a little hostile.

She glanced furtively at him over the magazine, choosing by ill chance a moment when he had just directed his gaze at her. Their eyes met and there was nothing for it but to talk; so she tucked away her hostility in a corner of her mind, where she could find it again when she wanted it, and prepared for the time being to be friendly. After all, except for the fact that he was her rival this was a pleasant and amusing young man, and one for whom, until he made the announcement that had changed her whole attitude toward him, she had entertained a distinct feeling of friendship—nothing warmer.

There was something about him which made her feel that she would like to stroke his hair in a motherly way and straighten his tie, and have cozy chats with him in darkened rooms by the light of open fires, and make him tell her his inmost thoughts, and stimulate him to do something really worth while with his life; but this, she held, was merely the instinct of a generous nature to be kind and helpful even to a comparative stranger.

"Well, Mr. Marson," she said, "here we are!"

"Exactly what I was thinking," said Ashe.

He was conscious of a marked increase in the exhilaration the starting of the expedition had brought to him. At the back of his mind he realized there had been all along a kind of wistful resentment at the change in this girl's manner toward him. During the brief conversation when he had told her of his having secured his present situation, and later, only a few minutes back, on the platform of Paddington Station, he had sensed a coldness, a certain hostility—so different from her pleasant friendliness at their first meeting.

She had returned now to her earlier manner and he was surprised at the difference it made. He felt somehow younger, more alive. The lilt of the train's rattle changed to a gay ragtime. This was curious, because Joan was nothing more than a friend. He was not in love with her. One does not fall in love with a girl whom one has met only three times. One is attracted—yes; but one does not fall in love.

A moment's reflection enabled him to diagnose his sensations correctly. This odd impulse to leap across the compartment and kiss Joan was not love. It was merely the natural desire of a good-hearted young man to be decently chummy with his species.

"Well, what do you think of it all, Mr. Marson?" said Joan. "Are you sorry or glad that you let me persuade you to do this perfectly mad thing? I feel responsible for you, you know. If it had not been for me you would have been comfortably in Arundel Street, writing your Wand of Death."

"I'm glad."

"You don't feel any misgivings now that you are actually committed to domestic service?"

"Not one."

Joan, against her will, smiled approval on this uncompromising attitude. This young man might be her rival, but his demeanor on the eve of perilous times appealed to her. That was the spirit she liked and admired—that reckless acceptance of whatever might come. It was the spirit in which she herself had gone into the affair and she was pleased to find that it animated Ashe also—though, to be sure, it had its drawbacks. It made his rivalry the more dangerous. This reflection injected a touch of the old hostility into her manner.

"I wonder whether you will continue to feel so brave."

"What do you mean?"

Joan perceived that she was in danger of going too far. She had no wish to unmask Ashe at the expense of revealing her own secret. She must resist the temptation to hint that she had discovered his.

"I meant," she said quickly, "that from what I have seen of him Mr. Peters seems likely to be a rather trying man to work for."

Ashe's face cleared. For a moment he had almost suspected that she had guessed his errand.

"Yes. I imagine he will be. He is what you might call quick-tempered. He has dyspepsia, you know."

"I know."

"What he wants is plenty of fresh air and no cigars, and a regular course of those Petersen Exercises that amused you so much."

Joan laughed.

"Are you going to try to persuade Mr. Peters to twist himself about like that? Do let me see it if you do."

"I wish I could."

"Do suggest it to him."

"Don't you think he would resent it from a valet?"

"I keep forgetting that you are a valet. You look so unlike one."

"Old Peters didn't think so. He rather complimented me on my appearance. He said I was ordinary-looking."

"I shouldn't have called you that. You look so very strong and fit."

"Surely there are muscular valets?"

"Well, yes; I suppose there are."

Ashe looked at her. He was thinking that never in his life had he seen a girl so amazingly pretty. What it was that she had done to herself was beyond him; but something, some trick of dress, had given her a touch of the demure that made her irresistible. She was dressed in sober black, the ideal background for her fairness.

"While on the subject," he said, "I suppose you know you don't look in the least like a lady's maid? You look like a disguised princess."

She laughed.

"That's very nice of you, Mr. Marson, but you're quite wrong. Anyone could tell I was a lady's maid, a mile away. You aren't criticizing the dress, surely?"

"The dress is all right. It's the general effect. I don't think your expression is right. It's—it's—there's too much attack in it. You aren't meek enough."

Joan's eyes opened wide.

"Meek! Have you ever seen an English lady's maid, Mr. Marson?"

"Why, no; now that I come to think of it, I don't believe I have."

"Well, let me tell you that meekness is her last quality. Why should she be meek? Doesn't she go in after the groom of the chambers?"

"Go in? Go in where?"

"In to dinner." She smiled at the sight of his bewildered face. "I'm afraid you don't know much about the etiquette of the new world you have entered so rashly. Didn't you know that the rules of precedence among the servants of a big house in England are more rigid and complicated than in English society?"

"You're joking!"

"I'm not joking. You try going in to dinner out of your proper place when we get to Blandings and see what happens. A public rebuke from the butler is the least you could expect."

A bead of perspiration appeared on Ashe's forehead.

"Heavens!" he whispered. "If a butler publicly rebuked me I think I should commit suicide. I couldn't survive it."

He contemplated, with fallen jaw, the abyss of horror into which he had leaped so light-heartedly. The servant problem, on this large scale, had been nonexistent for him until now. In the days of his youth, at Hayling, Massachusetts, his needs had been ministered to by a muscular Swede. Later, at Oxford, there had been his "scout" and his bed maker, harmless persons both, provided you locked up your whisky. And in London, his last phase, a succession of servitors of the type of the disheveled maid at Number Seven had tended him.

That, dotted about the land of his adoption, there were houses in which larger staffs of domestics were maintained, he had been vaguely aware. Indeed, in Gridley Quayle, Investigator; the Adventure of the Missing Marquis—Number Four of the series—he had drawn a picture of the home life of a duke, in which a butler and two powdered footmen had played their parts; but he had had no idea that rigid and complicated rules of etiquette swayed the private lives of these individuals. If he had given the matter a thought he had supposed that when the dinner hour arrived the butler and the two footmen would troop into the kitchen and sit wherever they found room.

"Tell me," he said. "Tell me all you know. I feel as though I had escaped a frightful disaster."

"You probably have. I don't suppose there is anything so terrible as a snub from a butler."

"If there is I can't think of it. When I was at Oxford I used to go and stay with a friend of mine who had a butler that looked like a Roman emperor in swallowtails. He terrified me. I used to grovel to the man. Please give me all the pointers you can."

"Well, as Mr. Peters' valet, I suppose you will be rather a big man."

"I shan't feel it."

"However large the house party is, Mr. Peters is sure to be the principal guest; so your standing will be correspondingly magnificent. You come after the butler, the housekeeper, the groom of the chambers, Lord Emsworth's valet, Lady Ann Warblington's lady's maid ——"

"Who is she?"

"Lady Ann? Lord Emsworth's sister. She has lived with him since his wife died. What was I saying? Oh, yes! After them come the Honorable Frederick Threepwood's valet and myself—and then you."

"I'm not so high up, then, after all?"

"Yes, you are. There's a whole crowd who come after you. It all depends on how many other guests there are besides Mr. Peters."

"I suppose I charge in at the head of a drove of housemaids and scullery maids?"

"My dear Mr. Marson, if a housemaid or a scullery maid tried to get into the steward's room and have her meals with us, she would be ——"

"Rebuked by the butler?"

"Lynched, I should think. Kitchen maids and scullery maids eat in the kitchen. Chauffeurs, footmen, under-butler, pantry boys, hall boy, odd man and steward's-room footman take their meals in the servants' hall, waited on by the hall boy. The stillroom maids have breakfast and tea in the stillroom, and dinner and supper in the hall. The housemaids and nursery maids have breakfast and tea in the housemaids' sitting room, and dinner and supper in the hall. The head housemaid ranks next to the head stillroom maid. The laundry maids have a place of their own near the laundry, and the head laundry maid ranks above the head housemaid. The *chef* has his meals in a room of his own near the kitchen. . . . Is there anything else I can tell you, Mr. Marson?"

Ashe was staring at her with vacant eyes. He shook his head dumbly.

"We stop at Swindon in half an hour," said Joan softly. "Don't you think you would be wise to get out there and go straight back to London, Mr. Marson? Think of all you would avoid!"

Ashe found speech.

"It's a nightmare!"

"You would be far happier in Arundel Street. Why don't you get out at Swindon and go back?"

Ashe shook his head.

"I can't. There's—there's a reason."

Joan picked up her magazine again. Hostility had come out from the corner into which she had tucked it away and was once more filling her mind. She knew it was illogical, but she could not help it. For a moment, during her revelations of servants' etiquette, she had allowed herself to hope that she had frightened her rival out of the field, and the disappointment made her feel irritable. She buried herself in a short story, and countered Ashe's attempts at renewing the conversation, with cold monosyllables, until he ceased his efforts and fell into a moody silence.

He was feeling hurt and angry. Her sudden coldness, following on the friendliness with which she had talked so long, puzzled and infuriated him. He felt as though he had been snubbed, and for no reason.

He resented the defensive magazine, though he had bought it for her himself. He resented her attitude of having ceased to recognize his existence. A sadness, a filmy melancholy, crept over him. He brooded on the unutterable silliness of humanity, especially the female portion of it, in erecting artificial barriers to friendship. It was so unreasonable.

At their first meeting, when she might have been excused for showing defensiveness, she had treated him with unaffected ease. When that meeting had ended there was a tacit understanding between them that all the preliminary awkwardnesses of the first stages of acquaintanceship were to be considered as having been passed; and that when they met again, if they ever did, it would be as friends. And here she was, luring him on with apparent friendliness, and then withdrawing into herself as though he had presumed!

A rebellious spirit took possession of him. He didn't care! Let her be cold and distant. He would show her that she had no monopoly of those qualities. He would not speak to her until she spoke to him; and when she spoke to him he would freeze her with his courteous but bleakly aloof indifference.

The train rattled on. Joan read her magazine. Silence reigned in the second-class compartment. Swindon was reached and passed. Darkness fell on the land. The journey began to seem interminable to Ashe; but presently there came a creaking of brakes and the train jerked itself to another stop. A voice on the platform made itself heard, calling:

"Market Blandings! Market Blandings Station!"

The village of Market Blandings is one of those sleepy English hamlets that modern progress has failed to touch, except by the addition of a railroad station and a room over the grocer's shop where moving pictures are on view on Tuesdays and Fridays. The church is Norman and the intelligence of the majority of the natives Paleozoic. To alight at Market Blandings Station in the dusk of a rather chilly spring day, when the southwest wind has shifted to due east and the thrifty inhabitants have not yet lit their windows, is to be smitten with the feeling that one is at the edge of the world with no friends near.

Ashe, as he stood beside Mr. Peters' baggage and raked the unsympathetic darkness with a dreary eye, gave himself up to melancholy. Above him an oil lamp shed a meager light. Along the platform a small but sturdy porter was juggling with a milk can. The east wind explored Ashe's system with chilly fingers.

Somewhere out in the darkness, into which Mr. Peters and Aline had already vanished in a large automobile, lay the castle, with its butler and its fearful code of etiquette. Soon the cart that was to convey him and the trunks thither would be arriving. He shivered.

Out of the gloom and into the feeble rays of the oil lamp came Joan Valentine. She had been away, tucking Aline into the car. She looked warm and cheerful. She was smiling in the old friendly way.

If girls realized their responsibilities they would be so careful when they smiled that they would probably abandon the practice altogether. There are moments in a man's life when a girl's smile can have as important results as an explosion of dynamite.

In the course of their brief acquaintance Joan had smiled at Ashe many times, but the conditions governing those occasions had not been such as to permit him to be seriously affected. He had been pleased on such occasions; he had admired her smile in a detached and critical spirit; but he had not been overwhelmed by it. The frame of mind necessary for that result had been lacking.

Now, however, after five minutes of solitude on the depressing platform of Market Blandings Station, he was what the spiritualists call a sensitive subject. He had reached that depth of gloom and bodily discomfort where a sudden smile has all the effect of strong liquor and good news administered simultaneously, warming the blood and comforting the soul, and generally turning the world from a bleak desert into a land flowing with milk and honey.

"The Lining of My Stomach is Not What I Could Wish the Lining of My Stomach to Be"

It is not too much to say that he reeled before Joan's smile. It was so entirely unexpected. He clutched Mr. Peters' steamer trunk in his emotion. All his resolutions to be cold and distant were swept away. He had the feeling that in a friendless universe here was somebody who was fond of him and glad to see him.

A smile of such importance demands analysis, and in this case repays it; for many things lay behind this smile of Joan Valentine's on the platform of Market Blandings Station.

In the first place, she had had another of her swift changes of mood, and had once again tucked away hostility into its corner. She had thought it over and had come to the conclusion that as she had no logical grievance against Ashe for

"Heavens! If a Butler Publicly Rebuked Me I Think I Should Commit Suicide"

anything he had done to be distant to him was the behavior of a cat. Consequently she resolved, when they should meet again, to resume her attitude of good-fellowship. That in itself would have been enough to make her smile.

There was another reason, however, which had nothing to do with Ashe. While she had been tucking Aline into the automobile she had met the eye of the driver of that vehicle and perceived a curious look in it—a look of amazement and sheer terror. A moment later, when Aline called the driver Freddie, she had understood. No wonder the Honorable Freddie had looked as though he had seen a ghost.

It would be a relief to the poor fellow when, as he undoubtedly would do in the course of the drive, he inquired of Aline the name of her maid and was told that it was Simpson. He would mutter something about "Reminds me of a girl I used to know," and would brood on the remarkable way in which Nature produces doubles. But he had had a bad moment, and it was partly at the recollection of his face that Joan smiled.

A third reason was that the sight of the Honorable Freddie had reminded her that R. Jones had said he had written her poetry. That thought, too, had contributed toward the smile which so dazzled Ashe.

Ashe, not being miraculously intuitive, accepted the easier explanation that she smiled because she was glad to be in his company; and this thought, coming on top of his mood of despair and general dissatisfaction with everything mundane, acted on him like some powerful chemical.

In every man's life there is generally one moment to which in later years he can look back and say: "In this moment I fell in love!" Such a moment came to Ashe now.

Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy I ask'd; mercy I found.

So sings the poet and so it was with Ashe.

In the almost incredibly brief time it took the small but sturdy porter to roll a milk can across the platform and bump it, with a clang, against other milk cans similarly treated a moment before, Ashe fell in love.

The word is so loosely used, to cover a thousand varying shades of emotion—from the volcanic passion of an Antony for a Cleopatra to the tepid preference of a grocer's assistant for the Irish maid at the second house on Main Street, as opposed to the Norwegian maid at the first house past the post office—the mere statement that Ashe fell in love is not a sufficient description of his feelings as he stood grasping Mr. Peters' steamer trunk. We must expand. We must analyze.

From his fourteenth year onward Ashe had been in love many times. His sensations in the case of Joan were neither the terrific upheaval that had caused him, in his fifteenth year, to collect twenty-eight photographs of the heroine of the road company of a musical comedy which had visited the Hayling Opera House, nor the milder flame that had caused him, when at college, to give up smoking for a week and try to read the complete works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

His love was something that lay between these two poles.

He did not wish the station platform of Market Blandings to become suddenly congested with red Indians so that he might save Joan's life; and he did not wish to give up anything at all. But he was conscious—to the very depths of his being—that a future in which Joan did not figure would be so insupportable as not to bear considering; and in the immediate present he very strongly favored the idea of clasping Joan in his arms and kissing her until further notice.

Mingled with these feelings was an excited gratitude to her for coming to him like this, with that electric smile on her face; a stunned realization that she was a thousand times prettier than he had ever imagined; and a humility that threatened to make him loose his clutch on the steamer trunk and roll about at her feet, yapping like a dog.

Gratitude, so far as he could dissect his tangled emotions, was the predominating ingredient of his mood. Only once in his life had he felt so passionately grateful to any human being. On that occasion, too, the object of his gratitude had been feminine.

Years before, when a boy in his father's home in distant Hayling, Massachusetts, those in authority had commanded that he—in his eleventh year and as shy as one can be only at that interesting age—should rise in the presence of a roomful of strangers, adult guests, and recite The Wreck of the Hesperus.

He had risen. He had blushed. He had stammered. He had contrived to whisper: "It was the schooner Hesperus." And then, in a corner of the room, a little girl, for no properly explained reason, had burst out crying. She had yelled, she had bellowed, and would not be comforted; and in the ensuing confusion Ashe had escaped to the woodpile at the bottom of the garden, saved by a miracle.

All his life he had remembered the gratitude he had felt for that little timely girl, and never until now had he experienced any other similar spasm. But as he looked at Joan he found himself renewing that emotion of fifteen years ago.

She was about to speak. In a sort of trance he watched her lips part. He waited almost reverently for the first words she should speak to him in her new rôle of the only authentic goddess.

"Isn't it a shame!" she said. "I've just put a penny in the chocolate slot machine—and it's empty! I've a good mind to write to the company."

Ashe felt as though he were listening to the strains of some grand sweet anthem.

The small but sturdy porter, weary of his work among the milk cans, or perhaps—let us not do him an injustice even in thought—having finished it, approached them.

"The cart from the castle's here."

In the gloom beyond him there gleamed a light which had not been there before. The meditative snort of a horse supported his statement. He began to deal as authoritatively with Mr. Peters' steamer trunk as he had dealt with the milk cans.

"At last!" said Joan. "I hope it's a covered cart. I'm frozen. Let's go and see."

Ashe followed her with the rigid gait of an automaton.

Cold is the ogre that drives all beautiful things into hiding. Below the surface of a frost-bound garden there lurk hidden bulbs, which are only biding their time to burst forth in a riot of laughing color; but shivering Nature dare not put forth her flowers until the ogre has gone. Not otherwise does cold suppress love. A man in an open cart on an English spring night may continue to be in love; but love is not the emotion uppermost in his bosom. It shrinks within him and waits for better times.

The cart was not a covered cart. It was open to the four winds of heaven, of which the one at present active proceeded from the bleak east. To this fact may be attributed Ashe's swift recovery from the exalted mood into which Joan's smile had thrown him, his almost instant emergence from the trance. Deep down in him he was aware that his attitude toward Joan had not changed, but his conscious self was too fully occupied with the almost hopeless task of keeping his blood circulating to permit of thoughts of love. Before the cart had traveled twenty yards he was a mere chunk of frozen misery.

After an eternity of winding roads, darkened cottages, and black fields and hedges, the cart turned in at a massive iron gate, which stood open, giving entrance to a smooth gravel drive. Here the way ran for nearly a mile through an open park of great trees and was then swallowed in the darkness of dense shrubberies. Presently to the left appeared lights, at first in ones and twos, shining out and vanishing again; then, as the shrubberies ended and the smooth lawns and terraces began, blazing down on the travelers from a score of windows, with the heartening effect of fires on a winter night.

Against the pale gray sky Blandings Castle stood out like a mountain. It was a noble pile, of Early Tudor building. Its story is recorded in England's history books and Viollet-le-Duc has written of its architecture. It dominated the surrounding country.

The feature of it which impressed Ashe most at this moment, however, was the fact that it looked warm; and for the first time since the drive began he found himself in a mood that approximated cheerfulness. It was a little early to begin feeling cheerful, he discovered, for the journey was by no means over. Arrived within sight of the castle the cart began a detour which, ten minutes later, brought it under an arch and over cobblestones to the rear of the building, where it eventually pulled up in front of a great door.

Ashe descended painfully and beat his feet against the cobbles. He helped Joan to climb down. Joan was apparently in a gentle glow. Women seem impervious to cold.

The door opened. Warm, kitcheny scents came through it. Strong men hurried out to take down the trunks, while fair women, in the shape of two nervous scullery maids, approached Joan and Ashe, and bobbed curtsies. This under more normal conditions would have been enough to unman Ashe; but in his frozen state a mere curtseying scullery maid expended herself harmlessly on him. He even acknowledged the greeting with a kindly nod.

The scullery maids, it seemed, were acting in much the same capacity as the attachés of royalty. One was there to conduct Joan to the presence of Mrs. Twemlow, the housekeeper; the other to lead Ashe to where Beach, the butler, waited to do honor to the valet of the castle's most important guest.

After a short walk down a stone-flagged passage Joan and her escort turned to the right. Ashe's objective appeared to be located to the left. He parted from Joan with regret. Her moral support would have been welcome.

Presently his scullery maid stopped at a door and tapped thereon. A fruity voice, like old tawny port made audible, said: "Come in!" Ashe's guide opened the door.

"The gentleman, Mr. Beach," said she, and scuttled away to the less rarefied atmosphere of the kitchen.

Ashe's first impression of Beach, the butler, was one of tension. Other people, confronted for the first times with Beach, had felt the same. He had that strained air of being on the very point of bursting that one sees in bullfrogs

(Continued on Page 40)

"The Idea of Skinning You Is a Beautiful Thought!"

H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXXII

H. R. CALLED, shortly after ten o'clock the next morning, at the Ketcham National Bank to discuss with his father-in-law-to-be interest rates on the balance he did not yet have.

Mr. Goodchild had slept over the matter. He had spent an hour in going over his annoyances and humiliations, and had filled himself with a wrath that became murderous anger when he compelled himself to realize that H. R. had it in his power to intensify the troubles of the Goodchild family. The marriage of H. R. to his daughter became worse than preposterous; it was a species of blackmail against which there was no defense. He could not reach H. R. by means of the law or by speech or by violence.

When his anger cooled, however, he saw that what he had done was to pay the young man the greatest compliment an elderly millionaire can pay anybody. The more formidable your enemy is, the less disgraceful is your defeat. Mr. Goodchild was as intelligent a man as one is apt to find in the office of the president of a bank; but he was susceptible, as all men are, to self-inflicted flattery. He therefore decided that H. R. was a problem to be tackled in cold blood, with both eyes open and prayer in the heart. The only plan of action he could think of was proposing to H. R. to accomplish an impossibility; in fact, two impossibilities. He also would treat H. R. amicably.

"Good morning, young man!" he said pleasantly.

"Morning!" said H. R. briskly. "Now let's get down to cases. I expect you to ——"

"Hold on!" said Mr. Goodchild coldly, in order to keep from saying it hotly. "Aren't you a trifle premature?"

"No," said H. R. "I find I can give you but a few minutes to-day."

"You'll have to use some of those minutes in listening to me," said Mr. Goodchild, trying to look as though this was routine business.

"I'll listen," H. R. assured him kindly.

"You will admit that you have given me cause to—well, not to feel especially friendly toward you."

Naturally She Thought Something Had Happened to Her Face

"Big men are above petty feelings," said H. R. "You will, in turn, admit that you made a mistake in not advancing me in the bank —— Wait! I'll listen later, as long as you wish. You object, I suppose, to my methods; but let me point out to you that I have arrived! Where should I be if I hadn't been talked about? And where shall I land if I keep on hypnotizing the newspapers into giving me columns of space?

"You know what publicity means in business to-day, don't you? Well, just bear in mind that I not only make news but, by jingo, I am news! There is only one other man in the United States who can say that, and you may have to vote for him for President, notwithstanding your fear of him. Wait!" H. R. held up his hand, took out his watch and went on: "For an entire minute think of what I have said before you answer. Don't answer until the time is up. One minute. Begin! Now!"

H. R. held his hand detainingly two inches in front of Mr. Goodchild's lips. Mr. Goodchild did not open them. He thought and thought, and he became conscious that he had to argue with himself to find said answer.

"Speak!" commanded H. R. when the minute was up.

"The cases are not analogous. Publicity has its uses and ——"

"It has this one use—that you can always capitalize it. It spells dollars—and, more than that, untainted dollars, dollars that nobody begrudges you and that nobody wants to take away from you—not even the Administration at Washington. Think over that two minutes." And he pulled out his watch once more.

"Look here, I ——"

"Hang it, don't talk! Think!" said H. R. so determinedly that Mr. Goodchild almost feared a scene would be enacted, which he should regret after seeing it in the newspapers. "You have wasted forty seconds in overcoming your anger at my manner of speech," continued H. R. reprovingly. "Begin all over. Two minutes. Now!" And, before Mr. Goodchild's wrath could become articulate, he rose and walked over to a window.

H. R. stared across the street. It was there he had captured Fleming. How far away that day seemed now—and how far below! The two minutes were up. He turned to Mr. Goodchild.

"Look here; in the main you bank presidents are an unscientific lot. You ought to be psychologists instead of being merely bookkeepers. It is knowledge of people you need, not of human nature at its worst, or of finance, but of people—the people who vote; the people who in the end say whether you are to be allowed to enjoy your money and theirs in comfort or not. Study them! You sit here and disapprove of my methods because they violate some rule established years ago by somebody as radical then as I appear to be now. It is not a question of good taste or bad taste. It was good taste once to kill each other in duels, and to drink two bottles of port, and to employ children in factories. The Suffragettes are attacked for methods——"

"Do you mean to say you approve of their slashing pictures ——"

"That is beside the question. If the Suffragettes stuck to ladylike speeches and circulars they would be merely a joke at the Club. The right of women to vote is a problem. Well, the Suffragettes have made themselves exactly that—a problem! If they have not a sense of relative values it is because they don't get me to run their campaign for them. I could succeed without destroying one masterpiece. Maybe I will—some day. And then I could marry ten bankers' daughters if I were not in love with one. Let's come back to our own business. Do you think I have brains?"

"Well ——"

"No, no! Remember what I have said to you and consider whether it is asinine; and think of what I have done and ponder whether it shows hustling and executive ability, and those qualities that mean the power to develop the individual bank account. Am I an ass or have I brains?"

"Yes; but ——"

"All men of brains at all times have had more buts than bouquets thrown at them. I tell you now that I have gone about this business for the purpose of getting there. To become news, to be interesting to the public in some way—in any way—is the quickest way. Then you can pick your own way, a way that will commend itself to the well-bred nonentities who never accomplish anything. Well, I am famous; and it's up to me to decide what I shall do in the future to take advantage of the fact that when people hear of H. R., or see those two initials in print, they look for something interesting to follow.

"The least of my troubles is that I shall become one of your respected depositors. I don't drink; I am healthy—no taint of any kind, hereditary or acquired; I don't have to lie to get what I want or cheat to get all the money I need—and I need a lot. I've got ideas, and I don't fall down in carrying them out, because I don't go off at half cock. I never move until I see my destination; and if there is a wall ahead I have my ladder all ready long before I arrive at the wall.

"When you get over your soreness at the raw deal the newspapers have given you, you will be glad to have a man of brains in your house. I don't want you to give Grace anything; but I tell you now I'm going to marry her, and you'd better begin to be reconciled to the idea of having me for a son-in-law. I want to be your friend, because I'm quite sure you will not enjoy having me for your enemy—not after I begin the counter attack."

It is always the delivery that does it, as Demosthenes triply assured posterity. Mr. Goodchild's eyes had not left H. R.'s face and he had listened intently to the speech. He did not grasp in full all that H. R. had said; but what really had emptied Mr. Goodchild of anger, and filled him with an interest which was not very different from respect, was the delivery. H. R.'s faculty of knowing how to speak to a particular auditor was instinctive. It always is, with all such men, whether they are famous or obscure, orators or life-insurance agents. It is very simple—when you are born with it.

Mr. Goodchild, however, finding his own weapons of offense more dangerous to himself than to the foe, fell back on defense. To do so, he naturally began with a lie. That is the worst of verbal defenses.

"I don't object to you personally. I—I even admit that I made a mistake in not promoting you, though I don't know what position you could have filled here that would have suited you ——"

"None; because you don't realize that your bank needs modernizing. None! Skip all that and get back to me as your son-in-law."

Mr. Goodchild, thinking of his two plans, which were his one hope, asked abruptly:

"Are you a man of your word?"

"Since I have brains, I am. Are you?"

"I object to your methods. Your speech I might overlook, though it comes hard. I am speaking plainly. Now, you are known as the Sandwich Man. That would bar you from my club and from ever becoming a really ——"

"But that will stop. It will stop to-day. I have told Grace that within a month nobody will ever connect my name with sandwiches."

"Will you agree not to marry or seek to marry my daughter, or annoy us in any way—in short, if a month from

now you are still famous as the organizer of the sandwiches, will you stop trying to be my son-in-law?"

"Sure thing!" promised H. R. calmly. Mr. Goodchild was distrustful and looked it, which made H. R. add impressively: "I'll give you my word that I'll never even try to see you or Grace, or write to her, or revenge myself on you. So far as I am concerned I'll cease to exist for you. And here's my hand on it."

He held out his hand in such a manner that Mr. Goodchild took it and shook it with the warmth of profound relief. Then he said heartfully:

"If you do that ——"

"Don't worry! It won't kill my business. I'll be just as famous as ever."

"The newspapers made you. Their silence will unmake you."

"Oh, no!" And H. R. smiled as one smiles at a child.

Mr. Goodchild felt almost as though his head had been kindly patted.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Sandwiching is here to stay and—and my companies are organized. I'll change the dummy directors as soon as you and I decide which of your friends and clients shall be permitted to buy some of the stock my men haven't sold. For cash, understand! The newspapers have done their work.

"The newspapers in this instance are like incubators. I put in an egg. The incubator hatched it. Then I took the chick out of the incubator.

"Suppose the incubator now refuses to keep up the temperature of 102½ degrees Fahrenheit, necessary to hatch the egg? Suppose the incubator gets stone cold? Well, let it! The chick is out and growing. And let me tell you right now that I am not going to let Wall Street financiers get their clutches on my chick! Talking about interest rates ——"

"How big a balance do you expect to keep with us?" asked Mr. Goodchild. He did not like to admit the surrender.

"It depends on you." H. R. pulled out his watch, looked at the time, snapped it shut, and said: "I haven't time to go over the business; but I'll send one of my assistants to tell you all you want to know. Listen to him and then ask him any questions you wish. So far as you and I are concerned we are beyond the sandwich stage. I'll send Barrett to you this afternoon. And, believe me, you are going to be my father-in-law. Good morning!" He left the office without offering to shake hands again.

On his way out H. R. stopped to speak to Mr. Coster, to whom he owed so much for having led him, as a clerk with the springtime in his blood, to the president's office to be discharged.

"Well, old top, here I be!" said H. R., kindly humorous in order to remove all restraint.

"How do you do, Mr. Rutgers?" said Coster respectfully.

The clerks looked at their erstwhile fellow slave furtively, afraid to be caught looking. Was this Hendrik Rutgers? Was this what a man became when he ceased to be a clerk?

Ah, but a salary! Something coming in regularly at the end of the week, rain or shine! Gee, but some men are born lucky!

XXXIII

H. R. RETURNED to his office feeling that the big battle was about to begin. The preliminary skirmishes he had won. He had captured fame and must now begin his real attack on fortune. He spent an hour dictating plans of campaign for his various companies. Shortly before noon he told the stenographer to call up Miss Goodchild and inform her that Mr. Rutgers would be there in half an hour.

He had promised not to call on Grace for a month after that day. He must not make love to her. He was determined to keep his promise; but she must not forget him. He had accustomed her to his impetuous wooing. In thirty days of inaction much might be undone if he did nothing.

He was punctual. He found Grace waiting for him, curious to know what had happened at H. R.'s conference with her father at the bank. Her curiosity made her forget many other things.

She expected a characteristic greeting from H. R., but his face was so full of adamantine resolution that her curiosity promptly turned into vague alarm. She had told herself she did not love him, but instinctively she now walked toward him quickly.

"What is it?" she asked.

He waved her back and said hastily:

"Stop right where you are! Don't come any nearer. For the love of heaven, don't!"

She had been thinking of treating him coldly, to keep him at a distance.

"What is it?" she asked again, and again advanced.

"Don't!" said H. R., with a frown.

She now felt alarmed, without giving herself any reason for it.

"Wh-what's the m-m-matter?" she asked.

"You!" he answered. "You!"

She stared at him. He was looking at her so queerly that naturally she thought something had happened to her face. She looked into the mirror on her right. It was not so. Another look fully confirmed this. So she looked at him.

His expression had lost some of its anxiety.

"I promised your dad," he explained, "that I would not see you after to-day, or call here, or try to make love to you by mail, or annoy you or him in any way until I had wiped the sandwich stain off your surname. I have a month in which to do it, and I promised all that! One month! Not to see you! But ——"

He looked at her so hungrily that, born and bred in New York though she was, she blushed hotly and turned her face away. Then she felt the thrill by which victory is made plain to the defeated.

"But—but ——" repeated H. R. through his clenched teeth, and took a step toward her.

Whatever she saw in his face made her smile and say challengingly:

"But what?"

Being very wise, he caught his breath and said sharply:

"Don't do that!"

"Do what?" she asked innocently, and kept on smiling.

"I will not see you!"

"You won't?" She ceased to smile, in order to look skeptical.

"No, I won't; I'll keep my word, Grace." He was speaking very earnestly now. "I love you—all of you; the good and the bad, your wonderful woman's soul and your perennial childishness. You are so beautiful in so many ways that you yourself cannot know how completely beautiful you are. But I love more than your beauty. After it is all over, you will realize that I can be trusted implicitly. Never has man been put to such a task. Don't you know—can't you see what I am doing?"

She knew; she saw. She felt herself mistress of the situation. She therefore said softly:

"I shouldn't want you to commit suicide here."

Hearing no reply, she looked at him. He was ready for it. She saw his nostrils dilate and his fists clench and unclench.

"Then I won't see you. But—but, you can see me," he said. She frowned. He went on: "I shall lunch every day at Jerry's—small table in the northeast corner. At one o'clock every day for a whole month."

Did he expect her to run after him? She said very coldly:

"That wouldn't be fair."

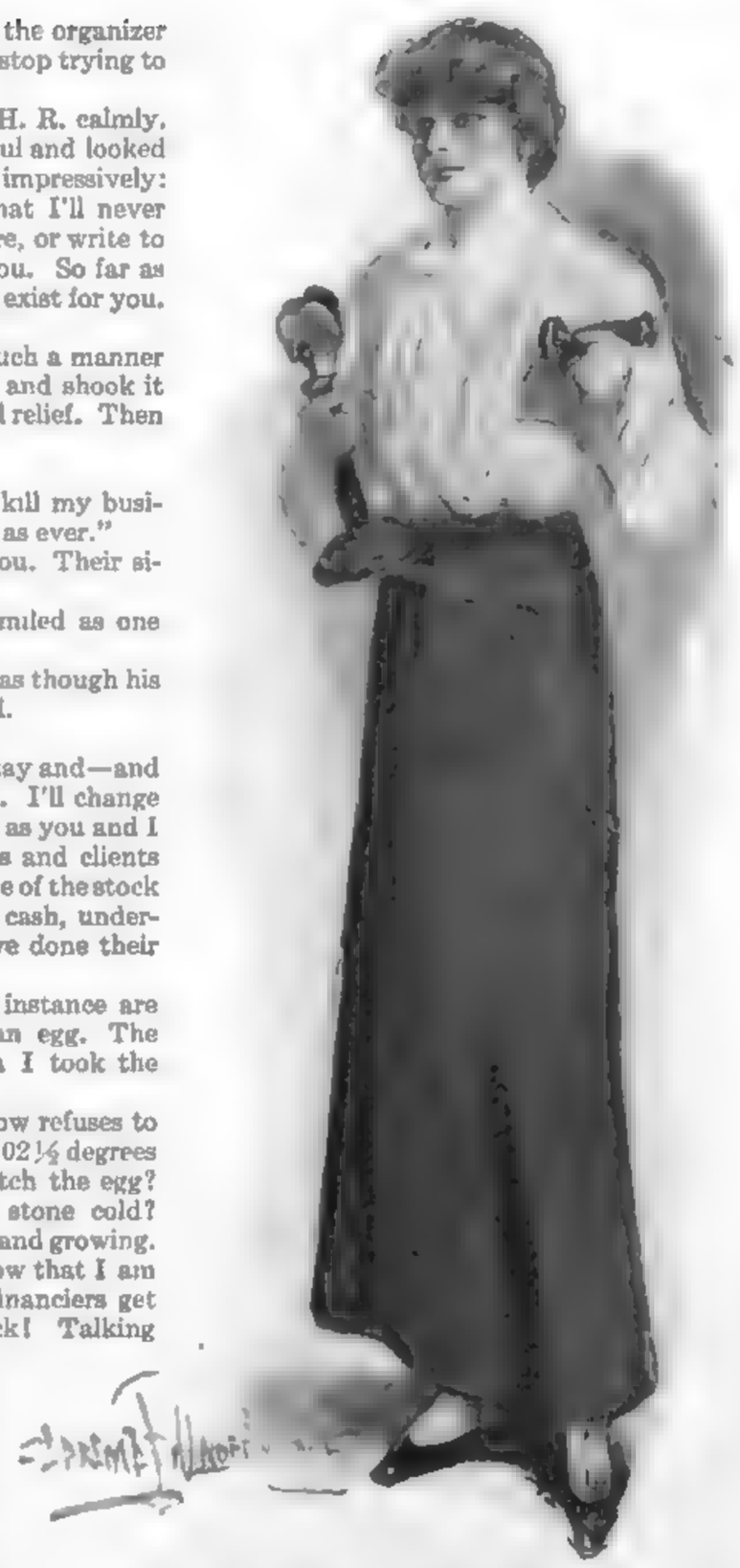
"If you go to Jerry's for luncheon with one of your girl friends, and you see me eating alone, keeping bushels of wonderful news all to myself, is that making love to you?"

"Yes."

"No!" he contradicted flatly. "But I'll do more—I'll let you tell Mrs. Van Vervain that you own the only engine of destruction available against man's stupidity."

Knowing that he was alluding to her beauty, she said:

"What are you talking about?"



H. R. Had Gone Away—Nobody Knew Whither

"Well, I belong to you, don't I? And if women are to get the vote can't you tell dear Ethel's mother ——"

"Do you mean old Mrs. Van Vervain?" she interrupted.

"Yes."

"Then say so."

"I will," he meekly promised. "You tell the old lady that you will insure success for the Cause by lending me to her. I've got a scheme that will do more in a month than all the Suffragettes have accomplished in fifty years. You might get Ethel interested in my plan ——"

"I won't!" He smiled the forgiving smile that infuriates. She lost her head. "You think I am jeal—that I'm ——"

"I think not of you, but of myself, and of how I may keep my promise to your father and survive. If you see me, and can talk to me, I shall live—honorably. Will you shake hands?" He held out his right hand. She ignored it. He deliberately took hers and led her to a chair. "Will you do what I ask, dear?" he entreated humbly.

"No!" She stood there, cold, disdainful, refusing everything—even to sit down.

"Then," he said tensely, "then I must ——" He seized her in his arms and kissed her unresponsive lips. "I am not making love to you," he murmured. "I am not!" And he kissed her again. "I promised not to see you; and I won't—not even if you see me."

He released her and was silent. She looked up and saw that his eyes were tightly closed.

"I'll be there," she said triumphantly, "at one o'clock."

"I am a man of my word!" he said fiercely.

"Every day!" she added, with decision.

She did not know that this wifelike attitude thrilled him as not even the kisses had; but he said earnestly:

"No. I'm going now. It's good-by for a month. For a whole month!"

"Northeast corner table," she said audibly, as though to herself. "Northeast cor——"

"Play fair!" he urged. "Amuse yourself with Mrs. Van Vervain." He looked at her as though he desired her to occupy herself with some hobby for thirty days. The sight of her face, and nothing else that she could see, made him say: "Good-by!" And he almost ran out of the room.

She went upstairs to get her gloves. On second thought she called Ethel on the telephone and invited her to luncheon at Jerry's.

He was waiting for her at the northeast corner table when she and Ethel went in. Grace, who had been looking toward the southwest corner, where the exit to the kitchen was, turned casually and saw him.

"There's Hendrik!" she said to Ethel.

He had not risen. He looked up casually now and approached them.

"I was born lucky," he told them, and shook hands with Grace. To Miss Van Vervain he said very seriously: "Are you Grace's friend?"

"I'm more than that," answered Ethel; "I am the best friend she's got."

"Then I am doubly lucky. I have a table, Ethel. I want you to be a witness to the miracle." There was no reason why he should call Miss Van Vervain by her first name. Even Ethel looked it. But H. R. merely said: "Take this chair, Grace. Ethel—here."

"It seems to me ——" began Grace coldly.

"Your friends are my friends. The miracle, Ethel, is that I've promised not to make love to Grace for a whole month—thirty days; forty-three thousand two hundred precious wasted minutes!"

"Don't you sleep?" interjected Ethel curiously.

"My poor carcass does, but not my thoughts of her. Now let us eat and be miserable."

It was a wonderful luncheon. H. R. let them do all the talking. He was at his coffee when Ethel mentioned her mother. "Ah, yes!" said H. R. "By the way, has Grace told her?"

"Told her what?"

Grace caught his eye and shook her head, with a frown.

"Very well, dear girl," he said to her. To Ethel he explained: "She doesn't wish me to tell you of her plan."

"Oh, do! Please!" said Ethel eagerly.

"I'm in training for the position of her husband, Ethel," H. R. told her. "She says no—that's all; plain no!"

"Grace, tell him to tell me!" said Ethel.

"Shall I, Grace?" smiled H. R.

Ethel looked at her and smiled. It made Grace so furious that she said:

"I have no control over his speech."

"Then, Ethel, it is only that Grace has a plan for a suffrage campaign that—well, it isn't for me to boast of her strategy; but it's a sure winner. I thought she would tell your mother."

"It doesn't interest me," said Grace very coldly, being hot within.

"It will after you're married," observed Ethel sagely.

"That depends on whom I marry," said Grace casually.

"So it does," asserted H. R. calmly.

"I agree with Hendrik," said Ethel, more subtly personal than Grace thought necessary; so she pushed back her chair and took up her gloves.

"Same table, same time—to-morrow?" H. R. said this to Grace, so that Ethel could hear it.

"No," said Grace.

"Very well," he said meekly. "I'll be here just the same—in case."

She shook her head. Ethel, who was carefully not looking, saw her do it.

Grace did not appear the next day, but Ethel did, properly accompanied by her own mother. They walked toward the northeast corner, on their way to a near-by table. H. R. rose and approached them.

"Just in time," he said to them. "Thursday always was my lucky day."

They sat down. To the waiter he said:

"Tell the *chef*—for three; for me."

"Yes, Mr. Rutgers," said the waiter very deferentially.

"What have you up your sleeve, Mrs. Van Vervain? And how near is victory?"

"You mean ——"

"The Cause!" said H. R. reverently.

"I never heard you express an opinion," said Mrs. Van Vervain suspiciously.

"You have expressed them for me far better than I could Mine isn't a deep or philosophical mind," he apologized to the mind that was. "I merely understand publicity and how sheeplike men are."

"If you understand that you understand a great deal," remarked Mrs. Van Vervain sententiously.

"Grace thought ——" began H. R., and caught himself in time. "You haven't talked to her about it?"

"No. Why should I?"

"No reason—only that she has what I, as a practical man, in my lowbrow way, think is a winner. Of course the suffrage has long since passed the polemical stage. The question does not admit of argument. The right is admitted by all men! But what all men don't admit is the wrong! And all men don't admit it, because all women don't."

"That is true," said Mrs. Van Vervain vindictively.

"Any woman," pursued H. R. earnestly, "can make any man give her any thing she wants. Therefore, if all the women wanted all the men to give them anything the men would give it. A woman can't always take something from a man; but she can always get it. To put it on the high plane of taking it as a right may be noble; but what I want is results. So long as I get results, nothing short of murder, lying or ignoble wheedling can stop me. Grace and I went all over that; but she seems to have lost interest ——"

"Yes, she has," confirmed Ethel, so amiably that H. R. smiled gratefully, and that annoyed Ethel.

"You have asked for justice," pursued H. R., addressing himself to Mrs. Van Vervain; "but it is at the ignoble side of man that you must shoot. It is a larger target—easier to hit."

"But ——" began Mrs. Van Vervain.

"If I were a woman my dream should be to serve under you—and implicitly obey all orders. I'd distribute dynamite as cheerfully as handbills. Without competent marshals do you imagine Napoleon could have done what he did?"

"Don't I know it?" said Mrs. Van Vervain bitterly.

"How would you go about it?" interjected Ethel, who had grown weary of her own silence.

"I'd get the marshals. I'd get subordinates that, when your mother said 'Do thus and so!' she could feel sure would obey orders. The general strategy must come from her."

"I've said that until I was black in the face," said Mrs. Van Vervain. "I've told them ——" And the great leader talked and talked, while H. R. stopped eating to listen with his very soul. With such a listener Mrs. Van Vervain was at her best.

"Mother, the squab is getting cold," said Ethel.

"The next time it will be cold in advance," said H. R. impatiently. "Go on, Mrs. Van Vervain!"

But Mrs. Van Vervain, knowing she could not finish at one luncheon, shook her head graciously and invited H. R. to dinner the next evening.

"I can hardly wait!" murmured H. R.

XXXIV

THE dinner at Mrs. Van Vervain's home was H. R.'s initial social triumph. The first thing he did was to confess to Mrs. Van Vervain that what he desired above all things was to be her military secretary. All he asked was to serve the Cause so long as she led, and no longer.

"I hate failures," he told her. "I don't propose to be identified with any. If I did not see in you what I do I should not be here. I know creative genius when I see it. You paint the picture. I am only the frame maker necessary, but not among the immortals."

"You are more than that," she assured him with a smile. He shook his head.

"I can fool the rabble; but you know the trick! Organize your personal staff. Fire them with your own enthusiasm. Of course they won't all have brains; but they will do to stop gaps and follow instructions."

And Mrs. Van Vervain, in order that all might know that great minds acknowledged a greater mind, cracked up H. R. to the sky. H. R.'s success was all the greater, since he made a point of declining most invitations. He was seen only where most people wished to be seen. That made him talked about.

Grace heard about his stupendous social success. Since the demand for H. R.'s presence came from her social equals, he was at last a desirable possession. She stayed away from Jerry's in a mood of anger that naturally made it impossible for her to stop thinking of H. R.

Meantime H. R. regularly, every day, sent a complete file of newspapers to the Goodchild residence. By his orders the Public Sentiment Corps bombarded the editors with requests for information as to the Society of American Sandwich Artists, and of sandwiching in general. He prepared learned and withal highly interesting articles on sandwiches, their history and development. He suggested over divers signatures that all Court Notices should be brought to the public's notice by sandwiches, thereby getting nearer to the picturesque Town Crier of our sainted forefathers.

Not a single communication was printed. The department stores were holding out for lower advertising rates. Many of the letters asked questions about H. R. in his capacity as the greatest living authority on sandwiches. These, also, were ignored. On the other hand, to show they were not prejudiced the papers continued to run the Charity Page and used suggestions furnished by H. R., giving him full credit when it came to philanthropies that had nothing to do with sandwiches.

The series of harrowing radiographs of diseased viscera, published with success by one of the most conservative of the evening journals, was one of H. R.'s subtlest strokes. And prominent persons took to contributing checks and articles, both signed in full, in response to H. R.'s occasional appeals in aid of deserving destitution.

Then the Public Sentiment Corps began to ask, with a marvelous diversity of chirography and spelling, why H. R. did not undertake to secure votes for women and employment for men. Mrs. Van Vervain, when asked about it by the reporters, replied:

"H. R. is my most trusted adviser. Just wait! When we are ready to move we'll begin; and there will be no stopping us this time!"

They published her remarks and her photograph, and also H. R.'s.

Mr. Goodchild had tried, one after another, to get all the newspapers to attack H. R. viciously—then to poke fun at him; and he had failed utterly. When he read the Van Vervain interview, on his way home that evening, he decided to speak to Grace.

"Mrs. Van Vervain is crazy," he said.

"Have they sent her away?" asked Grace, her face full of excitement. "Poor Ethel!"

"Not yet; but I see she has taken up that—that ——"

"Hendrik?" asked Grace, and frowned.

Mr. Goodchild nodded. Then he asked suspiciously:

"You haven't seen him?"

"Yes; but not to—well, he hasn't made—he has kept his word to you. And the newspapers don't print anything about sandwiches."

"No—hang 'em!" he muttered.

"I thought you didn't want them to."

"I don't want you to have anything to do with him. It is perfectly absurd to think of marrying a fellow like that —— "

"He can marry anybody now," she told him. Thinking of this made her so angry that she said: "He hypnotizes people so they think he is ——"

"I know what he is," he interrupted. "I'd like to — "

"I suppose you would," Grace acquiesced; "but you can't deny he is an extraordinary person, and — "

"Do you love him?" he interrupted.

Grace hesitated. She had to in order to be honest.

"I—I don't know," she answered finally.

"Great Scott! Do you mean to say you don't know that?"

"No; I don't," she replied tartly.

She thought of H. R., of all he had done, of all he had said to her, of all he might yet do. And then she thought of the way H. R. had been taken up by the people at whose homes she dined and danced. She shook her head dubiously.

"Well, finish!" said her father impatiently.

"He makes people do what he wants them to," she said slowly, "though he says he will do what I wish him to do, and ——"

"Can you make him do what he doesn't want to do?" challenged her father, with his first gleam of sense.

She thought of H. R.'s love of her.

"Yes," she said, thrilled at the thought of her power.

"Then make him give you up!"

Her father permitted himself a smile of incredulity, which made her say:

"I will!"

Mr. Goodchild rose. He patted her cheek encouragingly and said:

"I think you will, my dear."

"I am going to make him ——"

"I beg pardon, but Miss Goodchild is wanted at the telephone, sir," announced Frederick.

Grace went to answer the phone. It was Marion Molyneux who spoke.

"Is it true, Grace, that your engagement with H. R. is off?"

"Who told you?" naturally asked Grace before she could think of anything else.

"Why, everybody is talking about it; and ——"

"Everybody knows my business better than I do."

(Continued on Page 29)

"I Won't Make Love to You. That's Flat!"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 10, 1915

Our Needless Wars

IF THE conditions of 1770 were reëstablished in America to-day probably no war between the Colonies and Great Britain would result. It is highly improbable that any British Government of the twentieth century would nag colonies into revolt by petty insults as the government of George III did. It may be recalled that the Stamp Act of 1765, by which England sought to tax the Colonies without their consent, and which began the acute trouble, was unconditionally repealed within a year, owing to bitter opposition here.

With that proof of the temper of the Colonies—and having angered them to a point where they had drawn together for defense—the British Government sought to save its pride by imposing a petty import duty on tea the whole monetary yield of which was estimated at less than three hundred pounds a year. Other yields were the Continental Congress, Lexington and Bunker Hill. But even after Bunker Hill, Washington—on taking command of the Continental Army—had not made up his mind that the object of the war was to be independence from Great Britain; while Jefferson said: "We have not raised armies with designs of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent states. Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure." The Colonists simply did not propose to be taxed without their consent. No British Government would fight with Canada or Australia on that issue to-day.

It is highly probable that if the objective conditions of 1854 were reëstablished in the United States to-day no war between North and South would result. That economic causes which would inevitably bring about the extinction of slavery were already in play at that time is the judgment of most students of the period. Rage, defiance and a readiness to resort to arms were involved in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

If it were possible by some sort of superhuman fiat to resurrect slavery this morning as it existed in 1860 the system would vanish of itself before night. If it were possible to bring up again as deep a division as then existed between North and South it would be accommodated without fighting.

Any time during the last year and a half we have had more cause for war with Mexico than we had in 1846. The best evidence indicates that diplomacy could have finally secured virtual independence for Cuba in 1898. As to all our wars we can say pretty confidently that if they could only have been postponed a few years, and people got to thinking of something else meantime, they would never have been fought.

A Blessed Geographic Fact

A WAR thermometer would show a difference of at least forty degrees between the temperatures of the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. Ever since August, New York has been the hottest spot in the country, while San Francisco and Los Angeles have been the coolest. In traveling across the continent from west to east, every time you set your watch ahead an hour the environing temper shows that you are ten degrees closer to the European conflagration. War is much less talked about and thought about on the west coast than on the east. Out there it is always a subject you can handle with bare hands, while in New York you frequently need asbestos gloves.

You can easily prove that this is merely a matter of geography, for a Japanese war scare that gets double columns on the front page in San Francisco will in New York be tucked away at the bottom of the fourth page, beneath news of the high wind at Syracuse. And even New York has only a very calm interest in the fighting in Galicia, except as it bears directly on that in France. No doubt there have been a dozen Louvains in Poland, but they send no thrill of horror and indignation down Broadway.

To understand the state of Europe it is highly important to keep this in mind: If nothing but an imaginary line, instead of three thousand miles of cold salt water, divided us from the war, without doubt we should have been in it pell-mell—tearing hair, gouging eyes, and yelling that God was with us—long ago. No virtue or wisdom but only a blessed geographic fact is what saved us.

Why Not Try Experts?

WE TURN to the file of congressional directories, pick a volume out of the row and open it at House Committee on Naval Affairs. There are twenty members. Twelve of them are lawyers. Four are engaged in businesses that have no possible connection with naval affairs and two appear to be classifiable simply as politicians. One is a structural-iron worker, which we note with satisfaction; for, at least, he must have known what a piece of fabricated steel looked like before he began to manage our navy. And one out of the twenty, by a rare accident in American politics, actually served as an officer in the navy before he went to Congress.

Six of these members are serving their first term in Congress. Only nine have served as many as five terms, and ten terms is the longest consecutive service. Seven of the members, including the three who come next after the chairman, are members of two other House committees, and five are members of one other committee. The chairman is a lawyer, who is serving his sixth term in Congress.

Remember the multifarious duties of a congressman. All of these twenty members were deeply engrossed in tariff legislation, currency legislation, antitrust legislation. All of them had their pension bills, their public building and river improvement bills, their correspondence and their political fences to look after. Aside from having little or no special knowledge of the subject until they were called on to deal with it, they had to run the navy more or less with their left hands.

Of course over in the Senate we get a somewhat more promising situation, with rather longer terms of service and a higher probability of knowledge; but this House Committee has the first shaping of the country's naval affairs, and in a general way it keeps a jealous hand on the fleet.

Mr. Taft's recent article in this weekly pointed out a fundamental condition of naval efficiency. We have naval experts, and if we are going to get our money's worth we must let experts manage the affair. Congress should say what amount of money is to be spent. Experts should say how it shall be spent.

Secretary Daniels objects that this would not be democratic—which is an absurd objection. A democratic navy would be one in which the entire personnel of a battleship, assembled on the deck in town meeting, would decide by a majority vote who was to have command and whether to attack or retreat—with the votes duly counted just about the time the ship sank.

Congress should decide how much of a navy we are to have. Deciding what kind of a navy should be left to persons who are competent to judge.

If Nobody Enlisted

EVERY agitation against war has to face the disagreeable fact that it is easy to work up sentiment and action against war, just about in proportion as a nation is free, enlightened and sincerely devoted to peace; in other words, just about in proportion as no agitation against war is needed. This was the strongest argument against the radical Socialist proposal to organize an international general strike for the purpose of preventing war.

In free and democratic France, Belgium and England, and possibly even in Germany, such a strike might be put into effect and paralyze the governments. In backward Russia and Austria a really effective general strike against war would probably be out of the question; and the most benighted countries would simply overrun the most enlightened ones.

Along our Atlantic seaboard an anti-enlistment league has sprung up. It proposes to make war impossible by getting from every man of military age a pledge not to enlist for war on any account. Where war is detested as it is here, many signers might be found; but if the league's premise that an enlightened nation must not fight on any account were put into practical effect we might expect to see a joyous reassembling of tatterdemalion levies in Mexico, under any enterprising chief who would lead them across the border, where the looting is still fine.

Nothing short of all nations can effectually pledge the world to peace; for if only half a dozen of the strongest ones took the pledge their final resource for making it effectual would be to fight whoever broke the peace.

Borrowing Government Credit

BORROWING an individual's credit has long been a familiar operation—that is, John Smith gets William Robinson to sign a note with him, which he then discounts at the bank. In an informal after-dinner speech at the recent Pan-American conference Mr. Bryan suggested that the United States might lend its credit to certain South American countries which need capital and whose trade we may reasonably hope to get by supplying that need.

The suggestion was that, as bonds of the United States command a much wider market and are much more readily salable than those of any South American country, this nation might exchange its bonds for a like amount of South American bonds, thereby enabling the South American country to raise the capital it needs by selling our bonds, while its bonds would be held in our Treasury; and they would bear a rate of interest one per cent higher than ours, which difference would be put into a sinking fund that eventually would cancel them.

So far as we know this proposal—for the purpose of promoting international trade—is unique, and we do not expect to see it adopted; but, for purposes of promoting war, exactly the same thing is taking place on a great scale among the Allies. The French Minister of Finance recently estimated that in the next six months France must pay three hundred million dollars for foreign war supplies—mostly to the United States; but she has no suitable means of paying, because French exchange is already at a heavy discount here.

So the French Government has given the British Government three hundred million dollars of Treasury bonds, payable one year after the war, in consideration of which the British Government agrees to supply the French Government with a like amount of foreign exchange with which to meet its obligations here.

A further consideration is that the Bank of France shall supply the Bank of England with a hundred million dollars in gold.

This is only one of several transactions whereby England, in effect, is indorsing her allies' paper. Indorsing French or Russian paper for a peaceful purpose would, however, be regarded as heretical.

The Soldiers of the Shops

PROBABLY all the belligerents except Italy and Russia—but not excepting England—are approaching the limit of their resources in fighting men. Of course you can—and many writers do—reach a very different conclusion by merely consulting the censuses. In the United States, for example, males of military age—namely, between eighteen and forty-four—exceed twenty millions in number; but to maintain anything like that number effectively on a modern firing line would be out of the question, because it would be impossible to feed and clothe the country and supply twenty million soldiers with munitions on the scale demanded by this war.

Our proportion of males of military age—a little over one in five of the total population—is very high, because immigration in late years has brought us a disproportionately great number of young unmarried males. At the beginning of the war Germany had over sixteen million men theoretically capable of fighting—that is, aged from seventeen to fifty-five. At least five millions of them are supposed to be serving with the colors; while losses by death, disabling wounds and imprisonment have probably taken a million more; but it is doubtful whether Germany, even with her extraordinary industrial organization, could trench very far on the theoretical surplus of nine or ten millions without seriously impairing her ability to subsist the civil population and supply war munitions.

England's manufacturing resources are already overtaxed to supply munitions for the allied armies. It is seriously argued that further enlistment there is a mistake, because the labor power, on the whole, can help the Allies better in the factories than in the field; to increase the output of guns, powder and shells is a more effectual means of beating the enemy than to increase the number of soldiers.

It is significant that British newspapers generally displayed no exuberant jubilation over Italy's entry into the fray; for, as the war stands, it is a contest of fabricated steel and of credit rather more than of men. That, of course, is why the Allies' lawful advantage in procuring shrapnel, powder, rifles and credit in the United States is so irksome to Germany.

American Opportunity in Argentina and Brazil—By Roger W. Babson

THE Government House at Buenos Aires, where I met Señor de la Plaza, the President of Argentina, is as fine a building as exists in America. The guards and servants are in blue livery; the correspondence and introductions are very formal. Elegance and luxury pervade the whole place. My appointment was at 4 P. M. At 3:30 I met Ambassador Stimson at the American Embassy, and drove with him in a good American touring car to the palace. After being introduced by Mr. Stimson and welcomed by President de la Plaza, I asked him about the stability of credits in Argentina and the safety of investing foreign capital there.

The President squinted and answered: "Conditions in Argentina are the same as in the newer parts of your own country. If a jobbing house in Chicago desires to open a branch house in some remote state it must take some chances. There is no guaranty by any one that there will not be some losses at first. The best customers will naturally remain with the older and longer established firms. A new firm in any city must always start with the poorer customers and gradually obtain the better ones. When a New England manufacturing concern starts a new mill in your South, it expects to run at a loss for a while. Neither your Government nor your state will guarantee the securities. Conditions are no better, and no worse, in Argentina than in the United States, considering our age. Your merchants must take a certain chance and risk; but these are no greater than they are at home."

Foreign Money Talks in Argentina

I NEXT asked the President what the people of the United States must do in order to secure a foothold in Argentina, and he answered at once:

"Your countrymen must invest capital down here if they intend to compete with England and with other countries. First, we need capital. We are a very rapidly growing country, and we have many uses for money. It is natural that we should feel the most indebted to the people who have supplied us with the most capital. Up to the present time England has led in this respect. Not only has she supplied us with many times more money than has any other nation, but she has furnished to us more than she has to any other nation. Statistics suggest that England prefers our securities to even those of your own country.

"The following figures," said the President, "covering one half of the year 1914, show you why we love England. These figures show the destination of new capital, in excess of ten million dollars, issued in the United Kingdom to foreign countries during that six months:

COUNTRY	NEW CAPITAL
Argentina	$64,046,000
Russia	61,220,500
United States	43,995,500
Brazil	26,507,500
Belgium	24,512,500
Austria-Hungary	20,881,000

"The English have ventured, and have won. If you will venture you can win likewise. But you can never win by refusing to buy Argentine securities, by refraining from investing money in Argentina, or by asking for cash in advance."

In view of the Pan-American Financial Conference, I then took the liberty of going a step farther and speaking frankly to the President as follows:

"Mr. President, I am told the truth is that the trouble with Argentine credits lies not with Argentina, but is due to the fact that we North Americans are not feared by your people as are the English and Germans. For instance, I am told that if one of your merchants owes £15,000 in equal amounts to an Englishman, a German, and a United States citizen, and the native has only £10,000, he will pay the Englishman first and get his cash discount, and the German next, with the result that he will have no money left with which to pay my countryman. Is there any truth in such a report as this?"

Of course the President did not answer my question, and it was not to be expected that he would. I was told, however, by others connected with the government that if he had answered he would have acknowledged that it is the "big-stick" policy which tells. This brings up a very interesting question which my Argentine friends hope will be freely discussed by the bankers of the United States. Let me explain.

It is generally admitted that before we can develop a rich Latin-American trade we must do two things

Secure protection to American capital invested in Latin America, in order that we may safely extend credits and organize banks.

Secure freedom from dependence on the ships, railroads and cables of our competitors, in order that we may get equal and just treatment.

I next said: "Mr. President, many people come back to the United States and talk about the great money-making possibilities down here; but they fail to be specific. It is hard to pin them down to definite statements. Will you please indicate to me along just what lines capital can be most advantageously invested here at the present time?"

To this question the President immediately replied: "Argentina is an agricultural country, and is so destined to be for many years to come. Had we coal or water power, it would at once be possible to manufacture here great quantities of shoes, textiles and other things for which we have the raw materials. Under the circumstances, however, manufacturing will develop slowly. It is in agriculture and cattle raising that the great opportunities of Argentina exist."

"Mr. President, I have always heard that Argentina is a rich man's country; that, if one has money, Argentina is a good place to seek land, but otherwise one is better off in Canada or in some other country which favors the small farmer. Is this true or not?"

"There is no doubt," answered the President, "that more favorable homestead laws will be passed and that the tendency is greatly in favor of a gradual division of the land among more farmers. Although the man without capital has always been protected in the cities—where he seems to want to live—perhaps he has not been sufficiently cared for when he has gone into the country. Attention is continually being given, however, to the immigrant, and I think you will soon see changes in our land laws."

One day I was entertained by an Italian in Argentina who had gone to South America as a common laborer and who had become very wealthy through importing machinery. He "ventured" to the extent of marrying an Argentine woman, and has raised two girls and three boys. One boy has been educated in Leipzig, another at Oxford, and the third in the United States. While we were riding about the country in his beautiful Italian car, he said to me:

More Sentiment Than Finance

"A GREAT opportunity awaits our two countries, Argentina and the United States, to get together on farm labor, and provide steamship accommodations for transporting each year the surplus from Argentina to the United States in April when our winter begins, and from the United States back to Argentina in October when your winter commences. This would be a splendid thing for all the Americas. Please suggest it wherever you can."

"Nothing venture, nothing win," applies here likewise; in fact, it applies everywhere and to everything. Because a thing never has been done is no reason why it should not be done. However, not being in the steamship business, I simply pass along this suggestion for what it is worth.

In closing the interview, the President asked me to extend his good wishes to the people of the United States, for whom he has the highest regard. He hopes "for equal reciprocation."

In my humble opinion, there is more sentiment than finance involved in this whole question of South American credits. The people of Argentina, Chile and Brazil consider themselves our equals; and, with an allowance for their age, the Argentines certainly are our equals. They are not up to us in all things, but they lead us in some things.

Argentina is at present the strongest of the twenty Latin-American countries; but it is not the largest or the richest in natural resources. In discussions of natural resources by the representatives of these Latin-American countries, it must be recognized that Brazil leads.

Let me say right here to readers of this weekly who are manufacturers—don't permit the same man to sell Brazil who "covers" the rest of South America. This great southern continent can provide work for four good salesmen, but by all means every live house should have three: one for Argentina, one for the West Coast, and one for Brazil. Moreover, it is a mistake to give all of Brazil to any one agency. Continually keep in mind that Brazil is as big as all of our forty-eight states combined, with much more varied climates and needs. Besides, most of its twenty-one states have little governments of their own, with separate port, tariff and other regulations. But aside from these things, there are the vastness, wealth, and beauty of Brazil, which not one out of 100,000 of you readers begins to realize.

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The Excelsior Shoe Co.	
Emery & Marshall Co.	"E. & M"
Field Bros. & Gross Co.	"Walkabout"
J H Winchell Co.	
N B Thayer Shoe Co.	
E. E. Taylor Co.	
Stacy Adams Co.	
Field Lambert Co.	
Foss-Packard Co.	"The Foss Shoe"
Brockton Co-operative B. & S Co.	
Isaac Prouty & Co., Inc.	"Matchless"
The Alden, Walker & Wilde Co.	
The Maury Shoe	
Newark Shoe Stores in 93 cities	

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The journey from Rio Grande, the most southerly port of Brazil, to Para, the most northerly port, takes nearly ten days on an average steamer without making a stop. This means that Para is halfway between Brazil's southern port and New York City! Even the railroad ride from Montevideo to Rio Janeiro, covering the southern portion of Brazil, is over a thousand miles long, or nearly the distance from New York to Minneapolis or from Chicago to New Orleans. Yet this road covers only the temperate and southern portion of Brazil, about which we have been taught absolutely nothing.

Through the courtesy of the President of Brazil, Dr. Wenceslaus B. Pereira Gomez, and our able Ambassador, Mr. Edwin V. Morgan, I was able to get the views of the Brazilian Government through Doctor Müller, who, the Brazilians say, knows more about their country than any other living person. Doctor Müller is to-day Foreign Minister, holding the office corresponding to that of our Secretary of State. He was one of the founders of the Republic, the first governor of the state of Santa Catharina, and has since been deputy and senator, besides holding other important offices.

In greeting me in behalf of his government Doctor Müller bluntly said: "Well, I am glad to greet, here in the United States of Brazil, a man from the United States of North America. It is usually necessary for me to go to London or Paris in order to meet persons from Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and your other fine cities. Very, very few of your people come here. There are some fine fellows here from your country connected with the Rio Janeiro Light and Power Company. There are a few connected with some of your big corporations, such as the Standard Oil, United States Steel, International Harvester, and the like. The colony from your country is, however, very small. It should be much larger. With several thousands of fine men here from France, England and Germany, it seems wrong to us that there should be only a handful from the great United States of North America."

Said I: "May I ask you to tell me what you have to offer my people? Perhaps they have a misconception about Brazil. Our writers refer to Argentina and Chile as the great progressive countries of South America, while including Brazil among the tropical countries. To judge Brazil, however, by the Amazon Valley, is as unfair as to judge my own country by the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. Have you not the largest area available for the raising of cotton and the largest area of forest, including the most valuable of woods? Have you not fertile plains for the raising of cattle, which some day will become great grain producers? In view of all that appears in the papers about Brazil's poverty, are there not some facts relative to Brazil's wealth which should be published?"

Brazil's Assets Her Handicaps

The face of this great statesman lighted up and he replied:

"Ah, our greatest assets have been our greatest handicaps. The greatest asset, for instance, is our high table-lands, three thousand feet above the sea, containing deep, rich soil, wonderfully watered by numerous rivers and possessing the finest climate in the world. But unfortunately this high table-land has greatly retarded the development of Brazil. Until comparatively a few years ago it has been very difficult to ascend. The railroads run along the coast, but, with one or two exceptions, did not until recently ascend this table-land. Hence this great plateau has been almost unknown, having been shut out from the world by the mountain ranges extending along the eastern coast.

"Another great asset of Brazil is our rivers. We have the greatest in the world. These are so large and numerous that the transportation system of Brazil has become a river system. Each river has its own steamers which ply back and forth, as do the railroads across your prairies. Brazil probably has more steamers engaged in river traffic than any other country in the world. But unfortunately the unpleasant climate of these river valleys has given Brazil a bad name.

"This mountain range a few miles back from the coast, and these many navigable rivers have resulted in the settlements of Brazil being along the coast and on the banks of these streams. Of course, such locations are apt to be low, hot, and perhaps unhealthful. As these coast and river ports have been practically all that your people have seen of Brazil, they have obtained a very incorrect idea of it. As those who have not been here take their opinions from those who have, this causes all you people to be prejudiced against my native land, believing it to be only a hot, low and unhealthful country. Hence I say that our greatest assets have been our greatest handicaps."

From a study of the statistics of Brazil, which were kindly furnished me by the able Minister of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce, Doctor Calogoras, it is evident that to-day Brazil is very dependent upon the price of coffee and rubber. I had meant to talk this over fully with Doctor Calogoras; but we conversed almost exclusively regarding land titles in Brazil—that is, whether or not they are secure. Therefore I said to the Foreign Minister:

"At the Pan-American Financial Conference to be held in Washington I think our bankers will ask: 'Should not the products of Brazil be more diversified? Not only are coffee and rubber very fluctuating in price, but, to a certain extent, they are luxuries. No country which lives on luxuries has stable business conditions. Luxuries present, according to statistics, the greatest profit during times of prosperity, and suffer the severest losses during periods of depression. What is Brazil doing to remedy this?'"

All the Eggs in Two Baskets

Again Doctor Müller warmed up and said:

"Yes, we have heretofore perhaps had 'all our eggs in one basket,' or at least in two baskets, coffee and rubber; but those days are over. The government of Brazil is now opening many agricultural schools, and is making great efforts to develop the raising of cotton, cacao and coconuts in the north, and of beef, wool and cereals in the southern table-lands. In twenty-five years Brazil will be the greatest exporter not only of coffee and rubber but also of cotton, woods, beef and possibly cacao, palm oil and other products.

"Already you will find greatly diversified agriculture in the southern states of Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catharina. There you will see vineyards and fig trees, rice and potatoes, growing within short distances of one another. Concerning Santa Catharina, of which I was the first governor, you may be interested to know that some time ago Emperor William of Germany sent one or more experts to South America to report on the most attractive and productive portion of the entire continent. After an exhaustive study, the report was made that Blumenau, in the eastern part of my old state, is the center of the finest known agricultural and climatic conditions in the entire world. You may also be interested to know that, as a result of this report, colonists came there ten years ago and purchased land for two milreis—about fifty cents of your money—per acre, which to-day they can sell for twenty times that figure. Wouldn't it do much to cement the relations between the United States of Brazil and the United States of the North if your country would send such a commission to study South America and report the relative prospects of the different countries?"

I next asked about the government's position on the tariff question. All South America is cursed with high tariffs, which have greatly retarded its growth and have kept business in a state of confusion. We in our own country know how business is upset by a change of tariff and this applies only to imports. Moreover, all our states come under the same tariff laws, and we have only two neighbors, Canada and Mexico. In South America there are many countries all jumbled in together, all having import duties, and some having export duties as well. Brazil, moreover, not only has both import and export duties, but each of her twenty-one states has separate and independent export duties. Not only is the export tax on the same article different for each of the different states, but there is an export duty on articles sent from one state to another. So I said:

"Whenever I have inquired about conditions in Brazil, I have always been referred to your tariffs. For instance, if I speak to a European regarding business conditions in Brazil he replies that the greatest handicap to selling goods here is your tariffs. If I ask a banker as to credits in Brazil he immediately begins to tell about your tariffs,

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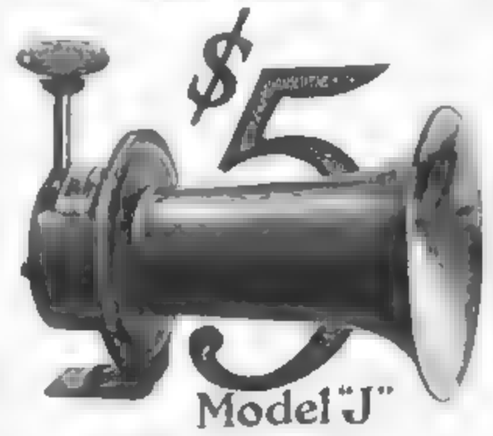

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which, he claims, upset credit conditions. Citizens of North America are especially interested in this question of Brazilian tariffs at the present time. May I ask if there is any hope for a scientific revision of your tariffs in the near future?"

In reply to this question the Minister said: "The government recognizes that this is a very important question. Under the direction of the Ministry of Finance careful study of the tariff is now being made. You must remember, however, that tariffs are very troublesome to all countries. It is very difficult to make changes—especially downward—owing to the concentrated opposition of a small number of manufacturers against a scattered and unorganized effort of the people as a whole. Moreover, tariffs provide a very easy way to raise revenue and employ a lot of men.

"You may, however, say that the government, the manufacturers and the people are pretty well convinced that duties are now fully high enough and that any further change must be downward. In other words, tariff conditions will be no worse, and the chances are fairly bright that a change for the better will be made. In the meantime I urge the complainants in your country to study our tariffs, which can be readily obtained from your Government's Foreign Trade Department in Washington, and see if they are as bad as painted.

"In this connection I will also add that my countrymen have perhaps overestimated the importance of manufacturing, or, rather, have underestimated the greater importance of agricultural and pastoral pursuits. Hence the future policy of my government will be to extend and encourage cattle raising, agriculture and all similar undertakings, perhaps more than manufacturing. As suggested, the government is now realizing that the great future of Brazil is to come through agriculture. Brazil, with its fertile soil, humidity, sunshine and great rivers, is destined to lead the world. Wise will your people be to recognize this. Do not let your competitors scare you about our tariffs. Remember there is neither an export nor import tax on money, and it is money that you all really want."

Land at Thirty Cents an Acre

While traveling about the West Indies and in South America I have always made a point of collecting statistics on the price of land. One of the best investments procurable is land. In fact, I know of no better investment than well-selected land suitable for agriculture or homes.

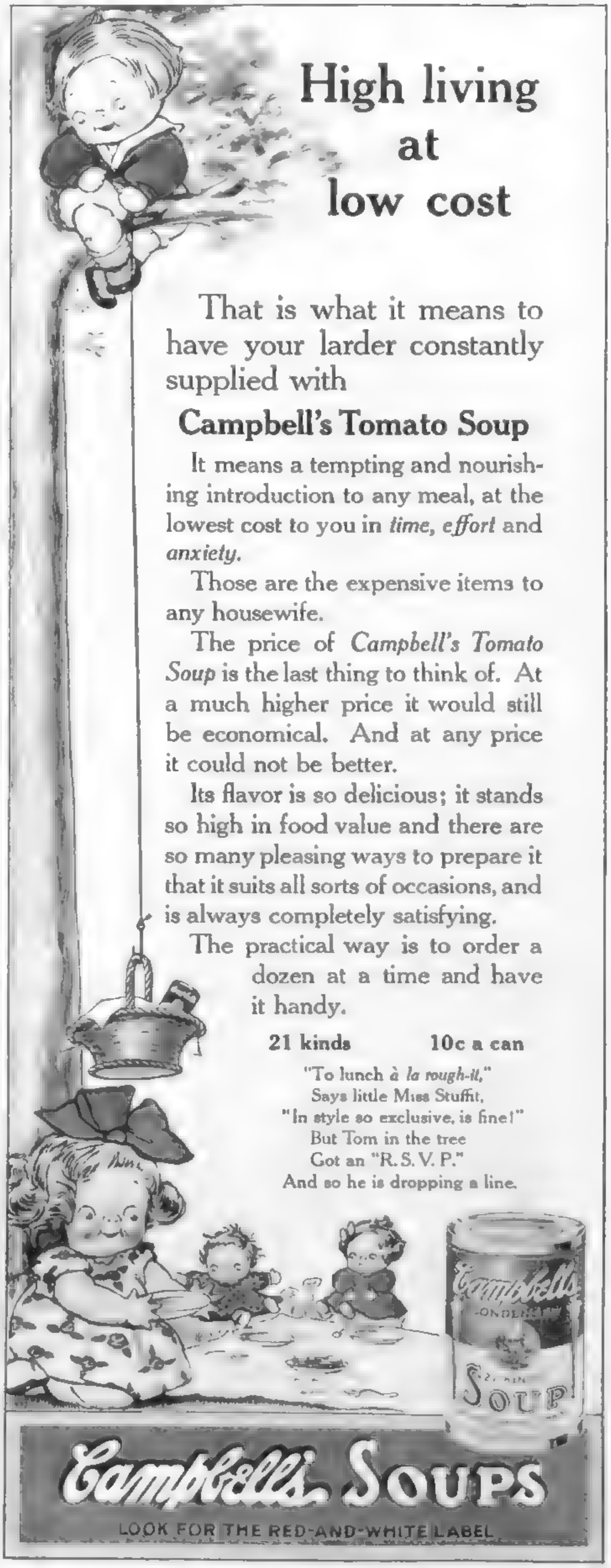
Imagine my surprise when I was told that good land could be bought in Brazil for thirty cents an acre. Of course such lands are some distance from the railroad and in virgin country; but I was assured that they have as rich soil as our best lands in Illinois or anywhere in the Central West. As these prices for land in Brazil are very much lower than for similar land in other South American countries, I ventured to make these remarks to the Foreign Minister:

"Why is there so little immigration to Brazil when the price of land is so low? When in São Paulo last week, I was offered several large tracts of land within seventy-five miles of the city and within five miles of the railroad, at prices ranging from two dollars to four dollars an acre. This land, from superficial study, compares with land selling in Argentina for sixty dollars an acre. In fact, I was offered a large tract of land suitable for cattle in the western part of the State of São Paulo, some fifty miles from the railroad, at thirty cents an acre."

From his reply I learned that the government recognizes that there are questions regarding the validity of land titles in certain sections, and that certain foreign speculators have suffered therefrom. I was, however, assured, "if your people from North America will come here and honestly attempt to develop our country instead of exploit it, they will be protected. We are very anxious to have foreign capital invested here in Brazil, and especially in land. We are anxious to have colonists brought to this land."

Most writers insist that South America is no place for a man without capital. Generally speaking, such advice is correct. Don't pull up stakes and take your family to South America. If you are a family man with money there is no need of doing it; if you have not money, you are better off in our United States than in the United States of any other land. There are great opportunities in South America—wonderful

(Concluded on Page 28)



High living at low cost

That is what it means to have your larder constantly supplied with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It means a tempting and nourishing introduction to any meal, at the lowest cost to you in *time, effort* and *anxiety.*

Those are the expensive items to any housewife.

The price of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* is the last thing to think of. At a much higher price it would still be economical. And at any price it could not be better.

Its flavor is so delicious; it stands so high in food value and there are so many pleasing ways to prepare it that it suits all sorts of occasions, and is always completely satisfying.

The practical way is to order a dozen at a time and have it handy.

21 kinds **10c a can**

"To lunch *à la rough-it,*"
Says little Miss Stuffit,
"In style so exclusive, is fine!"
But Tom in the tree
Got an "R. S. V. P."
And so he is dropping a line.

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Victr

Band concerts in y by the world's gr

The Victrola brings to you the greatest bands and orchestras of all the world.

You enjoy their spirited music just as though you were among the crowds of music lovers who attend the actual band concerts at the noted summer resorts and places of amusement.

Seated at home in comfort you can have Sousa's Band play Sousa's own stirring marches. You can have different bands play other selections—Pryor's Band, Victor Herbert's Orchestra, Vessella's Band, Conway's Band, U. S. Marine

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Victor

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

rola

our own home reatest bands

nd, and the most famous musical organizations foreign countries.

With a Victrola you can make up a program suit yourself and have a band concert at a ment's notice.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 250, and any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them and play favorite music for you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

ew Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or oak

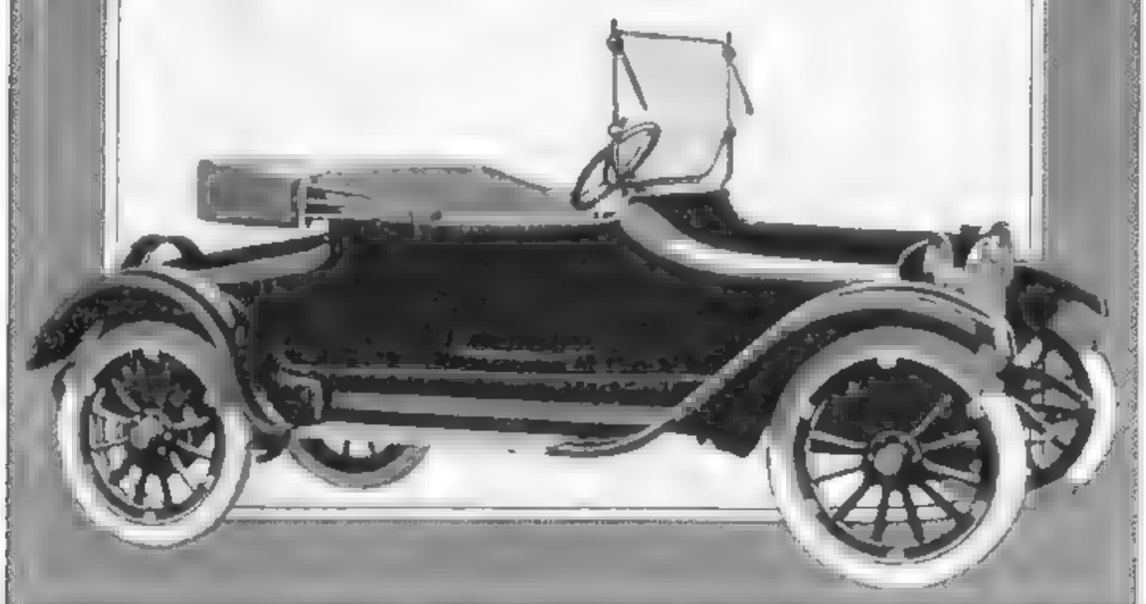
DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

More than twenty thousand owners are now telling their friends why this is far from being an ordinary car.

They emphasize its steadiness, the freedom from gear shifting the quick get-away and the absence of vibration. Among many evidences of quality they point especially to the full-floating rear axle, the unit power plant and the full real leather upholstery with natural curled hair filling

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the roadster or touring car complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price, $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



"The Easiest Money I Ever Made

was the profit on my first subscription order for *The Saturday Evening Post*. It was earned so much more pleasantly than by giving an hour's piano lesson at the same price that I gave up teaching and devoted my time to taking orders for your periodicals. Since that day my commission and salary have paid my grocer, my dress bills and many other expenses." JESSIE L. PARCHER, Missouri.

Miss Parcher is one of the thousands of women who have taken the Curtis way of earning money in leisure hours. If you need more money, if you are looking for an easy, interesting and dignified way of getting it, we will send full details. Address

The Curtis Publishing Company, Box 952, Independence Square, Philadelphia

(Concluded from Page 25)

opportunities in scores of different lines. I have in mind a dozen separate South American ventures in which I know I could make a lot of money. But they all require capital. I am convinced that a family man, *without capital*, is better off in our United States of America than anywhere else in the world.

There is only one possible locality in South America which I would except. This is the beautiful and temperate area of Southern Brazil. There is no doubt that in this section lands can be purchased for five dollars an acre which are as good as any land in Illinois selling at two hundred dollars an acre, and with a much better climate. The difference is in the surroundings and living conditions. The man who had been used to Illinois roads, schools and protection would be very much disappointed when he reached the frontier of South America. If you buy five-dollar land in South America you will find the same pioneer conditions there to-day as existed in Illinois when that land sold for five dollars an acre. South America is a "gun" country. A man there to-day must have the same courage, perseverance and industry as had the pioneers who settled our Central West fifty years ago. If you are a young single man, with good character, courage and a love for wild life, get some one at home to stake you and go to Southern Brazil. If you are made of the right stuff, and know your business, you can make a lot of money there.

Finally, I wanted to secure some suggestions from the government relative to more business between our own country and Brazil, so I rose and said: "Mr. Minister, may I ask, in closing, if your government has any special suggestions as to what my people can do, other than to cease using the name 'America,' further to develop business relations between us?"

Wanted: An American College

At once Doctor Müller replied: "First and foremost, your banking friends should organize a Bank of North America, in which all your largest banks should be interested. This should be a large, independent institution with headquarters in New York and with branches in Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Santos, Bahia, Pernambuco, as well as in other large Latin-American cities. Remember that we have in Brazil eleven cities of 50,000 people or more. All the other foreign nations have distinct and separate banks of their own, and your country must do likewise. The opening of small branches in South America by banks already existing in New York, Chicago and elsewhere is a step in the right direction; but only a step. Just at present banking conditions here may be inadequate and antiquated, but this should give a new Bank of North America all the better opportunity. Certainly you can never expect to get good credit reports from English, German and other competitive banks.

"At the present time freight and cable rates are very high between Brazil and your country. As our Brazilian government runs its own steamship line between here and New York, we are not so badly off for transportation to your cities as are the other South American countries. However, this line is being run at a loss, and there is room for great improvement in shipping conditions. We Brazilians gladly welcome all efforts made for more and better ships under the so-called 'American' flag. There is great and immediate need for cheaper cable service.

"We also need more labor here in Brazil. Foreigners say that our labor is very inefficient. If so, you North Americans must send down men and machinery as well as ships and money.

"But there is another thing which you could do that would serve as a wonderful means of bringing us together. It is a sort of pet project of mine. I referred to it when in your country in 1913. It is that some of the business men, representing the alumni of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and your other North American universities, club together and start a real 'American' college in Rio de Janeiro. This presents a great opportunity. Some of your churches are doing it in a small way. Mackenzie College at São Paulo is making good progress. We need a really big affair here in Rio de Janeiro, with professors from your country teaching the English language and the North American ways to our boys."

For a Bright Clean Range

Quickly Cuts Burnt-in Grease and all Hard, Sticky Substances from Enamel and Nickel

H. R.

(Continued from Page 21)

"Well, they say Mrs. Van Vervain doesn't give him time to.—"

"Is he engaged to her?"

"Oh, dear! You are angry, aren't you? Well, I am glad it isn't true. Good-by."

How could the engagement be off when it never had been on? Grace made up her mind to talk to him very plainly, for the last time, that evening. She knew he would be at the Van Vervain's dinner dance that night. Well, she was going there anyhow. Therefore she went. She almost had to elbow her way to where he stood. Mrs. Van Vervain was beside him; but Grace could see that H. R. owned the house.

"How do you do, my dear?" said Mrs. Van Vervain, so very graciously that Grace was filled with fury.

It was plain that H. R. was making a professional politician of Mrs. Van Vervain. Grace smiled at her—that is, she made her lips do it mechanically. Then she addressed the financier, to whom she was not engaged:

"Hendrik!"

That was all she actually said; but, with her eyes, in the manner known only to women who are sure they are not in love, she commanded him to follow her.

"You see him all the time and we don't get a chance very often," protested a vulgar little thing, whose father was a financial pirate of the first rank and had given her all the predatory instincts. "Go on, H. R.! Tell us some more. Do!"

Grace's eyes grew very bright and hard, and her cheeks flushed.

"I have news for you," she said to H. R., calmly ignoring the others.

"I am sorry, children," said H. R. regretfully. "Business before pleasure."

"Your business," persisted the vulgar little thing, "is to obey!"

"Hence my exit," he said, and followed Grace.

She led the way to the conservatory. She was conscious of her own displeasure. This enabled her to dispense with the necessity of finding reason for her own feelings. She halted beside a seat built for two and motioned for him to sit down. He looked at her. She then said:

"Sit down!" He obeyed. Then she sat beside him. The seat was skillfully screened by palms and ferns. "I had a little talk with father this morning," she went on, and frowned—in advance.

"You poor thing!" he murmured sympathetically, as though he were thinking of what she must have suffered.

As a matter of fact his mind was full of the conviction that she herself did not know which way she was going to jump and it behooved him to pick the right way.

"He asked me whether I loved you," she went on sternly.

"Well, the answer to that was an easy syllable. When we go back you tell Mrs. Van Vervain that you have decided to allow me to serve under her. Don't worry; I'll be the boss. Ethel has played up like a trump ——"

"I told him I didn't," she interrupted.

"You couldn't have told him that!" He smiled easily. "There was no occasion for it. Now tell me exactly what you did say to him."

He could see anger in her eyes—the kind of anger that is at least a first cousin to hatred.

"I said ——"

"The exact words."

The change in his voice made her look at him. His eyes, keen, masterful, were fixed on hers. They looked hard, yet not altogether ruthless; and particularly they looked as though they could read thoughts with no effort, which made it necessary to tell the truth.

"I told him I didn't know," she said. To preserve her self-respect she sneered.

"What a wonderful girl you are!"

In his eyes she saw a great admiration. She could not tell what it was this man considered so wonderful; but, whatever it was, he knew exactly—and she did not!

"If I loved you wouldn't I know it?"

"Of course not. You are not the surrendering kind. The others are—born slaves, diminutive souls, toys, little pets. You will love me as I love you. And then there is nothing that we, together, cannot do! Nothing!" She opened her mouth, but he checked her speech by saying sternly:

"Why do you think it is that, having loved you, I cannot love anyone else? Because I alone know what you are and what you will be! Grace, I promised your father I would not make love to you until I had deleted one word from our visiting cards. It is done; but the month isn't up quite, and I won't make love to you. That's flat! I can't break my word."

He looked so determined that naturally she looked away and said very softly:

"And -and if I should want you to?"

"You should want me to make love to you, but not to break my word!"

"But you say you love me," she complained.

"Love you!"

It flamed in his eyes and his hand reached for hers; but he checked himself abruptly. She extended her hand, but he edged away from her. She drew nearer to him. He retreated to the very edge of the seat. She was pursuing now. He bit his lip and frowned.

She no longer thought of other things. She knew he could not retreat any farther. She covered his hand with hers. He suddenly clutched it so tightly that he hurt her.

"Hendrik!"

"What?" he said hoarsely, resolutely keeping his eyes from looking into hers.

"Hendrik, do you really love me?"

"My promise!" he whispered tensely, and looked at her pleadingly. "Don't, dear!"

She understood him perfectly; so she smiled. It was her iron will against his. He must do what he did not wish to do, and do it because she wished it! She did not wish to kiss him; but she wished, hypnotist-like, to compel him to kiss her. With her eyes she beckoned him to come closer.

Knowing that this would clinch it he stared back at her, with a pitiful appeal in his troubled eyes, and shook his head weakly, as though his soul, thinking of his honor, was saying: "No, no! Please don't!"

Her face moved toward him a little and stopped. Something within her was stamping its foot, saying: "Yes! Yes!"—like a peevish child.

H. R., continuing to follow the subtle strategy of the reversed position, stared fascinatedly at her lips. Then slowly, like a man in a trance, his face moved toward hers. On the very brink he paused and said brokenly:

"No! Oh, my darling! No! No!"

She said nothing, in order not to commit herself; but she smiled at him, while her eyes, luminous and blue, pounded away on his resolve, battering it to pieces. Nearer his face came—nearer—until his lips reached hers.

His honor had been wrecked on the coral reef; but all she knew, and all she cared to know, was that she had won! She was so certain of it and showed it so plainly that he knew he had better make it doubly sure; so he pressed his cheek against hers, that she might not see his face while he murmured:

"Now you can't cast me off!"

It was an entreaty with the nature of which she was familiar from her literary studies; and her answer, eminently feminine, was:

"Never, dearest!"

He started to his feet abruptly.

"Don't follow me!" he said harshly, and walked away very quickly.

When she rejoined the crush in the drawing room she learned that H. R. had excused himself on the plea of urgent business and had gone.

"What is he going to do?" they asked her eagerly.

They were sure it was something picturesque; but she saw in their excited wonderment the appraisal of her victory. The displeasure and suspicion in Mrs. Van Vervain's eyes gave her intense joy.

She was willing to pay for her victory. He loved her! She could make him do whatever she wished. It did not matter whether she loved him or not. There was now no reason, that she could see, why she should not marry him—if the worst came to the worst.

XXXV

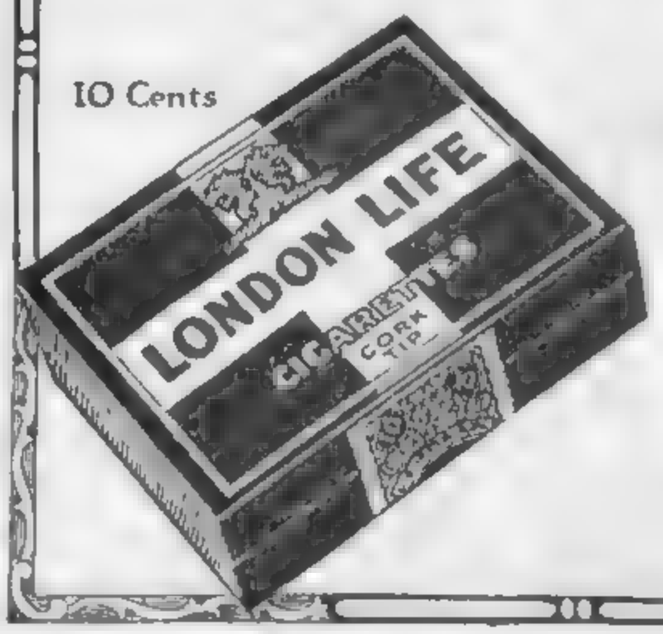
GRACE did not hear from H. R. the next morning as she fully expected. Since expectation is disguised desire, she was vexed by his silence. She had conquered. Why did he not acknowledge it?

She obeyed what she would have called a sudden impulse of no particular significance and called up his office. Andrew Barrett answered. He told her that H. R.

You are invited to join
THE LONDON LIFE CLUB
An exclusive organization
For the Promotion of Good Fellowship
and
Composed of Countless Thousands of
American Gentlemen who smoke

LONDON LIFE
CORK TIP CIGARETTES

"Most Extraordinary"
Initiation Fee,
Package of "LONDON LIFE"



R.S.V.P.
TO THE NEAREST
CIGARETTE SHOP

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

The Price of Progress

THE Panama Canal stands as one of the most marvelous achievements of the age. Into its construction went not only the highest engineering skill, but the best business brains of the nation, backed by hundreds of millions of dollars.

Suppose conditions not to be foreseen made it necessary to replace the present canal with a new and larger waterway of the sea-level type, to be built in the next ten years.

Also suppose that this new canal would be the means of a great saving in time and money to the canal-using public, because of the rapid progress in canal engineering.

This sounds improbable; yet it illustrates exactly what has happened in the development of the telephone, and what will certainly happen again.

Increasing demands upon the telephone system, calling for more extended and better service, forced removal of every part of the plant not equal to these demands. Switchboards, cables, wires and the telephone instrument itself were changed time and again, as fast as the advancing art of the telephone could improve them.

It was practical to do all this because it greatly increased the capacity of the plant, reduced service rates and added subscribers by the hundred thousand.

In ten years, the telephone plant of the Bell System has been rebuilt and renewed, piece by piece, at an expense exceeding the cost of the canal.

Thus the Bell System is kept at the highest point of efficiency, always apace with the telephone requirements of the public. And the usefulness of the telephone has been extended to all the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

had gone away—nobody knew whither—and would not return until the following Thursday.

H. R.'s move was so mysterious that it could mean but one thing: He was running away!

Merely to make sure of it, she went to Jerry's at one o'clock. The northeast corner table was there, but not H. R. However, she sat down and waited.

She ordered her luncheon herself, irritated at having to do what he should have done. If it was business that kept H. R. away she ought to know it. The right to know everything was part of the spoils. When he came back there would be no more ignorance—never again!

At three o'clock she went home. But as the days passed she became uneasy. H. R. was the only human being she completely dominated. Brooding on his inexplicable absence her thoughts came more and more to take the form of the question that victrices always ask of high heaven: "Have I lost him?" That made her love him.

At noon on the twenty-first of May he telephoned to her:

"Meet me at the Plaza at four—for tea. Don't fail! Good-by!"

"Wait!" she exclaimed angrily, rebellion surging within her by reason of his dictatorial tone of voice. She had been very anxious to see him, but not at that price.

He had wisely hung up the receiver, however. That compelled her to do what he had told her to do. She had something to say to him.

She found him sitting at a small table in the Palm Room. Ethel Van Vervain and Reggie Van Duzen were with him. She approached him frowning, because she ran the usual gantlet of stares and overheard the usual murmurs: "That's Grace Goodchild! Do you think she is as pretty as ——"

Ethel greeted her affectionately and Reggie looked proud to be there. He was a worshiper of the dynamic H. R. But all that H. R. himself said, in his exasperatingly peremptory voice, was:

"Month is up to-day. Now for the test! Tell Ethel you want some sandwiches!"

Grace started slightly and realized that Ethel had not overheard H. R.—he had taken care that she should not.

"No! I—I'm afraid, Hendrik," she stammered, turning pale. Women love to gamble—in their minds, when alone.

"You? Afraid? Of anything?" He looked at her in pained amazement. "Look at me!"

She did.

"I—I'll marry you any—anyway," she said, to show it was not cowardice but the reverse.

"Play the game!" he said sternly.

Before she knew it, she obeyed. She sat down limply and said:

"Ethel, I w-want a s-s-sandwich!"

"You poor thing! You're actually faint with hunger. Don't you want some bouillon? Waiter!"

"No; I want a sandwich!" said Grace loudly. You would have thought she had said: "*Jacta est alea!*"

Ethel and Reggie heard Grace use that word. People all about them knew who she was and had proudly told their out-of-town companions all about H. R. and Grace Goodchild. They, too, heard Grace say she wanted a sandwich.

Not a soul smiled! Not having seen anything about it in the newspapers for a month, New York had forgotten that H. R. had wooed Grace with sandwiches. H. R. was as famous as ever, but his fellow citizens no longer knew why nor how.

The waiter took the order with unsmiling respect. Grace looked at H. R. almost with awe. He smiled reassuringly and asked her:

"Aren't you going to ask Ethel?"

"Ask me what?" said Ethel.

Grace was silent, because she was blushing, like a silly thing—in public.

"On the eighth of June," said H. R. "I suppose you won't mind being a ——"

Ethel naturally interrupted him by saying to Grace:

"I'm so glad! Is it announced?"

"You're the first one we've told, dear girl." H. R. declared solemnly. "Reggie, you will give me courage at the altar?"

"Will I?" chuckled Reggie proudly, and insisted on shaking hands.

H. R. rewarded him. He said: "Reggie, I'm going to let you help me in my campaign. I'm going to the Assembly in the autumn."

Just a Word to the "Sons of Swat"

THE team that depen's on *one* star to bring down the pennant has about as po' a chance as a wagon with one *good* wheel.

An' any tobacco that lets on to be a real good pipe smoke because it's got only one quality, sech as "no bite", has about the same chance of winnin' the lastin' regard of American pipe smokers.

Now VELVET—*it's* got a whole major league aggregation of fine pipe qualities.

In VELVET you notice a mighty pleasant sort of fragrance an' taste, an' a solid sort of "body" that pleases yo' inmost tobacco longin's.

An' the nex' thing you notice is VELVET'S mellowness an' slow burnin'. Careful curin' did *that*—two years' ageing—Nature's patient way of maturing tobacco.

It takes time to build quality into tobacco.

Velvet Joe

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

NEVERBIND Boston Garter

Can't Choke Your Legs — Weighs only Half an Ounce

NO RUBBER in leg band—top of triangle only is elastic—this means FIT without binding—four seasons' COMFORT—STRENGTH without weight.

If your dealer is out, we'll send sample pair, postpaid, single grip, mercerized 25c, silk 50c; double grip, mercerized, 25c, silk, 50c.

George Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass.

SAFETY FIRST

I know you don't like *pawed-over* handkerchiefs. They give fastidious people the creeps. You never know *who* has handled 'em. This is

SEALPACKERCHIEF

the Handkerchief in the *sealed package* that has no chance to collect grime or germs.

Packages for Men and Women Containing

1 for 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 3 for 50c, 1 for 25c.

On Sale in the Good Shops

Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF by name which appears plainly on each package and see that seal is unbroken

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO.

Broadway, at 25th St. New York City

Offices in Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco

"Albany!" said Reggie enthusiastically. "First stop on the way to Washington! There was Cleveland—and Roosevelt; and now ——"

"Oh, Hendrik!" gasped Grace. She would help him all she could at the receptions.

Then she looked at Ethel to see whether she, also, understood national politics. Ethel did. She said with conviction:

"And we'll all vote for him too!"

The waiter laid a plate of sandwiches before Grace.

H. R. stared at them—a long time, as though he were crystal gazing. He saw the labor unions, the churches, the aristocracy, the bankers, the newspapers, the thoughtless and the hungry; and all were with him and for him. He was the only man the Socialists really feared. If he was H. R. to New York, why should he not become H. R. to the nation?

He saw himself on the steps of the Capitol on a Fourth of March. It was typical Rutgers weather. The mighty sun was trying its best to please him and incidentally tranquilizing Big Business by shining goldenly. The clouds, however, were pure silver—with an eye to the retail trade.

In the distance he saw the monument erected with infinite pains to the one American who could not tell a lie. It was a great white finger pointing straight at heaven. It was as though George Washington's stupendous gesture meant: "That is where I got it from!"

That is the place from which everything good comes. It should not be difficult, H. R. thought, to convince his fellow Americans of it. They had been accustomed to reading, every day, In God we Trust! It was on all the dollars.

"Hendrik!" said Grace.

H. R. started from his dream and passed his hand over his eyes.

"Grace," he said to her resolutely, "my work is only beginning!"

THE END

THE MATERNAL SACRIFICE

(Concluded from Page 10)

Don't wait up for me. Whatever have you been doing—to let him come to this in my absence? And then to think"—she aped her last barbed reproach—"you could think of setting a delicate boy like that to work—and work like that!"

Next morning they avoided each other—father and son—by common consent; even their eyes looked everywhere else except into each other's as they sat about the breakfast table.

It was a delicious little breakfast—quite unlike their recent hasty apologies for the meal. Helen had been up early and bought and prepared it. Her competent hands were once more in full control; she had swept and dusted and aired while they slept, or feigned to sleep; and now she offered to a resubjugated realm a conqueror's gracious countenance.

Affectionately she pressed on them her delicate dishes and tactfully laid before them her happy outline for the future. It was a full amnesty she offered. Last night was never to be referred to, she said—in the very act of referring. She understood perfectly just how good and loving had been their intentions; how natural their loneliness; how everything they had done had been meant for the best. And now they would all begin again and do what really was for the best.

Uncle Thomas, she reiterated, had been almost human at the last; she spread before them the check which proved the full extent of his humanness—and they eyed it with an indifference she was too absorbed to perceive. They could settle all those dreadful bills and still, with care—her care—see their way for months ahead. Lovingly she expanded her views: Hartley was to have this; Amadeo was to have that—she had planned nothing for herself.

And now—she held out a hand to each of them—did not her dear ones see that she was to be trusted—that she knew best, after this? Her dear ones silently acquiesced; Hartley kissed the hand he held, and Amadeo, somewhat perfunctorily, pressed the other.

"So now," Helen wound up happily, "you can finish your Antigone!" She smiled on her husband, who smiled bravely back. "But, first of all"—she turned to her son caressingly—"we are going to have one big treat. I think we've earned it." She paused to heighten the effect. "We're going—all three of us—to the Symphony Series. I'm going to buy the tickets this very day. There! Won't that be better than those low movies?" She regarded them with indulgent tenderness. "Oh, my dear ones! I hope never, never to leave you again while I live!"

She waited for the answering outburst—which came, with halting feebleness, but tenderly, from Hartley. Amadeo was busy folding up his napkin, which now he laid with deliberation on the table before he pushed back his chair.

"Don't buy any ticket for me, mother," he said, rising. "I shan't be able to go."

"You shan't be able to go!" exclaimed Helen; and Hartley Dean lifted his head and looked quickly at his son. What he saw caused him to keep on looking.

"You shan't be able to go! What—what do you mean?" Helen's voice pursued her son halfway across the room in a rising, portending crescendo. "And where are you going now?"

Amadeo turned politely, but he gave no sign of returning; an inflexibly opposite intention was in his attitude.

"I have an appointment—for every afternoon between two and six."

Helen gasped; her fingers clutched waveringly at the air, and encountered and held fast her husband's. She gasped again.

"You mean," she said—"you mean——"

"Movies!" replied Amadeo inexorably.

He waited, as though to give his mother a chance to speak; and Helen's lips opened once or twice and closed as she sat staring at her son's rigid young figure.

Whatever she saw, it was final; and presently, with an unmoved countenance, Amadeo turned and walked quietly from the room. His mother's fascinated gaze accompanied him to the very door of his room; she waited, scarcely breathing, to see whether he would shut that door. He shut it quietly but firmly.

With something like a moan Helen turned and surprised in her husband's eyes an expression before which she flung herself passionately on him.

"You too! Are you going to desert me too?" she asked tragically.

Hartley Dean shook his head. He folded her tense figure in his arms. He was no longer nineteen, and her work, in his regard, had been too thorough. Besides, the completeness of her overthrow touched his heart; and he loved her. He smoothed her hair and stroked her hands, and Helen subsided softly in his embrace.

"I have *you!*" she murmured. "I have you!"

But even in the very act of saying it, and while he felt the tightening clutch of her fingers closing on his, her husband saw her eyes turn, with an almost frightened admiration and an unknown pride, to her son's closed door.

$15,000 a Year Velvet

What Steinway & Sons Found at the Bottom of Their Insurance Conditions

BY FREDERICK REIDEMEISTER

Treasurer, Steinway & Sons, Piano Manufacturers

"THE insurance rate on the Steinway plant was $1.50 per $100 in spite of the fact that we had the regular New York Fire Department five minutes away; in addition, our own private fire department; two 50,000 gallon cisterns; tremendous, high pressure steam-pump; stand-pipes; hose; a chemical engine; fire drills; etc.

Why Steinway's Rate was $1.50

"Common sense told us that we were not safe from fire as long as we paid this high rate, for as the insurance rate so the fire danger. Careful investigation proved to us that a fire department and a watchman system, however efficient, could not automatically discover a fire in our buildings at dead of night, drench it instantly with a quenching spray of water, and at the same instant send in a fire alarm.

"We found that the Grinnell Sprinkler System makes both building and its contents immune from fire. Therefore, three years ago we installed a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System.

Why the Rate Dropped

"The initial cost of the Grinnell installation was $30,000. As soon as the equipment was in, the insurance companies reduced the cost of our insurance $15,000 per year. Thus during the three years which the Grinnell System has been in our plant, it has paid for itself and, besides, has earned a profit of $15,000. It will continue to earn a profit of $15,000 per year indefinitely—perhaps as long as we are in business.

"This reduction may seem incredible, but when it is known that our rate dropped from $1.50 to 10⅞ cents per hundred dollars as soon as the Grinnell System was installed, the fact that we effected a saving of $15,000 per year will not be astonishing.

"*Purchasing and installing an automatic sprinkler system in our plant is the most profitable business we have engaged in or known of.*

"When asked what first induced us to install automatic sprinklers, we replied, 'To get a low insurance rate,' but that was not the only inducement.

The Real Tragedy of Fire

"For example, we have 500 employees working in our plants. We wanted them absolutely free from the peril of fire. Also, we wanted our employees free from any danger of being thrown out of employment.

"Lastly, we did not want the business interruption which a fire always entails—the real tragedy of a fire. One can recover his property loss from the insurance companies, but he cannot recover the orders which a fire prevents his filling, nor can he recover his disbanded organization.

"Disrupted organization is of vital moment to Steinway & Sons, because the sweet tone of the Steinway piano, which has a world-wide reputation, is the product of a peculiar organization that has handed the method down from father to son. No one or two of our artists and artisans can produce the Steinway tone, but the whole organization, working in harmony, is what creates it.

"Therefore, if through a stoppage of our plants by fire, this organization were disbanded and scattered, the loss to us would be a calamity. And we propose to have no such calamity."

(End of Letter)

Numerous other great business concerns have written letters in regard to their experiences with the Grinnell System, among them Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.; John Deere Co.; Hudson Motor Car Co.; Buick Motor Car Co.; Remington Typewriter Co., etc.

They permit the publication of these experiences in order to help spread the spirit of conservation against fire.

Think of any one of the foremost institutions of American business and you may say, almost with certainty, that that institution is protected by a Grinnell System. Some firms have put into their buildings Grinnell equipment costing $100,000 or more. They did not invest these sums merely in an Automatic Sprinkler installation, but in Grinnell Scientific Fire Protection. As big buyers of business equipment, they gained the knowledge—

1st—that sprinkler engineering is more than mere pipe-fitting. It is a difficult, highly technical art, and the Grinnell System is the one with the trained, technical talent back of it.

2nd—that Grinnell Systems are shop-assembled and only the final connections are made in your building, insuring quick and botherless installation.

3d—that the Grinnell equipment is one that can be installed and then forgotten, thanks to the superior workmanship and materials. (Grinnell Sprinkler heads have leakless, non-corrosive, glass valves, seated on a self-tightening diaphragm.)

4th—that Grinnell is the standard system, the original sensitive system, with thirty-three years' experience built into it. It protects more wealth than all other systems put together.

No Investment Needed

If your working capital is profitably engaged, don't disturb it. Protect it by allowing a construction company to install a Grinnell System for you. In this way it will become yours and make money for you without investment.

The sleepless fire watchman

It will surely pay you to dictate a short letter to your secretary—now—stating any reasons which you think might prove a handicap to your installing a Grinnell System immediately. Or merely say, "Please send me a Grinnell Insurance Information Blank." Many concerns which now have a Grinnell System thought it impossible until they wrote us.

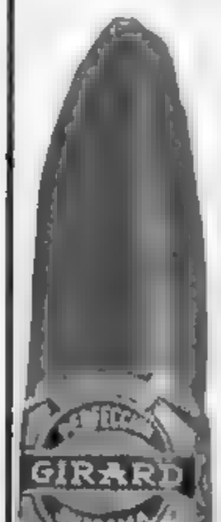
The Grinnell Automatic System is manufactured and installed only by the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I. Branches throughout the country.

"My seventh Girard today!"

"And I'd never know I smoked them—except for the pleasure!"

That's where the *Girard cigar* is so unusual. It is completely satisfying and at the same time harmless.

The Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves



It neither irritates nor depresses you, never slows you up in your work or your thinking, never makes you feel anything but clear-headed and "fit," and "right on the job."

Any Girard dealer will tell you why. He knows that the *Girard* is a genuine Havana smoke, fragrant, delightful, *mellowed by age alone.* It is honest all through and a *big money's worth.*

We take back any part of the dealer's purchase. We authorize him to take back any part of yours. Remand your dealer of this. Urge him to supply you.

14 sizes. 10c straight, and up.

Don't be side-tracked. Give the *Girard* a trial. *Why not do it today?*

Our Trial Offer

Simply mail us
$1 for 10—10c Girards
$2.50 for 25—10c Girards
$5.00 for 50—10c Girards
if your dealer can't supply you.

Smoke five of these Girard cigars, and if you are not satisfied return the remainder and we will refund all your money.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

Pin your check or bill to this handy coupon

Check shape you prefer.

"Broker" 5⅛ inch Perfecto

"Mariner" 5¼ inch Panatela

"Founder" 5 inch Londres

Check your size below.

Light Medium Dark

The "Broker" Actual size 10c.

Name _____

Address _____

Also please tell us your dealer's name.

CLOSING THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 5)

These were followed by changed demands—modified from twenty-one to twenty-four and presented to China during the last week in April—to which a yes-or-no reply was demanded, and to which China replied on May first. But I desire to show the full meaning of the original demands. The Japanese official explanation of the demands sent to the Powers, which began to ask insistent questions after some of the import of the original twenty-one demands became public, and showing a pleasant little Japanese tergiversation, was as follows:

"I. In relation to the Province of Shantung:

"1. Engagement on the part of China to consent to all matters that may be agreed upon between Japan and Germany with regard to the disposition of all rights, interests, concessions which, in virtue of treaties or otherwise, Germany possesses in relation to the Province of Shan-tung.

"2. Engagement not to alienate or lease upon any pretext the Province of Shantung, or any portion thereof, or any island lying near the coast of the said province.

"3. Grant to Japan the right of construction of a railway connecting Chefoo or Lung-kow and the Tsi-nan–Kiao-chau Railway.

"II. In relation to South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia:

1. Extension of the terms of the lease of Kwangtung, the South Manchuria and the Antung-Mukden Railway.

"2. (a) Acquisition by the Japanese of the right of residence and ownership of land. (b) Grant to Japan of the mining rights of the mines specified by Japan.

"3. Obligation on the part of China to obtain in advance the consent of Japan before she grants railway concessions to any third Power, procures the supply of capital from any Power for the construction of a railway, or raises from any third Power a loan on security of any duties or taxes.

"4. Obligation on the part of China to consult Japan before employing advisers or tutors regarding political, financial or military matters.

"5. Transfer of the management and control of the Kirin-Chang-chau Railway to Japan.

"III. Agreement in principle that at an opportune moment in the future the Hanyehping Company shall be placed under Japanese and Chinese coöperation.

"IV. Engagement, in accordance with the principle of maintenance of the territorial integrity of China, not to alienate or lease any ports or bays on, or any island near, the coast of China."

China's Formal Answer

These are the demands Japan said, in the original instance, she had made when brought to task by the Powers, including the United States, and asked to show what her intentions as regards China are. She knew that these additional eleven demands would arouse strong opposition, as they have done, that these demands really mean the taking over of China, in effect, and would merely be the precursors of that taking over in due time, so she labeled these as requests to the world, but insisted on them as the most imperative demands to China. Japan was double dealing, but she was caught at it. Even after she was caught, and the rest of the world came to the realization that China had told the truth about it all, Japan continued to press these demands, and to threaten China with force if they were not all complied with.

Minister Hioki conducted the negotiations based on the original demands for Japan, and His Excellency the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs represented China. There were more than twenty meetings. The upshot of it was that at the beginning of the last week in April, after many delays and much talk, China had assented to the first paragraph of section one of the demands, and refused the second, but had offered to circularize the Powers if any occasion came up for leasing any territory in the place specified to any third Power. Japan was seeking, in this demand, to get China to put into a protocol the disposition of her territory at the consent of Japan, and of course Japan never would consent save to the disposition of it to Japan. Thus, as in Korea, Japan would have specific control of the territorial sovereignty of China. China saw through this, refused, and made the Japanese furious by offering to put all the other Powers on an equal footing with Japan in such a contingency.

China conceded practically all the South Manchurian demands. She had no recourse, for South Manchuria is practically Japanese now. China would not discuss Group Three, on the ground that the Hanyehping Company is a private and not a government concern, and refused to discuss any of the sections in Group Five. She conceded some things in Mongolia.

Meantime, after a section was disposed of by agreement, the Japanese steadily refused to close discussion on those agreed points. They came back repeatedly to settled propositions, and tried to induce China to grant something in one place because she had already made similar grants in other places, notably South Manchuria. On one occasion, when China protested that one of the railroad concessions demanded by Japan would interfere with a concession already granted to Great Britain, Japan urged China to make the grant to Japan and allow Japan to settle with her ally, Great Britain.

The Milk in the Cocoanut

The incredulity which met the original Chinese statement of what Japan was trying to get from China changed to indignation, especially in Great Britain. Trade organizations in China found means to get the real nature of the demands home to England, and the result was a series of questions in Parliament. Also the result was a note from the United States, stating that our original position of the open door and territorial integrity for China had not been altered in the least. Japan paid no attention to this intimation from the United States to go slow, but Japan did pay a great deal of attention to the storm that was rising in England. Great Britain has an investment of five hundred million pounds sterling in China, largely in the wonderful Yangtze Valley and in the cities along the Yangtze River, and Japan coolly proposed to control that territory, and this to her ally, Great Britain. Commercial Great Britain howled with rage.

The milk in this imperial cocoanut of Japan's was in the last three groups, three, four and five. On these, and especially on Group Three and Group Five, the latter group being the one that Japan inadvertently neglected to communicate to the Powers at all, are based Japan's plans for the domination of China. In these are the first steps marked for the suzerainty of Japan over China. These are the blue prints and the specifications for the beginning of the consolidation of the yellow men by Japan; for making every Power, including her ally, Great Britain, and her old friend, the United States, subordinate in China; for grabbing the whole thing herself.

The importance of the demands concerning the Hanyehping mines is this: Japan is now compelled to import eighty per cent of all the iron and steel she uses. Here near Hankow are the Hanyehping mines, into which Japan has already wormed herself as an investor. Here is coal in inexhaustible quantities, and lime, and everything needed for the making of the iron and steel Japan must have, not only for her industrial projects, but for her military ambitions as well. Here is water communication down the mighty Yangtze River to the sea, and thus across in two days from Shanghai to Nagasaki in Japan. Japan must have iron. Here is the best iron there is, and worlds of it. Japan wants Hanyehping, and wants Hanyehping vitally. Also Japan, once she gets possession of Hanyehping, intends to see to it that no other nation or individual opens any other mines in that rich territory. Japan wants a monopoly on Hanyehping, feeling sure that if the mines are made a joint concern between China and Japan, especially if Japan gets her other demands, China will have small say in what the mines do. China will be the minority shareholder. From Japan's necessities, and in line with her ambitions, control of these iron mines is vital.

There is small wonder that when the full text of Group Five reached England there

At the First Signal of Decay

When the first little ache signals tooth-trouble, then it is high time to seek out the cause.

Nine chances to one, "Acid-Mouth" is weakening the enamel of your teeth. When the enamel breaks, decay germs soon play havoc with the interior soft structure of the teeth.

There's one sure way to oppose "Acid-Mouth." That is the regular daily use of

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco is a scientific dentifrice originated to save teeth as well as to keep them immaculately clean. It does save teeth by fighting their worst enemy, "Acid-Mouth."

Pebeco polishes teeth beautifully, purifies the mouth and gives a fine feeling of freshness and keenness. Its use is a daily pleasure.

Send for Free Ten-day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you whether you, too, have "Acid Mouth" and how Pebeco protects against it. The trial tube will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts. Pebeco is sold everywhere in *extra-large tubes.* As only one third of a brushful is used at a time, Pebeco saves money as well as teeth.

Manufactured by
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122 William Street, New York

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were howls from the English commercial investors in China, faintly echoed by the government. Group Five, and the iron of Hanyehping, embody the ambitions of the military party in Japan, and, further, they give Japan the practical control of China, make China a dependency of Japan, to all intents and purposes. The Japanese demanded the employment of Japanese as advisers in political, financial and military affairs. They demanded ownership of land for the building of hospitals, churches and schools, and that meant, undoubtedly, for any other purpose. They demanded joint police supervision, which would soon be dominated by the Japanese. They demanded that China should buy fifty per cent of her munitions of war from Japan, or that there should be established a jointly worked arsenal, thus giving Japan virtual control of the Chinese Army. They demanded railroad concessions that would be of use to them in Southern and Central China for military and other purposes. They demanded that in the Province of Fu-kien, which is the province nearest to the Hongkong settlement of the British and to our own Philippines, they should have the right to work mines, build railroads and build harbors and drydocks.

Take a map of China and see where the Province of Fu-kien is located. Note how it protects Formosa, which belongs to Japan, and how it is nearest to Hongkong and faces the Philippines. Then you will realize why Japan skipped away down to Fu-kien from Manchuria and Shan-tung and selected this province for her other very own. Then you will realize, also, with what detail Japan worked out this scheme for the taking over of China, and in furtherance of her plan for the consolidation of the yellow races of the world under her leadership for such an eventual struggle as may come in the course of time, between the white and the yellow men of the world.

China, with considerable show of courage, refused absolutely to discuss these propositions. Japan held open all the others in the endeavor to force China into a discussion of them. Japan, having Manchuria practically and Shan-tung to all intents and purposes, could afford to dally with those conditions; but Japan was set on forcing China to give herself over into Japan's hands as above set forth.

China, for the first time in her diplomatic negotiations, under the direction of Yuan Shi Kai, tried no evasion to the rest of the world. China told the truth frankly and fully. It took time, but the force of publicity began to work, and Japan realized that something must be done or she might not be able to withstand the force of international opinion. Her greed and disregard of the treaty rights of other nations, and her further disregard of the protestations of her own statesmen that Japan has no ulterior designs on China, were so palpable that there came a storm of protest.

Mongolian Characteristics

There was no belief in China that China could withstand any force that Japan might choose to apply. Japan could whip China in a week. China knew that. China, therefore, adopted the dignified position of refusing to give away her birthright, and told Japan, in effect, to go ahead and take it if she was so foolish. China counted on the rest of the world's ultimately forcing Japan to get out, and relying on this—for China could make no defense herself—China refused to discuss these various paragraphs that so palpably infringed on her sovereignty and independence and put her so completely into the designing hands of Japan. She calmly told Japan to go ahead and do her worst.

Japan hesitated. Japan knows China and China knows Japan. That is, the Chinese know the Japanese and the Japanese know the Chinese. Nobody else knows either very well. Still, it is a characteristic of the Chinese that if an opponent holds on and holds on and holds on ultimately the Chinese will run away. Also it is a characteristic of the Japanese to bluff and bluff and bluff to the last minute for everything in sight, and finally to take what they can get. Hence the final compromise.

The new demands, presented by Mr. Hioki, were considerably changed from the former demands, with some easing off of drastic conditions, some diplomatic evasions, and some omissions, notably the omission of the provision for joint policing, and the suggestion that there should be exchanges of notes on various points. I quote them literally, and in reading them it must be remembered that all the matter here presented, including alleged statements by the Chinese Foreign Minister, are statements made by the Japanese and not by the Chinese. This is the translation, official and verified, of the document presented to China on April twenty-sixth:

GROUP I

The Japanese Government and the Chinese Government being desirous of maintaining the peace of Eastern Asia and of further strengthening the friendly relations existing between the two neighboring nations agree to the following Articles:

ARTICLE I

The Chinese Government agrees that when the Japanese Government hereafter approaches the German Government for the transfer of all rights and privileges of whatsoever nature enjoyed by Germany in the Province of Shan-tung, whether secured by treaty or in any other manner, China shall give her full assent thereto.

ARTICLE II

The Chinese Government engages that within the Province of Shan-tung and along its sea border no territory or island or land of any name or nature shall be ceded or leased to any third Power.

ARTICLE III

The Chinese Government consents that as regards the railways to be built by China herself from Chefoo or Lung-chau to connect with the Tsinan—Kiao-chau Railway, if Germany is willing to abandon the privilege of financing the said lines China will approach Japanese capitalists to negotiate for a loan.

ARTICLE IV

The Chinese Government engages, in the interest of trade and for the residence of foreigners, to open by herself as soon as possible certain suitable places in the Province of Shan-tung, as commercial ports.

THE FOLLOWING TO BE THE SUBJECT OF AN EXCHANGE OF NOTES

The places which ought to be opened are to be chosen and the regulations to be drafted by the Chinese Government, but the Japanese Minister must be consulted before making a decision.

GROUP II

The Chinese Government and the Japanese Government, with a view to developing their economic relations in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, agree on the following Articles:

ARTICLE I

The two contracting Powers mutually agree that the term of lease of Port Arthur and Dalny and the term of lease of the South Manchuria and Antung—Mukden Railways shall be extended to the period of ninety-nine years.

ARTICLE II

Japanese subjects in South Manchuria may lease or purchase necessary land for erecting suitable buildings for trade and manufacture or for prosecuting agricultural enterprises.

ARTICLE III

Japanese subjects shall be free to reside and travel in South Manchuria and to engage in business and in manufacture of any kind whatsoever.

The Japanese subjects referred to in the preceding two articles besides being required to register with local authorities passports, which they must procure under the existing regulations, shall also observe police laws and ordinances and tax regulations which are approved by the Japanese Consul.

Civil and criminal cases in which the defendants are Japanese shall be tried and adjudicated by the Japanese Consul; those in which the defendants are Chinese shall be tried and adjudicated by Chinese authorities. In either instance the authorities on the plaintiff side can send a delegate to attend the proceedings; but mixed civil cases between Chinese and Japanese relating to land shall be tried and adjudicated by the delegates of both nations conjointly in accordance with Chinese law and local usage. When the judicial period in the said region is completely reformed all the civil and criminal cases concerning Japanese subjects shall be tried entirely by Chinese law courts.

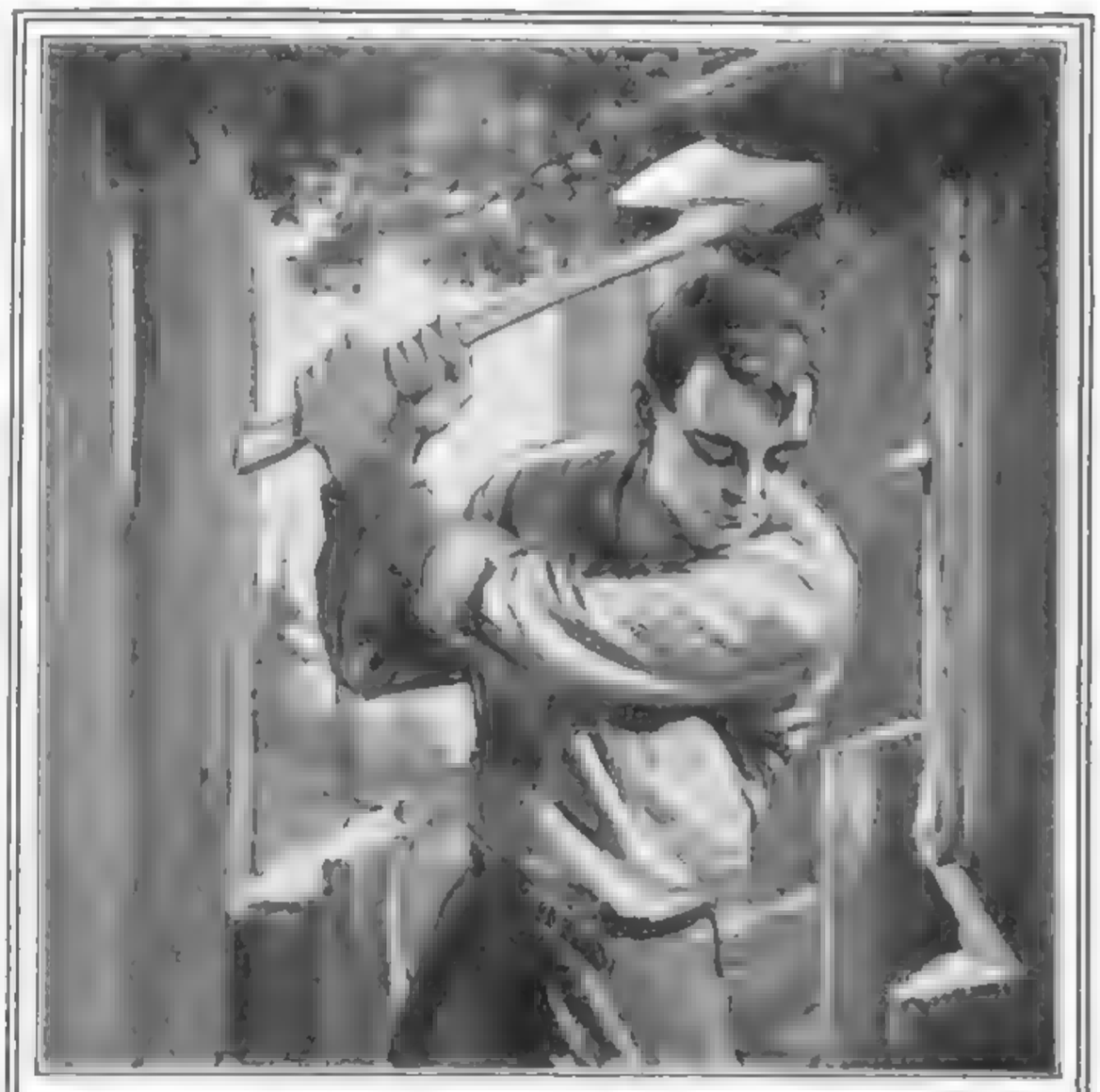
Articles IV, V, VI, VII, "initialed" as in previous demands.

RELATING TO EASTERN INNER MONGOLIA

1. The Chinese Government agrees that whenever a loan is to be made with a third Power, pledging the local taxes of Eastern Inner Mongolia as security, China must negotiate with the Japanese Government first.

2. The Chinese Government agrees that China will herself provide funds for building the railways in Eastern Inner Mongolia; if foreign capital is required she must negotiate with the Japanese Government first.

3. The Chinese Government agrees, in the interests of trade and the residence of foreigners, to open by herself as soon as possible certain suitable places in



Were You Feeding This Man—

Half-Baked Beans Might Do, But Most Men Need Van Camp's

Remember, please, that old-time Beans were baked mostly for outdoor workers. Where men work indoors, that dish was never popular. Few such men could digest it.

It was Van Camp's that won those indoor workers back to this national dish. The use of Baked Beans has multiplied under better baking.

Home-style Beans and Mother Style are very fine in theory. But modern stomachs rebel. Modern knowledge opposes them. And modern tastes demand mealiness, nuttiness and zest. Van Camp's are the Beans of today.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

If you knew what it meant to bake Beans like Van Camp's, you would always make sure to get them.

We pick out the beans by analysis. The sauce is a costly creation. They are baked together, so the sauce goes through. They are baked in small lots—baked for hours in high heat—baked without crisping or bursting.

You'll find no dish like Van Camp's—none that you like so well—none that men so welcome. Make all the comparisons you wish. But if Van Camp's delight you, get them every time. In these hot days, when you wish to save cooking, you want the best-liked Baked Beans.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

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Play The Game Of "Beat-The-Heat" In B.V.D. And You'll Win

THE "big game" that every mother's son of us must play all day and every day is "*Beat-The-Heat.*" B.V. D. Underwear not only makes summer endurable, but pleasurable. Its cool, clean, soft feel soothes your body when you put it on. Its freedom of arm, leg, all over, smooths your temper while you have it on. The heat isn't less, but you feel it less.

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B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B.V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

Firmly insist upon seeing this label and *firmly refuse* to take any Athletic Underwear without it.

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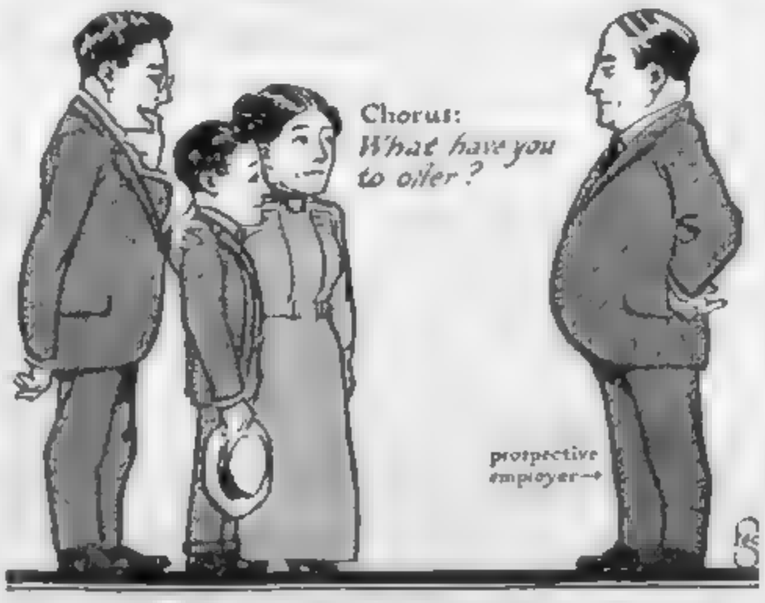

How Many Parents Know—

That Business prefers trained employees?
That fifty per cent of American boys do not get even a common school education?
That very little vocational training is given in our common schools?
That under the Curtis plan any boy can secure valuable training in salesmanship and business experience that will help him to "fit in"?
That by selling *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* he can become a Master Salesman in all that the title implies?
That, upon request, we guarantee then to obtain for him a good business position?
That the Curtis plan is training boys to be the "all round" men of tomorrow?
That fifty thousand previously undeveloped boys are enjoying these advantages?
That parents, teachers and boy workers everywhere are co-operating?
That we have standing applications from many large corporations for our Master Salesmen to fill good positions?
Let us tell you or your boy about the plan

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Eastern Inner Mongolia as commercial ports. The places which ought to be opened are to be chosen and the regulations to be drafted by the Chinese Government, but the Japanese Minister must be consulted before reaching a decision.

4. If there are Japanese and Chinese who desire to cooperate in agricultural enterprises, including incidental manufacture, the Chinese Government shall forthwith give its permisson.

GROUP III

The relations between Japan and the Hanyehping Company being very intimate, if the said Company comes to an agreement with the Japanese capitalists for cooperation the Chinese Government shall forthwith give its consent thereto. The Chinese Government further agrees that without the consent of the Japanese capitalists China will not convert the company into a State enterprise, nor confiscate it nor cause it to borrow and use foreign capital other than Japanese.

GROUP IV

China to make a declaration by herself in accordance with the following principle: No part of China's coast, bays, harbors or islands shall be ceded or leased to another Power.

GROUP V

Yangtze Railways—to be confirmed by exchange of notes.

A

As regards the right of financing by loan the Wu-chang–Kiu-kiang–Nan-chang Railways, the Nan-chang–Hang-chau Railway, and the Nan-chang–Chao-chau Railway, if it is clearly ascertained that other Powers have no objection China shall grant the said right to Japan.

B

As regards the right of financing by loan the Wu-chang Kiu-kiang–Nan chang Railways, the Nan-chang–Hang-chau Railway, and the Nan-chang–Chao-chau Railway, the Chinese Government shall promise not to *grant* the said right to *any foreign Power* before Japan comes to an understanding with the Power which is heretofore *interested* therein.

FU-KIEN

(By an exchange of notes.)

The Chinese Government agrees that no Power shall be permitted to establish along the coast of Fu-kien dockyards, a coaling station for military use, or a naval base; nor will any other installations for military purposes be permitted. The Chinese Government further agrees that China will not use foreign capital to put up by herself the above-mentioned establishments or installations.

The Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs stated as follows:

1. The Chinese Government shall, whenever in future it considers this step necessary, engage numerous Japanese advisers.

2. Whenever in future Japanese subjects desire to lease or purchase land in the interior of China for establishing schools or hospitals the Chinese Government shall forthwith give its consent thereto.

3. When a suitable opportunity arises in the future the Chinese Government will send military officers to Japan to negotiate with Japanese military authorities the matter of purchasing arms or that of establishing joint arsenals.

Mr. Hioki, the Japanese Minister, stated as follows:

As related to the question of propagating religion (Buddhism) the same shall be taken up again for negotiation in the future.

The Japanese Procedure

There are probably no people in the world so anxious for peace as the Chinese, nor so timid. If they were more aggressive, or less passive, half the things that have happened to them would not have happened. The Japanese knew of this national characteristic and took advantage of it, just as outside races have been taking advantage of it for centuries. Moreover, the Chinese themselves went the extreme limit in their reply to the Japanese in order to avoid trouble. They conceded more than they should have conceded, but they held off on those provisions of the Japanese demands that, in their opinion, infringed on their sovereignty. They refused to discuss any of the demands either as originally made in Group Five, which if assented to would have made China virtually a protectorate of Japan, or as put together by the Japanese out of alleged statements by the Chinese Foreign Minister, at the various conferences.

The Japanese procedure on these Group Five demands was interesting. Their proposal, as revised and as printed above, did not present any of the Group Five provisions as originally, when they were flat demands, but put them in other ways, as will be seen, ingeniously making it appear that Mr. Lu had already in effect agreed to some of the various proposals, and all that was necessary was to initial these paragraphs.

Mr. Lu read a long memorandum, reciting the efforts of the Chinese to maintain friendly relations and to assent to all Japan wanted that could be assented to without almost complete subjugation. They agreed to the revised Hanyehping mine proposal, which, they think, will avoid a Japanese monopoly of the mines, but which may not work out that way at all. They agreed to deal with Fu-kien as a separate question, to be the subject of future exchange of diplomatic notes. They agreed to most of the provisions concerning Mongolia. But they refused to assent to the Japanese proposals about the buying of munitions of war, establishing joint arsenals, the three new railways, the propagation of religion and the rights to own land for various purposes. The Japanese did not again present the demand for the joint policing of the two countries. The conference adjourned without date.

China Helped by Publicity

What Japan has accepted will be analyzed in a later article. What Japan tried to do, in the original instance, is herewith set forth. There need be no misunderstanding as to what Japan had in mind. Japan sought to establish a protectorate over China, in effect. Japan sought to get a stranglehold on that country, to begin the consolidation of the yellow race. Japan seized on the present as a time when she could put this over without attracting the attention or arousing the indignation of Europe and America, to grab China under the cloak of the war in Europe. If the Chinese had assented to the Japanese demand for secret negotiations, and had conceded all the demands, China would be to-day, to all intents and purposes, a Japanese dependency instead of a sovereign country.

This is no matter of speculation. South Manchuria, where the Japanese have had a reasonably free hand for some years, is now almost as Japanese as Japan. At any rate it is not Chinese in the sense that China has any more than a nominal control over it. Tsingtau is practically a Japanese place already. The Japanese, once they get a fingerhold, work rapidly and skillfully.

By publicity Japan was checked in accomplishing, without using military force, what she hoped to accomplish—the taking over of China. The claim has been made that when Japan sent only eleven of her demands to the Powers, she sent the entire twenty-one to her ally, Great Britain. If this is true, as will be demonstrated, the British Government failed to inform the English investors who have five hundred million pounds sterling, or in round numbers, two and a half billion gold dollars, invested in China, and it was publicity that aroused these men.

The question is one of ethical concern with the United States. If it makes no difference to us, in view of our previous declarations, whether Japan grabs China, we can sit and watch the process of assimilation as being without our sphere of interest. But if we are concerned about keeping the door open in China, and have any feeling about the preservation of the territorial integrity of that country, or the defensive or offensive amalgamation of the yellow races, then we have a say. The commercial interest of the United States in China is largely potential, to be developed.

If Japan gets China the situation will be reversed. Then the United States will have just as much trade as Japan cannot prevent our getting, and no more. There is no feature of this proposed program of Japan's in China that is friendly to the United States. The Japanese have constantly endeavored, by use of the exclusion argument, to set the minds of the Chinese against us, demonstrating to the Chinese that they and the Japanese should combine against the United States because the United States excludes the Chinese and discriminates, as they claim, against the Japanese, both yellow men. Notwithstanding, China is friendly to us and wants to be.

To sum it all up, as it stands at this writing China has conceded more than she should have conceded, and Japan has not obtained all she wanted.

The facts of this attempt by Japan to grab China are herewith presented, so far as they relate to the first phase of that attempt, and they have been underwritten rather than overwritten.

THE WORLD'S RECORD ON GASOLINE MILEAGE

AN eminent foreign manufacturer has said that the most typical thing about the American purchaser is his willingness to try anything once.

In politics or philanthropy men depend on opinions and theory. In mechanics and finance they should rely on facts.

When the good-natured American public makes an investment for its own pleasure or personal use, it is likely to confuse its finance with theory, and its mechanics with opinion—just as though the facts were not there.

A man who tests his coal for heat units often selects his motor car on somebody's "say so."

In the purchase of an automobile—the biggest single expenditure for pleasure that the average man makes in a life-time—dozens of cars are offered to the public as "The most economical car," "The most durable car," "The most efficient car."

Durability, economy, efficiency, are comparative terms. The mere statement of them affords no *standard of comparison*.

Now, in every community of America there are a few men who refuse to submit to ready-made opinions.

Men with the ability to pick out the significant facts, and to draw their own conclusions.

What these men seek is a basis of value *before* their purchase is made.

Automobile buyers stood for $300,000,000 worth of depreciation last year.

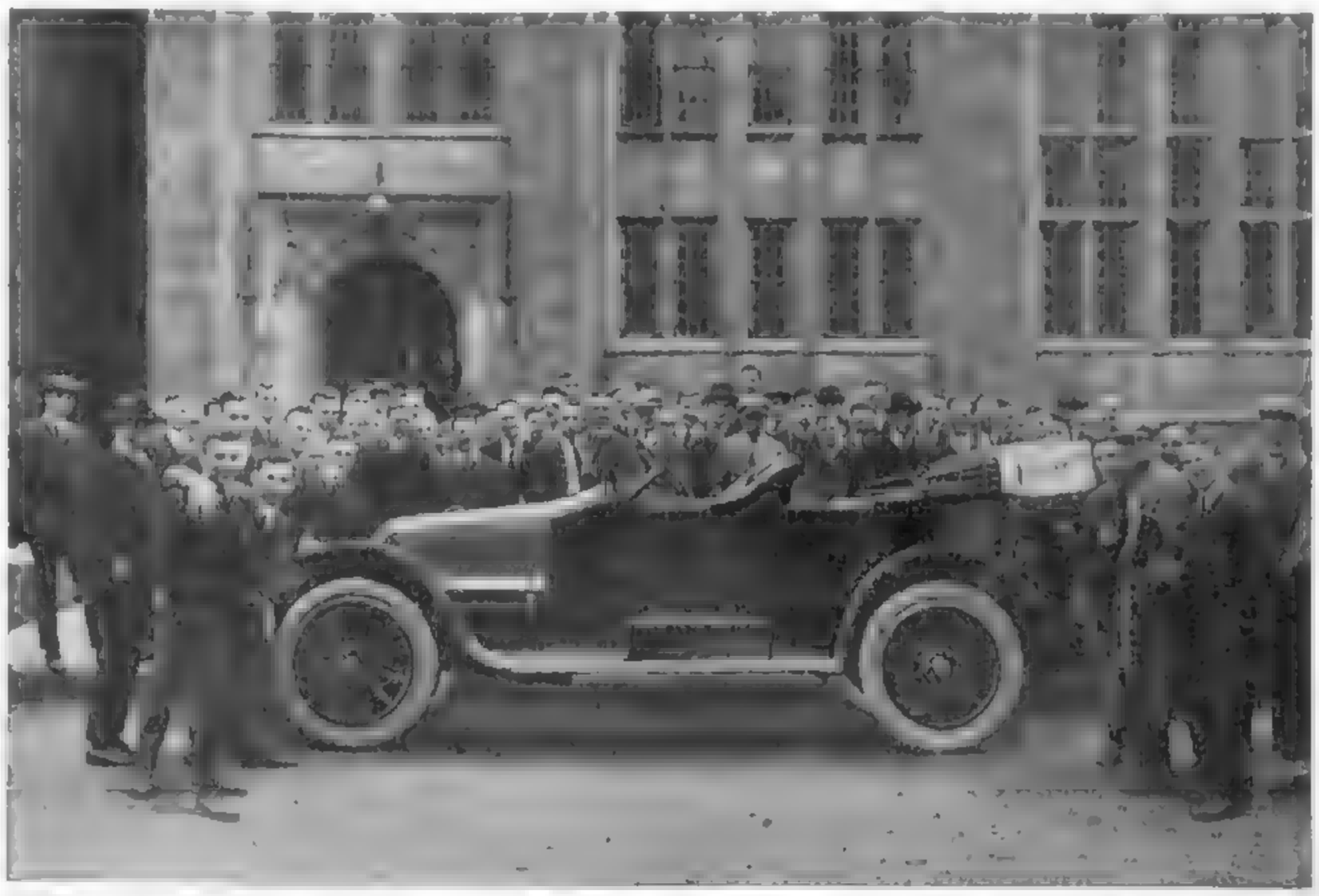
They paid a $200,000,000 tire bill.

And $150,000,000 for gasoline.

These good-natured buyers are paying their bills cheerfully—but they are beginning to *ask for facts*.

The whole automobile world is busy explaining why it costs so much to run a motor car.

Gasoline economy is more of a motor car test than most people seem to realize.



The record of the Franklin Car for gasoline mileage is established by actual tests on the *road*—not in a *laboratory*, and not merely what one car will do. On May 1st, 1915, *one hundred and thirty-seven* regular Franklin Cars were run on all sorts of roads in all parts of the United States and regardless of weather conditions. The illustration shows the finish of the New Haven road test—the Franklin Car in front of the Mechanical Engineering building of the Sheffield Scientific School on the Yale Campus—as it came from the road after running fifty-five miles on one gallon of gasoline.

It proves the smooth-rolling, comfortable-riding qualities of a car. It shows there is no undue destruction of parts. It proves that as a fine piece of mechanism the car is doing the work you want it to do, with the smallest expenditure of power, the least friction, the lowest cost.

Whatever make of car you own—or even if you don't buy another car till three years from now—Franklin facts are available, and we want you to have them.

Just at this time, many men for one reason or another are considering nothing but first-cost. They are not yet ready to face the facts as regards upkeep and depreciation.

They will be Franklin owners some day.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Tarvia

Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

Baltimore and Washington Boulevard, Treated with "Tarvia B".

40 Miles of Tarvia Roads—

The great automobile boulevard between Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md., is tarviated from end to end.

The Tarvia treatment has given the road a firm, waterproof, durable surface—free from dust and mud—and one that is not affected by the wear and tear of swift motor car traffic.

Another great Maryland state road—the Baltimore-Annapolis Boulevard—also is tarviated for about twenty miles of its twenty-eight mile length, and results have been most satisfactory.

Owing to its very low cost and satisfactory results, the Tarvia form of road treatment and construction is growing more popular every year.

Illustrated booklet on request

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, the Barrett Manufacturing Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to nearest office regarding road [illegible] problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *fewer taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago [illegible] Boston [illegible] Cleveland Cincinnati [illegible] Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis [illegible] Salt Lake City Seattle
The Paterson Mfg. Co., Limited Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. [illegible]

Do You Need a $10.00 Raise?

ARTHUR E. ROGERS, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, found that the salary from his regular position with a local bank was not sufficient to keep pace with the requirements of a growing family. He needed more money, and in spare moments began to take subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Today he writes:

"My profits from Curtis work are averaging well over Ten Dollars a week. I needed that increase in my income, to pay off the debts that were gradually gathering around me, and to help support myself and my family. This year my profits from Curtis work are increasing to the point where I can put the surplus into a savings fund that will some day buy me a home of my own."

Mr. Rogers is only one of the thousands of men and women who in their spare time are securing from Curtis work the extra money that they need. We want more representatives. If you need more money, we'd like to hear from you.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 948
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE PHILADELPHIA

THE RAIN MAKER

(Continued from Page 13)

their little-used mackintoshes and umbrellas, like those who forfend the worst.

Sunday was a clear and perfect day, and toward noon many could be found who wanted only the opportunity to declare frank skepticism. By Sunday evening a few were heard to laugh; and several old jokes concerning weather prophets and frauds and fakers were taken down, dusted off, and prepared for use not later than Monday morning.

At midnight Sunday a fresh breeze sprang up, followed shortly by a gusty wind, which brought a sprinkle of moisture that turned to a steady rain; and that developed into a downpour.

Monday morning it rained in sheets! Monday afternoon there came a turn in the wind that stopped the rain; but on Monday, about dark, lightning flashed, thunder crashed and rolled, the elements gathered themselves together, and that night every store in Bairdsville had its cellar filled and its floors inundated. Most of the residents rose at dawn and walked, ankle-deep, to their windows, to look out and view the extent of the disaster.

Then blind rage seized them. Confound it all, or dingbust it all, or damn it all! Who was this unregenerate and unbridled idiot, Max Shearer, anyhow, that he should tinker with Heaven's prerogative and do ten thousand dollars' worth of damage in thirty hours to Bairdsville? Making rain for scientific purposes, or for the benefit of communities where rain was needed, was one thing; but making rain for Bairdsville, with its irrigating system, its artificial horticultural and agricultural development, its entire independence of Nature for its water supply—that was quite another thing.

As Bert Champlain had told Judd Nagle, the whole Bairdsville district was laid out, planned, cultivated and operated to make it independent of the rain; and it irked Bairdsville when it had a shower in the winter in exactly the degree that it irked the rest of Southern California when they didn't have.

And here they were—soaked, flooded out, drowned, and almost ruined by the freak of a crazy, reckless, ignorant inventor! It was maddening, and the more they thought of it and discussed it the madder they became. Tuesday was a clear, serene day, proving again that the whole thing was a Shearer invention. News began to drift in from the outside world that heavy and unusual rains had visited most of Southern California, and from many points that they were still falling; but this did not affect the situation in Bairdsville. A few timorous suggestions that perhaps the rain maker hadn't been entirely responsible after all were met with cold scorn.

"Oh, you think not, eh?" would be the cutting response. "Well, you'd better go put your head in a bag! Did you see that sign on the post office Saturday morning? Was there a cloud in the sky then? Didn't Shearer himself skip out Friday night? Isn't he a rain maker by profession? Did we ever have a rain here before so heavy as this? Did it ever rain at all in April so far back as anybody can remember this desert? No! Oh, you make me tired! We're going to run this professor out of the country—that's all; and if you don't want to help you'd better keep back out of the way, or you'll get stepped on!"

Straightway the doubter would fling himself into the cause with enough spirit to excuse him for having expressed skepticism. To tell the truth, there were not many who hesitated. Farmers from the outlying districts poured in on Tuesday with sorry tales—the hay was ruined, ditch banks were cut away, hogpens were marooned, barns were flooded, houses were sodden wrecks. Having built for dry weather they were unprepared for the damp; and the steady downpour on Sunday night and Monday had left few unscathed.

And the farmers, being brief in their words and direct in their methods, soon crystallized the movement against Max Shearer, the rain maker, until a mass meeting was called and a delegation appointed, authorized to draft and present the community's ultimatum. Either he must leave off rain making or he must wipe the dust—no, mud—of Bairdsville from his shoes forever!

The delegation didn't find Max Shearer at home; in fact they couldn't gain access to the place without climbing a ten-foot barbed-wire fence or cutting it down; and the cooler heads prevented that. They looked about them inquisitively before they returned to town; but all they could observe were a number of peculiar-looking farming implements about, and row on row of garden beds banked up in unusual fashion. The prominent tower that had been the source of so much mystery continued to be that; for this close view revealed nothing the distance had not shown them long ago. It was but a squat, unattractive building, twenty feet high, with a flat roof. So the delegation returned to Bairdsville to watch incoming trains.

Meantime Judd Nagle was storm bound in Yuma, hugging himself with delight and thanking the stars which watch over practical jokers that they had vouchsafed to back his play in this miraculous manner.

"Rain making!" he chortled more than once. "Rain making? Why, it's easier than falling out of an upper berth! One more move and I'll have Bairdsville in the death clutch. Then—look out!"

III

THREE weeks passed and once more circumstances were favoring Judd Nagle's elaborate joke on unsuspecting Bairdsville; for that thriving village, hastily shaking the wet from its feathers, was now preening itself again in the bright sun of publicity. Bert Champlain, Sam Christian, the McAdoos, and several others of the boosters, had joined with the company that originally promoted the district and, with a syndicate organization, were booming it again. Full-page ads, generous write-ups, excursions, barbecues and colonization enterprises were the mediums used. Judd, on his weekly visits, learned that some sort of deal was on, and found the whole neighborhood athrill with excitement.

Nothing had been heard in that time of Max Shearer, the rain maker; but the delegation to handle his business for him was constantly reminded of its duty and was ever vigilant. Now that this great project was on—whatever its nature—it was more than ever essential that the activities of the experimenter be curtailed. Not a train pulled in but somebody was there on the lookout. The ultimatum had been rehearsed and improved and polished off, and there was a kick in it, as its proud producers boastfully admitted.

Judd Nagle, as has been remarked, was almost ready to spread the great story of the Bairdsville weather-wrecker in the newspapers. Half a dozen reporters had been advised that something bigger and funnier and more unbelievable than anything theretofore printed was coming to them, and they were itching to get it. As a paver of the way for the consummation of a joke, Judd claimed to be a master.

Then Max Shearer returned to Bairdsville. It happened to be while Judd was in town, and he watched the whole performance, stifling his glee in a green-bordered silk handkerchief.

The mysterious experimenter curtly and indignantly denied that he was a rain maker. He became so enraged at the rage of the committee and the townspeople that he forgot his English and broke into a typhoon of German. What he said would undoubtedly have required expurgation in order to go into this yarn. What was more, he refused to answer any questions, make any promises, offer any apologies, or give any assurances as to his future activities. He was so pugnacious and violent that the committee was nonplused; and the inventor walked by them, purple in the face and gibbering with wrath, climbed into his buggy at the livery barn, and drove furiously away toward his ranch.

"'Course he denied it—the doggone Dutchman!" Sam Christian cried to his cronies. "We've got his number and he knows it! But he's warned now. Let him go; but if he starts one more play, out he goes and down comes his watchtower. He's had a warning. Now maybe he'll see reason!"

Apparently he did, for the weather continued calm and serene and warmer day by day; and a week later Max Shearer left for an indefinite stay, ordering his mail sent to the State University at Berkeley until his return. Bairdsville, busy with its boom and its big deal, smiled and congratulated itself that the rain maker, as a factor in the scheme of things, was eliminated. But that was the night Max Shearer was leaving.

If you *smoke*—Read
If you *believe*—Order
If you *doubt*—Order
You *risk* nothing at all

OUR OFFER is: We will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

Now just suppose that you accept this offer and, not liking the cigars, return them. Of course we pay

Suppose that you like them very well, smoke the entire box and send for them, but do not care to re-order

We sell these Single orders are always handled at

The only way we can make a profit on our cigars is for them to please you so well that you will become a regular customer, re-ordering from time to time because you are convinced that you are saving money and smoking better cigars when you buy direct from the factory

The fact that our business has grown steadily for nearly fourteen years proves that we do sell the best cigars for the least money. The fact that 80 per cent of our business is re-orders from old customers is so much extra proof.

We want you, Mr. Smoker, you who know about the Shivers Panatela and Shiver cigars to smoke them at our risk. We are not after the man who likes 5c cigars, we want the smoker of the 10c, 15c or 20c cigars—better, therefore, take ten Shivers Panatelas and compare their quality with any cigar at that price. The Shivers Panatela is in every respect the same as the 15 cent, after paying the retail trade. Its filler is selected long Havana grown in Cuba. Its wrapper is genuine Sumatra. It is a Havana-made cigar, uniform, and free burning.

Why don't you try it? You are the sole judge and you risk nothing. It means nothing to you if you are not pleased. It means much to us if you are. In ordering please use business stationery or give reference. We will gladly send you, prepaid, a booklet describing our cigars. A complete catalog, describing all Shivers' cigars, will be sent on request.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
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AIR IS FREE—Rubber Costs Money—*Ride on Air.*

When the air in your tires falls below a certain pressure you no longer are riding on air, but *on rubber.*

Measure your air with a

Schrader
UNIVERSAL TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE
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Ride a RANGER

Buy a bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a Ranger and prove it to your own satisfaction. DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. NO EXPENSE to you if it fails to please you in every way. You want to keep it. LOW FACTORY COST makes it possible to sell Rangers at unheard of prices. Write for our big catalog showing our complete line of 1915 bicycles, tires, lamps and sundries at half usual prices. Write today for our wonderful *new offers* and terms we will give you. Also used and Motorcycles, slightly used, at *half price*. Do not buy until you *know* what we can do for you. A postal card brings everything.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. W 66 CHICAGO

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for Needed Inventions and How to get Your Patent and Your Money. Randolph & Co. Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

The next morning they rose to find the post-office door bearing this warning sign:

RAIN PROBABLE TUESDAY
LOOK OUT FOR HEAVY WINDS!
THE RAIN MAKER

Then was there wrath and profanity let loose in Bairdsville. All day the streets of the town were thronged. Knots gathered and discussed ways and means. Toward evening the mob spirit grew so inflamed that nothing could quench it; and that night a party of shades descended on the fenced-in ranch of Max Shearer, swept through it like a whirlwind, left its fences cut to tatters, its garden plots trampled and ruined, its strange farm tools a wrecked and twisted pile of junk, and its tower afire.

In two hours the place was razed to the ground and one would have had difficulty in believing that it had ever been a human habitation. The silent, determined shadows that did this thing emerged as Bairdsvillians later, and whispered the word about that they had been unable to get into the tower, but that numerous indications of the extent of the rain maker's activities had been found.

"He'll never make any more rain in these parts!" they said; and Bairdsville almost sighed with relief.

Almost—for there was the warning sign on the post-office door, and the stars, for the first time since the great rain in April, were obscured. Bairdsville tried to reassure itself. A rain on the desert in May was not only unheard of—it was unthinkable! Max Shearer had put that sign up to give the people a scare! They said this loudly, positively, convincingly; but they watched the darkening heavens with sinking hearts and with something of fear.

Many remained awake the remainder of that exciting and terrible night, discussing the events of the evening, the action of the night raiders and the sign on the post-office door. Just before daybreak a heavy fog came rolling in from the south. By seven o'clock it was so dense that Bairdsville could scarcely see its hand before its face; but by nine, while the humble villagers—frightened, dismayed, overawed—whispered to each other of the black art of Max Shearer, the fog began to lift and in an hour was gone, whipped over the mountains to the west by a warm and genial sun. On the ten o'clock eastbound train came three Los Angeles newspaper men—avid for news, full of anticipation, licking their lips and rubbing their hands over their luck.

They were not disappointed. Judd Nagle's outline to them had not included the morning's fog, because Judd had not hoped for such luck a second time. It had not included the destruction of the rain maker's tower and tools, for Judd had not foreseen that. But what he had told them of the solemnity of these poor, simple souls; of their serious minds; of their heavy wits; of their superstitious fear; of their primitive wrath—all these they found, and they added to the wealth of material. The pat arrival of the rain in April; the terrible fog of that very morning——

The wires hummed all that day as the chuckling newspaper men fed a living stream of words to the hungry outside world. Bairdsville was in doubt whether to be flattered by the publicity it was to receive or to be frightened at the prospect of punishment for what had happened at the Shearer place. The one thing they did not anticipate was that the stories clicking out over the wires were humorous.

When the Los Angeles papers began to arrive on the night train of Wednesday Bairdsville sickened with horror. On every front page was a double-column head. In detail, *in extenso*, and in complete and awful particularity, Bairdsville's experiences of the past month were set forth, and there was a laugh in every line! The funniest men in the city had been taken off of paragraphing and police court and editorial desks, and assigned to the Bairdsville scream. Cartoonists had worked overtime. Jingles and verses, framed in borders and printed in italics, held Bairdsville up to the ridicule of the world.

To read those papers, nothing so funny as the hoax that had been played on this serious-minded, self-conscious desert metropolis had ever occurred in history. That was the best of it—Bairdsville took itself so solemnly, so gravely, that "a business man with a turn for practical humor" had been able to fool the whole populace. And the descriptions of Sam Christian and Walt Smith and Mrs. Morganstern, and the rest

W·C·K

Factories

IF YOU are about to build a factory W.C.K. can be of service to you.

Whether your new plant is to cost fifty thousand or five million, proper design insures the lowest first cost consistent with economical operation.

As engineers W.C.K. have had a long and successful experience in the planning of industrial plants of every description.

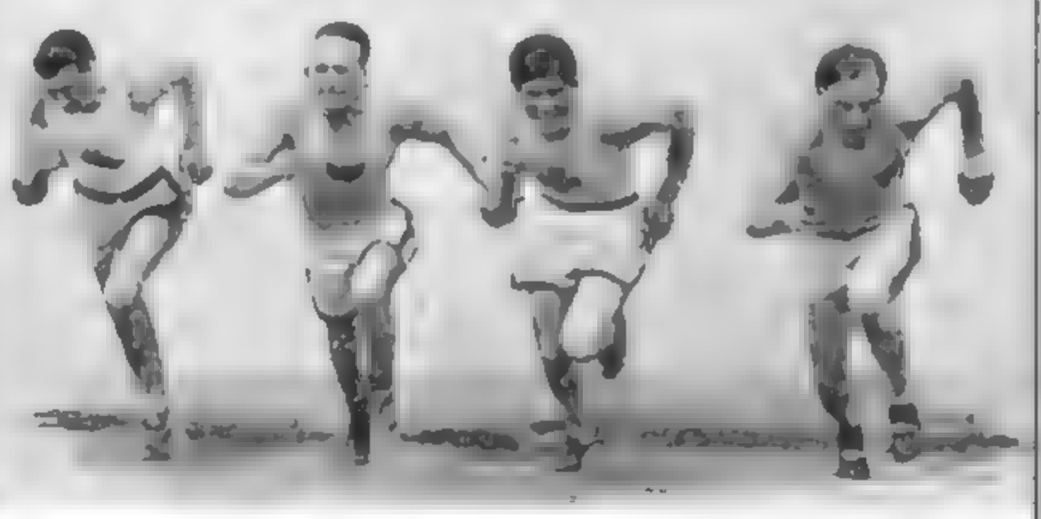
As constructors W.C.K. have every facility for economical buying and erection.

W.C.K. is an organization of specialists—including engineers who add to their technical skill, practical familiarity with every type of construction.

W.C.K. does not manufacture anything and has nothing to sell but services—skill and experience that mean definite economies for you. May we show you some of the work we have done? And how our organization might prove a profitable employee of yours?

WESTINGHOUSE CHURCH KERR & CO.
ENGINEERS & CONSTRUCTORS
37 Wall St. New York
Chicago *San Francisco* *Montreal* *Winnipeg*

Off to a Good Start!



THIS remarkable photograph was sent us by a dentist who has used Dr. Lyon's products for years and recommends them enthusiastically to his patients. In his letter he said:

"Athletes all over the country are using Dr. Lyon's." *(Name of writer on request)*

In the race for success there is no more dependable training direction than this:—visit your dentist twice a year—and morning, noon and night use

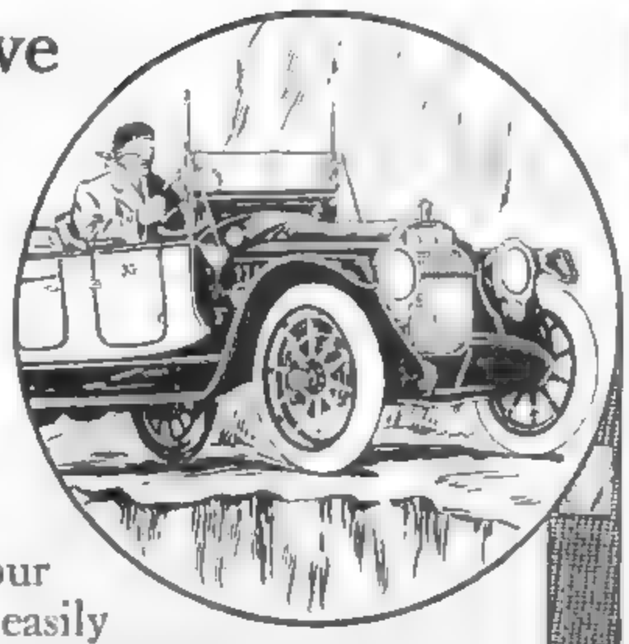
Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream

Send a 2-cent stamp today for a dainty package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

J. W. LYON & SONS, 522 West 27th St., New York City

Look for the Free Tooth Brush Coupon—one in every package

Would You Drive Blindfolded?



Yet what good to *see* danger ahead if you can't *prevent* it?

Put the Testbestos Test Before the Crisis Test

When you *must* stop your car, insure stopping it—easily and quickly. Forget "brake-fear." Line your brakes with

TESTBESTOS Automobile Brake Lining

"Every Foot is Tested"

The garage man will show you the TESTBESTOS label on every foot when he renews your brake linings.

This label assures you that the lining has been tested in our factory for every possible contingency, "stop-ability," extra durability, dependability. TESTBESTOS wears because made of longest fibred Canadian Asbestos, reinforced with interwoven brass wire.

Those interested in auto repairing should write for booklet. A dealer with first class reputation is desired in those territories as yet unrepresented. Dealers and repairmen find TESTBESTOS a profitable business getter.

EXPERIENCED **salesmen only are needed in a few open territories. Best references essential.**

Address the General Manager

American Asbestos Company
Norristown, Pa., U. S. A.

Also manufacturers of Asbestos Yarns, Cloths, Theatre Curtains, Tapes, Packings, Gaskets, etc.

HERZ SPARK PLUG

The famous "Bougie Mercedes" of Europe. Unbreakable Double Stems. 4 sparking points, platinum-alloy electrode; self-cleaning. Guaranteed a year—usually outlasts the motor. From dealers or direct from us, $1.50, postpaid.

Herz & Co., 245 W. 55th St., New York

Here's the best-made .22 Repeater in the world!

It's the only .22 repeater made with the dependable lever action—like a big game rifle. It has better weight, better balance, greater stability than any other .22. It's guaranteed in accuracy and reliability. Shoots all .22 short, .22 long and .22 long-rifle cartridges. For rabbits, squirrels, hawks, geese, foxes, target and small game shooting up to 200 yards, no other .22 repeater equals this *Marlin*.

It gives 25 shots at one loading.

Marlin Model '97 .22 Calibre

You want the best! Costs more because made better: *it hits* where others miss; built to last a life-time. Model '97 with round barrel, $14.50; octagon, $16.00.

It's a take-down rifle, convenient to carry, easy to clean. Has tool steel working parts that cannot wear out. Beautiful case-hardened finish; superb build and balance; splendid sights; famous *deep* Ballard rifling. The solid-top and side-ejection are important for safety and rapid, accurate firing.

Model '92 *not* take-down, $12.15 round, $13.15 octagon

Other Marlin .22 repeaters from $9.25 up—send 3 stamps postage for big catalog of all *Marlin* repeating rifles and shotguns. Do it now! It will help you select the *one* best gun!

19 Willow Street ***The Marlin Firearms Co*** **New Haven, Conn.**

of them, as they had looked and acted when giving their views and interviews—these were painfully funny.

Bairdsville sat itself down, sick and angry, and no man would look at his neighbor. They were stunned. The papers laid it all to the door of a humorous "business man." Who was he? What was it all about? Why had it been Bairdsville? Wasn't it all a hideous mistake? Hadn't there been rain, and then this fog?

Suppose it were all a joke and Max Shearer only a harmless, innocent college professor, studying biology or hog cholera, or something, as the newspapers indicated—how about burning down that tower and wrecking those weird plows and harrows, and cutting up a ten-foot barbed-wire fence?

Bairdsville held its head in its hands and tried to reason the thing out—hoping against hope that it was all a dream, that the awakening would come, and that in the morning light Max Shearer's tower would loom up off to the west. If it only would! If it only would!

Judd Nagle was enjoying the time of his joke-playing career. Unfortunately he could share his selfish joy with no one, and at times he thought he would suffocate unless he could pass the great news round that he alone had done it. But as days passed the joke grew so big, and spread so far and so fast that he could not have claimed it if he had tried. The theaters seized it from the newspapers. The whole city rocked with it, and newspapers and journals in the far corners of the world were wiring for particulars. Songs were hastily written about the Rain Maker of Bairdsville and as hastily set to music. The motion pictures took it up and within a few days comedies based on it were being released. The motion-picture weeklies grabbed it and threw Bairdsville on the screens of ten thousand houses.

The whole earth seemed to pause a few moments to split its sides laughing at Bairdsville; and meantime the town itself staggered under the awful blow. The people couldn't make out the joke. Always they went back to their original proposition—the inventor had appeared on his tower; the warning signs had gone up; the rain had fallen; the fog had come.

"By jucks!" Tom McWilliams, the postmaster, exclaimed fervently. "It's a dum lucky thing the boys burned that there tower when they did, or that fog would 'a' turned into a blizzard or a simoon! 'Nother hour, maybe, and nobody can tell what'd 'a' happened!"

Some of the Bairdsvillians never did discover that they had been mocked.

IV

THE Bairdsville joke died a natural death in the course of time; but the town was branded. As soon attempt to canonize Buffoon, as soon hope to make celery a national flower, as soon think of calling a world-peace conference in Mexico City, as to revive the boom in Bairdsville. It simply couldn't be done. The town was doomed.

In years it might recover by changing its name and by living a cloistered and secluded probation, withdrawn from the world. For the present its advertisements were stopped, its syndicate disappeared, its excursions and picnics and colonization parties were heard of no more in the land. Mention Bairdsville and get a laugh! Talk Bairdsville property and be gently chided to "Quit your kidding!"

No; the Rain Maker of Bairdsville had put a quietus on the rising metropolis of the desert, and Yucca, the next station but one, sprang into the breach and began to grow.

For the time being Judd Nagle had ceased practical joking. Everything he contemplated seemed poor and trivial and petty beside the epic of his career. What merit could there be in putting mucilage in the office inkwells after he had made a town the laughingstock of the nation? What could be said in favor of a plan for sending in a four-thousand-dollar order to a rival drummer's house for goods, which had to be snatched across the country by express by an excited and gleeful home office, and then for dispatching a wire canceling the order, when Bairdsville had been wiped off the map by a laugh? No. Judd Nagle decided that he would have to think a long time before he would discover any joke that would justify his attention to its practical possibilities.

Then he received a letter from Uncle Ed, sojourning in San Francisco after a year's travel round the world. Judd breathed a sigh of relief and content when he recognized the well-known, scrawling handwriting. It had been a long wait for him—two years since he had been assured that his mother's rich and eccentric brother was going to take him up. They had made plans together—tentative and vague, but all looking to the end that Judd should join the older man as his companion and business manager, attending to the multitudinous details of his business.

The letter recommended that Judd take a short leave of absence and come up to San Francisco to talk things over.

"It'll be some time before I'm all ready to settle down, Judd," the writer had penned; "so's you'd better just come up for a visit."

Judd had waited long enough, however. He went to the office, threw his price book and scrip ticket on the sales-manager's desk and informed the whole office cheerfully that he was quitting the job for life. They would have questioned him, but he wheeled and went out hurriedly—slamming the door. Having burnt his bridges behind him, he caught a northbound limited and was whirled away.

His avuncular relative, looking a little thinner and a little redder—but otherwise unchanged—received him at the Palace, bought him a drink and sank heavily to a seat on the lounge.

"Judd, my boy," he began with disquieting solemnity, "you've got a pretty good job, haven't you?"

Judd shook his head.

"Had!" he replied. "Had! Quit it yesterday."

"You quit it yesterday?"

"Yep."

"But why, Judd?"

Judd didn't know. All in a moment it came over him that he had assumed facts not in evidence, as the district attorney says. And there was about Uncle Ed an atmosphere of gloom he had overlooked in his first pleasure at meeting that relative.

"I don't know," Judd said slowly. "Just tired of it, I guess."

His uncle looked at him sadly.

"You could get another one, couldn't you—if you had to?"

Judd nodded, with more confidence than he felt. His heart was sinking fast.

"Well, boy," the elderly gentleman said wearily, "I reckon you'll have to. My plans—our plans—have been knocked galley-west. That's all there is to it. Looks like I'd have to rustle for a while myself to get enough together to live on. I'm cleaned out!"

Judd stared at him stupidly.

"Steamer poker?"

"No—a big deal. Old friend of mine—scientific fellow I knew in Leipsic when I was younger—has been working for fifteen years on a dry-farming process and just finished it. I went in. I was to furnish the land—he put in his secret process. I cleaned up everything I had and plunged. It looked big."

Judd was listening heavily. The tale lacked savor—that Uncle Ed was broke and that he himself was out of a job were the only verities in life; but he followed the monotonous recital with dulled senses.

"The plan was to sell out to colonizers," Uncle Ed went on. "We had just started the thing moving when something hit us—some kind of a newspaper joke about rain making; and then a crazy mob burned every book and paper and all the plans and formulas for Shearer's process, and ——" The old man stopped suddenly. "What's wrong, Judd?" he asked sympathetically. "Here—what's up? Judd? Say ——"

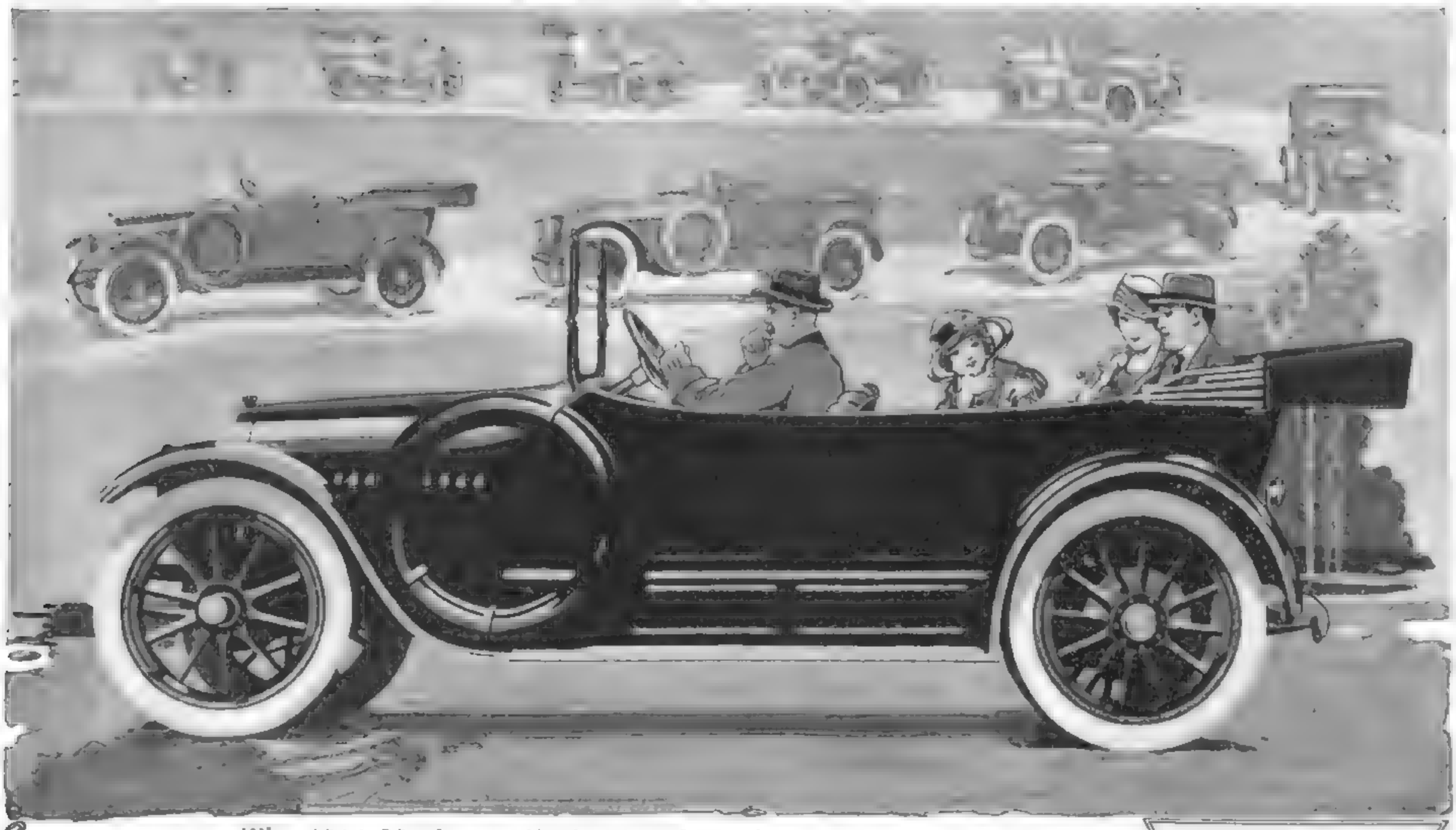
Judd Nagle was clawing at his throat and his face was purple. He swallowed, gagged and choked. His uncle, horrified, leaped to the bar, calling loudly for water, and ran back, slopping it from the glass as he went. He dashed the cold liquid into his nephew's face and the shock caused Judd to shiver, and then to collapse on the floor.

Uncle Ed looked about for a fan, clapped his hand to his coat pocket and brought out a crumpled and soiled newspaper, with which he attempted to bring consciousness back to the senseless frame of Judd Nagle.

When the porters rushed in, with the house surgeon, somebody noticed staring headlines on that month-old newspaper, which read:

PRACTICAL JOKER BAMBOOZLES BAIRDSVILLE!

CRAZY MAX SHEARER MAKES RAIN FOR FAIR!



The 1916 Hudson—"The Road Cruiser"—Yacht-Line Body

HUDSON $1350 F.O.B. DETROIT

"The Cars I've Owned"

Written by a Hudson Owner Who Bought 15 Cars Before It

The writer is a motorist of 16 years' experience. In that time I've owned and driven 15 different cars.

I started with the experiments and ran the whole gamut up to big, heavy, costly Sixes. Now I own the new-type HUDSON—have owned it for a year. And the makers ask that I anonymously review this evolution.

The Coming of the Six

The early cars don't matter. Real motor car luxury began with the advent of the Six. That brought continuous power, flexibility, freedom from vibration. And now, as then, it represents finality to me. But Sixes when they came were costly and immensely heavy. They drank up fuel, ate up tires, and drove me back to Fours.

Howard E. Coffin was known to me long before he became the famous HUDSON designer. I bought his first great success—a $2750 Four. I have watched all his HUDSON models, and have followed all his four-year progress in revision of the Six. No one knows better what it meant—a new-type motor, special steels, the refining of a thousand parts—to reduce the weight of a sturdy Six below 3000 pounds.

I am one of the 15,000 who have proved out the result. The weight-reduction cut my tire cost and my fuel cost in two. Yet there were seats for seven, and power for hills, and luxury and looks. 'Tis the finest car I have ever owned, the best-appearing, best-equipped. To me it represents the acme in efficiency and class, the ideal in size and comfort. It never has cost me a moment's delay or a penny in repairs. And I never have once asked for HUDSON service, which my dealer offers free.

New 1916 Features

But this new-model HUDSON excels my car in some most important ways.

The Yacht-Line Body is stunning. Who would believe that last year's streamlines could be so improved?

The wider tonneau means more room than ever. Three big men like me can now sit on the rear seat. Seven long men like me can sit uncramped in the car. And the two disappearing seats, when down, double the room in the tonneau.

The enameled leather is not new to me, but my last car which had it cost $3500. The leather-bound top to the doors and body is entirely new, and was wanted. The four non-skid tires are welcome.

But the two premier advances, in my estimation, lie in the new finish and new price.

The Ever-Lustre finish solves my greatest problem—how to keep a car looking new. I sold a dozen cars and bought new ones mainly to get new looks. They ran well but looked shabby. This Ever-Lustre finish, where coat after coat is forced on, then baked on, means enduring gloss.

Then $200 reduction. Two seasons ago, at $1750, this was a record-value car. The next model—the one I bought—sold at $1550. And now this new model, with its costly improvements, is announced at $1350. That should convince anyone of the HUDSON efficiency.

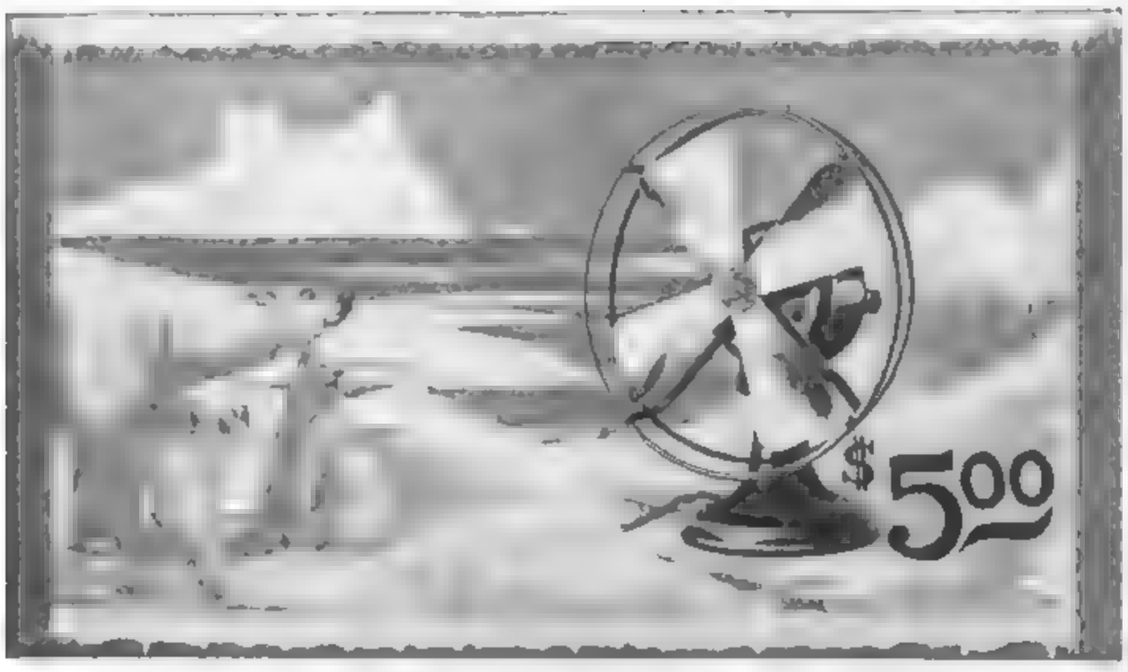
Last year I waited eight weeks for my HUDSON. Now the output is trebled, they say. But there must be 100,000 class-car buyers who would buy this HUDSON at $1350 if they knew the car as I do.

7-Passenger Phaeton or 3-Passenger Roadster
$1350, f. o. b. Detroit
Also a new Cabriolet, $1650, f. o. b. Detroit

The above ad was written by a well-known HUDSON owner, and the facts are exactly as stated. The 1916 model of the car referred to is now shown by dealers everywhere.

When you go to see it, ask the dealer about his HUDSON service. Its system and extent will surprise you.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.



Hot weather comfort for a Five Dollar bill

Only five dollars for an electric fan? Impossible! Well, but it's true!

The low price of the Polar Cub Electric Fan surprises everybody. So does the operating cost. It can be run six hours for an average cost of one cent.

And satisfaction goes hand in hand with economy when you buy this individual fan. It is thoroughly guaranteed for efficient service.

The Polar Cub stands 8 inches high and has 6-inch blades. It operates on either direct or alternating current, 105 to 115 volts. You can adjust it to any angle. It is handsomely finished in velvet black with nickel trimmings. Each fan is equipped with cord and plug ready to be attached to lamp socket.

Get the jump on the hot weather. Be good to your pocketbook at the same time. Buy the Polar Cub Electric Fan at your dealer's. If he hasn't it, send us his name. We will tell you where you can buy it or will see that you are supplied.

Write now for illustrated folder.

Trade Mark Reg.

THE MYSTO MANUFACTURING CO.
400 Foote Street New Haven, Conn.
DEALERS—If you haven't stocked the Polar Cub Electric Fan, write us at once.

Polar Cub Electric Fan $5.00

Copyright, 1915, Mysto Mfg. Co.

He earned $300.00 during vacation

PAUL H. O'DONNELL, of Pennsylvania, had heard of men and women who earned large salaries by taking subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

HE decided to find out for himself just how much money could be earned at the work. In his home town, which has a population of a little over 20,000, he made $300.00 during the three months of his vacation. The Company now pays Mr. O'Donnell a regular salary in addition to his commissions.

He is now building a permanent Curtis subscription business. Renewals, supplemented by new subscriptions, will furnish the money necessary to keep him in college as long as he wants to study. Curtis profits will do even more—they will give this Pennsylvanian a financial start in life after his graduation.

We will send to you, on request, full particulars of the work and our booklet, "The Way to An Independent Income."

Agency Division, Box 953

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia

SOMETHING NEW

(Continued from Page 18)

and toy balloons. Nervous and imaginative men, meeting Beach, braced themselves involuntarily, stiffening their muscles for the explosion. Those who had the pleasure of more intimate acquaintance with him soon passed this stage, just as people whose homes are on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius become immune to fear of eruptions.

As far back as they could remember Beach had always looked as though an apoplectic fit were a matter of minutes; but he never had apoplexy and in time they came to ignore the possibility of it. Ashe, however, approaching him with a fresh eye, had the feeling that this strain could not possibly continue and that within a very short space of time the worst must happen. The prospect of this did much to rouse him from the coma into which he had been frozen by the rigors of the journey.

Butlers as a class seem to grow less and less like anything human in proportion to the magnificence of their surroundings. There is a type of butler employed in the comparatively modest homes of small country gentlemen who is practically a man and a brother; who hobnobs with the local tradesmen, sings a good comic song at the village inn, and in times of crisis will even turn to and work the pump when the water supply suddenly fails.

The greater the house the more does the butler diverge from this type. Blandings Castle was one of the more important of England's show places, and Beach accordingly had acquired a dignified inertia that almost qualified him for inclusion in the vegetable kingdom. He moved—when he moved at all—slowly. He distilled speech with the air of one measuring out drops of some precious drug. His heavy-lidded eyes had the fixed expression of a statue's.

With an almost imperceptible wave of a fat white hand he conveyed to Ashe that he desired him to sit down. With a stately movement of his other hand he picked up a kettle, which simmered on the hob. With an inclination of his head he called Ashe's attention to a decanter on the table.

In another moment Ashe was sipping a hot toddy, with the feeling that he had been privileged to assist at some mystic rite. Mr. Beach, posting himself before the fire and placing his hands behind his back, permitted speech to drip from him.

"I have not the advantage of your name, Mr. ——"

Ashe introduced himself. Beach acknowledged the information with a half bow.

"You must have had a cold ride, Mr. Marson. The wind is in the east."

Ashe said yes; the ride had been cold.

"When the wind is in the east," continued Mr. Beach, letting each syllable escape with apparent reluctance, "I suffer from my feet."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I suffer from my feet," repeated the butler, measuring out the drops. "You are a young man, Mr. Marson. Probably you do not know what it is to suffer from your feet." He surveyed Ashe, his toddy and the wall beyond him, with heavy-lidded inscrutability. "Corns!" he said.

Ashe said he was sorry.

"I suffer extremely from my feet—not only corns. I have but recently recovered from an ingrowing toenail. I suffered greatly from my ingrowing toenail. I suffer from swollen joints."

Ashe regarded this martyr with increasing disfavor. It is the flaw in the character of many excessively healthy young men that, though kind-hearted enough in most respects, they listen with a regrettable feeling of impatience to the confessions of those less happily situated as regards the ills of the flesh. Rightly or wrongly, they hold that these statements should be reserved for the ear of the medical profession, and other and more general topics selected for conversation with laymen.

"I'm sorry," he said hastily. "You must have had a bad time. Is there a large house party here just now?"

"We are expecting," said Mr. Beach, "a number of guests. We shall in all probability sit down thirty or more to dinner."

"A responsibility for you," said Ashe ingratiatingly, well pleased to be quit of the feet topic.

Mr. Beach nodded.

"You are right, Mr. Marson. Few persons realize the responsibilities of a man in my position. Sometimes, I can assure you, it preys on my mind, and I suffer from nervous headaches."

Ashe began to feel like a man trying to put out a fire which, as fast as he checks it at one point, breaks out at another.

"Sometimes when I come off duty everything gets blurred. The outlines of objects grow misty. I have to sit down in a chair. The pain is excruciating."

"But it helps you to forget the pain in your feet."

"No, no. I suffer from my feet simultaneously."

Ashe gave up the struggle.

"Tell me all about your feet," he said.

And Mr. Beach told him all about his feet.

The pleasantest functions must come to an end, and the moment arrived when the final word on the subject of swollen joints was spoken. Ashe, who had resigned himself to a permanent contemplation of the subject, could hardly believe he heard correctly when, at the end of some ten minutes, his companion changed the conversation.

"You have been with Mr. Peters some time, Mr. Marson?"

"Eh? Oh! Oh, no—only since last Wednesday."

"Indeed! Might I inquire whom you assisted before that?"

For a moment Ashe did what he would not have believed himself capable of doing—regretted that the topic of feet was no longer under discussion. The question placed him in an awkward position. If he lied, and credited himself with a lengthy experience as a valet, he risked exposing himself. If he told the truth, and confessed that this was his maiden effort in the capacity of gentleman's gentleman, what would the butler think? There were objections to each course, but to tell the truth was the easier of the two; so he told it.

"Your first situation?" said Mr. Beach. "Indeed!"

"I was—er—doing something else before I met Mr. Peters," said Ashe.

Mr. Beach was too well-bred to be inquisitive, but his eyebrows were not.

"Ah!" he said. "?" cried his eyebrows. "?—?—?"

Ashe ignored the eyebrows.

"Something different," he said.

There was an awkward silence. Ashe appreciated its awkwardness. He was conscious of a grievance against Mr. Peters. Why could not Mr. Peters have brought him down here as his secretary? To be sure, he had advanced some objection to that course in their conversation at the offices of Mainprice, Mainprice & Boole; but merely a silly, far-fetched objection. He wished he had had the sense to fight the point while there was time; but at the moment when they were arranging plans he had been rather tickled by the thought of becoming a valet. The notion had a pleasing musical-comedy touch about it. Why had he not foreseen the complications that must ensue? He could tell by the look on his face that this confounded butler was waiting for him to give a full explanation. What would he think if he withheld it? He would probably suppose that Ashe had been in prison.

Well, there was nothing to be done about it. If Beach was suspicious he must remain suspicious. Fortunately the suspicions of a butler do not matter much.

Mr. Beach's eyebrows were still mutely urging him to reveal all, but Ashe directed his gaze at that portion of the room which Mr. Beach did not fill. He would be hanged if he was going to let himself be hypnotized by a pair of eyebrows into incriminating himself! He glared stolidly at the wall.

The silence was growing oppressive. Somebody had to break it soon. And as Mr. Beach was still confining himself to the language of the eyebrow, and apparently intended to fight it out on that line if it took all summer, Ashe himself broke it.

It seemed to him as he reconstructed the scene in bed that night that Providence must have suggested the subject of Mr. Peters' indigestion; for the mere mention of his employer's sufferings acted like magic on the butler.

"I might have had better luck while I was looking for a place," said Ashe. "I dare say you know how bad-tempered Mr. Peters is. He is dyspeptic."

"So," responded Mr. Beach, "I have been informed." He brooded for a space. "I, too," he proceeded, "suffer from my

stomach. I have a weak stomach. The lining of my stomach is not what I could wish the lining of my stomach to be."

"Tell me," said Ashe gratefully, leaning forward in an attitude of attention, "all about the lining of your stomach."

It was a quarter of an hour later when Mr. Beach was checked in his discourse by the chiming of the little clock on the mantelpiece. He turned round and gazed at it with surprise not unmixed with displeasure.

"So late?" he said. "I shall have to be going about my duties. And you, also, Mr. Marson, if I may make the suggestion. No doubt Mr. Peters will be wishing to have your assistance in preparing for dinner. If you go along the passage outside you will come to the door that separates our portion of the house from the other. I must beg you to excuse me. I have to go to the cellar."

Following his directions Ashe came after a walk of a few yards to a green-baize door which, swinging at his push, gave him a view of what he correctly took to be the main hall of the castle—a wide, comfortable space, ringed with settees and warmed by a log fire burning in a mammoth fireplace. On the right a broad staircase led to the upper regions.

It was at this point that Ashe realized the incompleteness of Mr. Beach's directions. Doubtless the broad staircase would take him to the floor on which were the bedrooms; but how was he to ascertain, without the tedious process of knocking and inquiring at each door, which was the one assigned to Mr. Peters?

It was too late to go back and ask the butler for further guidance; already he was on his way to the cellar in quest of the evening's wine.

As he stood irresolute a door across the hall opened and a man of his own age came out. Through the doorway Ashe had a glimpse of glass-topped cases.

Could this be the museum—his goal? The next moment the door, opening a few inches more, revealed the outlying portions of an Egyptian mummy and brought certainty. It flashed across Ashe's mind that the sooner he explored the museum and located Mr. Peters' scarab, the better. He decided to ask Beach to take him there as soon as he had leisure.

Meantime the young man had closed the museum door and was crossing the hall. He was a wiry-haired, severe-looking young man, with a sharp nose and eyes that gleamed through rimless spectacles—none other, in fact, than Lord Emsworth's private secretary, the Efficient Baxter. Ashe hailed him:

"I say, old man, would you mind telling me how I get to Mr. Peters' room? I've lost my bearings."

He did not reflect that this was hardly the way in which valets in the best society addressed their superiors. That is the worst of adopting what might be called a character part. One can manage the business well enough; it is the dialogue that provides the pitfalls.

Mr. Baxter would have accorded a hearty agreement to the statement that this was not the way in which a valet should have spoken to him; but at the moment he was not aware that Ashe was a valet. From his easy mode of address he assumed that he was one of the numerous guests who had been arriving at the castle all day. As he had asked for Mr. Peters, he fancied that Ashe must be the Honorable Freddie's American friend, George Emerson, whom he had not yet met. Consequently he replied with much cordiality that Mr. Peters' room was the second at the left on the second floor.

He said Ashe could not miss it. Ashe said he was much obliged.

"Awfully good of you," said Ashe.

"Not at all," said Mr. Baxter.

"You lose your way in a place like this," said Ashe.

"You certainly do," said Mr. Baxter.

Ashe went on his upward path and in a few moments was knocking at the door indicated. And sure enough it was Mr. Peters' voice that invited him to enter.

Mr. Peters, partially arrayed in the correct garb for gentlemen about to dine, was standing in front of the mirror, wrestling with his evening tie. As Ashe entered he removed his fingers and anxiously examined his handiwork. It proved unsatisfactory. With a yelp and an oath he tore the offending linen from his neck.

"Damn the thing!"

It was plain to Ashe that his employer was in no sunny mood. There are few things less calculated to engender sunniness in a naturally bad-tempered man than a dress tie that will not let itself be pulled and twisted into the right shape. Even when things went well Mr. Peters hated dressing for dinner. Words cannot describe his feelings when they went wrong.

There is something to be said in excuse for this impatience: It is a hollow mockery to be obliged to deck one's person as for a feast when that feast is to consist of a little asparagus and a few nuts.

Mr. Peters' eye met Ashe's in the mirror.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Come in, then. Don't stand staring. Close that door quick! Hustle! Don't scrape your feet on the floor. Try to look intelligent. Don't gape. Where have you been all this while? Why didn't you come before? Can you tie a tie? All right, then—do it!"

Somewhat calmed by the snow-white butterfly-shaped creation that grew under Ashe's fingers, he permitted himself to be helped into his coat. He picked up the remnant of a black cigar from the dressing table and relit it.

"I've been thinking about you," he said.

"Yes?" said Ashe.

"Have you located the scarab yet?"

"No."

"What the devil have you been doing with yourself then? You've had time to collar it a dozen times."

"I have been talking to the butler."

"What the devil do you waste time talking to butlers for? I suppose you haven't even located the museum yet?"

"Yes; I've done that."

"Oh, you have, have you? Well, that's something. And how do you propose setting about the job?"

"The best plan would be to go there very late at night."

"Well, you didn't propose to stroll in in the afternoon, did you? How are you going to find the scarab when you do get in?"

Ashe had not thought of that. The deeper he went into this business the more things did there seem to be in it of which he had not thought.

"I don't know," he confessed.

"You don't know! Tell me, young man, are you considered pretty bright, as Englishmen go?"

"I am not English. I was born near Boston."

"Oh, you were, were you? You blanked bone-headed, bean-eating boob!" cried Mr. Peters, frothing over quite unexpectedly and waving his arms in a sudden burst of fury. "Then if you are an American why don't you show a little more enterprise? Why don't you put something over? Why do you loaf about the place as though you were supposed to be an ornament? I want results—and I want them quick!

"I'll tell you how you can recognize my scarab when you get into the museum. That shameless old green-goods man who sneaked it from me has had the gall, the nerve, to put it all by itself, with a notice as big as a circus poster alongside of it saying that it is a Cheops of the Fourth Dynasty, presented"—Mr. Peters choked—"presented by J. Preston Peters, Esquire! That's how you're going to recognize it."

Ashe did not laugh, but he nearly dislocated a rib in his effort to refrain from doing so. It seemed to him that this act on Lord Emsworth's part effectually disposed of the theory that Britons have no sense of humor. To rob a man of his choicest possession and then thank him publicly for letting you have it appealed to Ashe as excellent comedy.

"The thing isn't even in a glass case," continued Mr. Peters. "It's lying on an open tray on top of a cabinet of Roman coins. Anybody who was left alone for two minutes in the place could take it! It's criminal carelessness to leave a valuable scarab about like that. If Lord Jesse James was going to steal my Cheops he might at least have had the decency to treat it as though it was worth something."

"But it makes it easier for me to get it," said Ashe consolingly.

"It's got to be made easy if you are to get it!" snapped Mr. Peters. "Here's another thing: You say you are going to try for it late at night. Well, what are you going to do if anyone catches you prowling round at that time? Have you considered that?"

"No."

"You would have to say something, wouldn't you? You wouldn't chat about the weather, would you? You wouldn't

No one thinks of leaving poisons within reach of little children—except fly poisons. Yet fly poisons kill more children than all other poisons combined.

We quote from an editorial in the December issue of The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society:

> "From the first of July to October 15, the press of a few states reported 45 cases of poisoning of children from the use of fly poisons."

These children were all under six years of age. The poisoning was caused by swallowing the liquid poison covering fly paper or by sucking the poisoned and sweetened wicks protruding from tin boxes. The editorial suggests that a large number of cases of such poisoning probably escaped recognition, because:

> "—it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for even an experienced physician to distinguish a case of arsenical poisoning from cholera infantum, the symptoms being so similar. How many children have been poisoned from these fly poisons, amid the deaths ascribed to cholera infantum, can never be known."

Mothers who have intuitively avoided fly poisons now have their good judgment complimented by these actual facts. The danger is even greater than most of them knew.

"Arsenical fly-destroying devices are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. *There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies,* and fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

TANGLEFOOT

The Sanitary Fly Destroyer

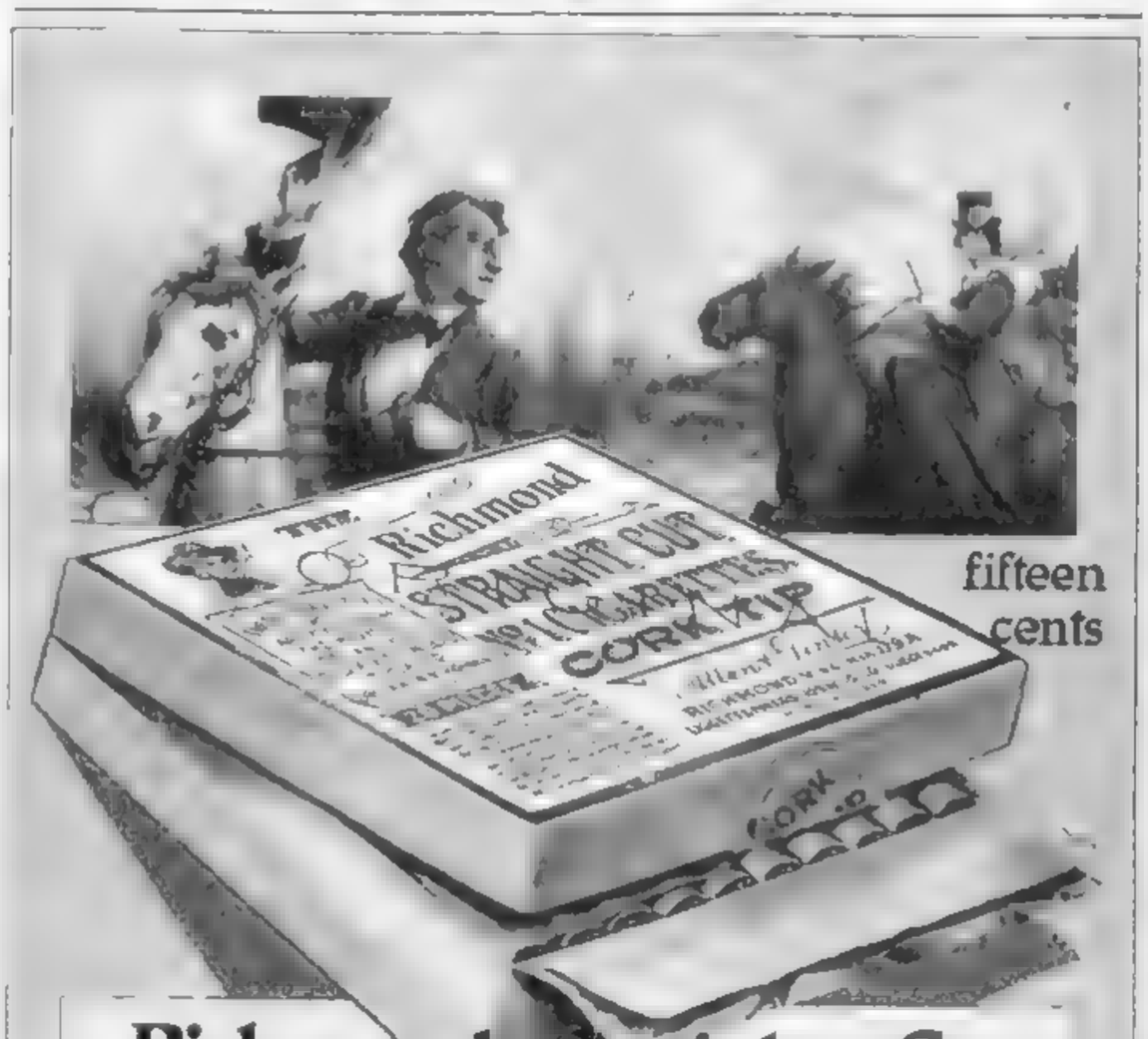
Non-Poisonous

Catches the Germ With the Fly

The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c at dealers', or sent postpaid—two for 25c—anywhere in the United States. (40)

THE O. & W. THUM CO.

Dept. 254. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



Richmond Straight Cut Cigarettes *Cork Tip or Plain*

It was 44 years ago that Virginia tobaccos, matchless in purity and delicacy of flavor, were first blended into these famous cigarettes. Today, as then, their leadership is unquestioned. These cigarettes are also packed in attractive tin boxes, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents. Sent prepaid if your dealer cannot supply you.

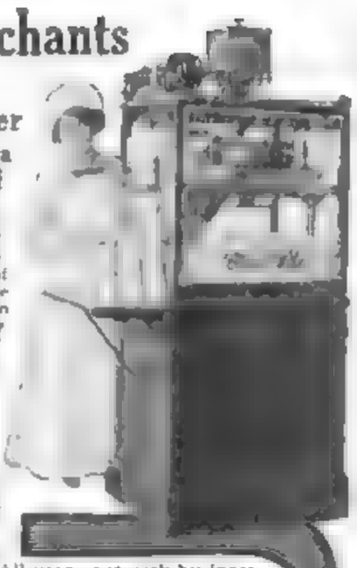
RICHMOND, Virginia, U.S.A.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. Successor

For Merchants

Here Is a Money-Maker

$25 to $60 extra profit for you if



you install a Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine. Hundreds of storekeepers are making that much extra profit each week. One of these machines installed in a store last January took in $2,065 the first five months. Hundreds of other merchants have made big profits. The Butter-Kist Pop Corn machine makes much more profit per square foot than anything else in the store. For 70c out of every dollar's worth of pop corn you sell is clear, clean profit. Big profits are in demand. All year, spot-cash business. No risk to carry. Butter-Kist is a trade-builder for the entire store.

Pay From Your Sales

Only $150 down puts this Butter Kist Pop Corn Machine in your store with all Butter-Kist privileges—pay balance on easy installments. Soon pays for itself out of the money it earns.

Get This Book Free

Facts, figures, photographs, proofs of profits, etc., shown in our new book, "The Little Gold Mine." Sent free, postpaid. Every day's delay means lost sales.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
1697 Van Buren St. Indianapolis, Ind.

BUTTER-KIST

The Delicious Pop Corn

A Flavory, Savory Confection in a Class of Its Own

Ask for Butter-Kist—the *new* kind of pop corn. Its appeal is irresistible—once you taste it. Every crisp, crackling, snow-white kernel is perfectly popped and evenly buttered. The kernels at the bottom are like those at the top. No 5c treat so delicious—none more pure and healthful.

BUTTER-KIST POP CORN

All this is possible only with the Butter-Kist Corn Popper, more accurate than human skill or hands. It feeds itself—pops the corn—sorts it and butters each kernel perfectly. Merchants everywhere are installing Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machines and making big profits. (104)

You could dip this house in water

Stucco, concrete or brick walls absorb much water, becoming damp, unsightly and disfigured. But they can be waterproofed and beautified with

TRUS-CON STONETEX

APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

A [illegible] which [illegible] walls. [illegible] a variety of pleasing effects.

It will pay you to learn about Trus-Con Waterproofings. Write for [illegible] terms to your dealer.

THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES
101 Trus-Con Building, Detroit, Mich.
Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Paints

discuss the latest play? You would have to think up some mighty good reason for being out of bed at that time, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose so."

"Oh, you do admit that, do you? Well, what you would say is this: You would explain that I had rung for you to come and read me to sleep. Do you understand?"

"You think that would be a satisfactory explanation of my being in the museum?"

"Idiot! I don't mean that you're to say it if you're caught actually in the museum. If you're caught in the museum the best thing you can do is to say nothing, and hope that the judge will let you off lightly because it's your first offense. You're to say it if you're found wandering about on your way there."

"It sounds thin to me."

"Does it? Well, let me tell you that it isn't so thin as you suppose, for it's what you will actually have to do most nights. Two nights out of three I have to be read to sleep. My indigestion gives me insomnia." As though to push this fact home, Mr. Peters suddenly bent double. "Oof!" he said. "Wow!" He removed the cigar from his mouth and inserted a digestive tabloid. "The lining of my stomach is all wrong," he added.

It is curious how trivial are the immediate causes that produce revolutions. If Mr. Peters had worded his complaint differently Ashe would in all probability have borne it without active protest. He had been growing more and more annoyed with this little person who buzzed and barked and bit at him, yet the idea of definite revolt had not occurred to him. But his sufferings at the hands of Beach, the butler, had reduced him to a state where he could endure no further mention of stomachic linings. There comes a time when our capacity for listening to data about the linings of other people's stomachs is exhausted.

He looked at Mr. Peters sternly. He had ceased to be intimidated by the fiery little man and regarded him simply as a hypochondriac, who needed to be told a few useful facts.

"How do you expect not to have indigestion? You take no exercise and you smoke all day long."

The novel sensation of being criticized—and by a beardless youth at that—held Mr. Peters silent. He started convulsively, but he did not speak. Ashe, on his pet subject, became eloquent. In his opinion dyspeptics cumbered the earth. To his mind they had the choice between health and sickness, and they deliberately chose the latter.

"Your sort of man makes me angry. I know your type inside out. You overwork and shirk exercise, and let your temper run away with you, and smoke strong cigars on an empty stomach; and when you get indigestion as a natural result you look on *yourself* as a martyr, nourish a perpetual grouch, and make the lives of everybody you meet miserable. If you would put yourself in my hands for a month I would have you eating bricks and thriving on them. Up in the morning, Petersen Exercises, cold bath, a brisk rubdown, sharp walk ——"

"Who the devil asked your opinion, you impertinent young hound?" inquired Mr. Peters.

"Don't interrupt me—confound you!" shouted Ashe. "Now you have made me forget what I was going to say."

There was a tense silence. Then Mr. Peters began to speak:

"You—infernal—impudent ——"

"Don't talk to me like that!"

"I'll talk to you just how ——"

Ashe took a step toward the door.

"Very well, then," he said. "I quit! I'm through. You can get somebody else to do this job of yours for you."

The sudden sagging of Mr. Peters' jaw, the look of consternation that flashed on his face, told Ashe he had found the right weapon—that the game was in his hands. He continued with a feeling of confidence:

"If I had known what being your valet involved I wouldn't have undertaken the thing for a hundred thousand dollars. Just because you had some idiotic prejudice against letting me come down here as your secretary, which would have been the simple and obvious thing, I find myself in a position where at any moment I may be publicly rebuked by the butler and have the head stillroom maid looking at me as though I were something the cat had brought in."

His voice trembled with self-pity.

"Do you realize a fraction of the awful things you have let me in for? How on earth am I to remember whether I go in before the *chef* or after the third footman? I shan't have a peaceful minute while I'm in this place. I've got to sit and listen by the hour to a bore of a butler who seems to be a sort of walking hospital. I've got to steer my way though a complicated system of etiquette.

"And on top of all that you have the nerve, the insolence, to imagine that you can use me as a punching bag to work your bad temper off! You have the immortal rind to suppose that I will stand for being nagged and bullied by you whenever your suicidal way of living brings on an attack of indigestion! You have the supreme gall to fancy that you can talk as you please to me!

"Very well! I've had enough of it. I resign! If you want this scarab of yours recovered let somebody else do it. I've retired from business."

He took another step toward the door. A shaking hand clutched at his sleeve.

"My boy—my dear boy—be reasonable!"

Ashe was intoxicated with his own oratory. The sensation of bullyragging a genuine millionaire was new and exhilarating. He expanded his chest and spread his feet like a colossus.

"That's all very well," he said, coldly disentangling himself from the hand. "You can't get out of it like that. We have got to come to an understanding. The point is that if I am to be subjected to your—your senile malevolence every time you have a twinge of indigestion, no amount of money could pay me to stop on."

"My dear boy, it shall not occur again. I was hasty."

Mr. Peters, with agitated fingers, relit the stump of his cigar.

"Throw away that cigar!"

"My boy!"

"Throw it away! You say you were hasty. Of course you were hasty; and as long as you abuse your digestion you will go on being hasty. I want something better than apologies. If I am to stop here we must get to the root of things. You must put yourself in my hands as though I were your doctor. No more cigars. Every morning regular exercises."

"No, no!"

"Very well!"

"No; stop! Stop! What sort of exercises?"

"I'll show you to-morrow morning. Brisk walks."

"I hate walking."

"Cold baths."

"No, no!"

"Very well!"

"No; stop! A cold bath would kill me at my age."

"It would put new life into you. Do you consent to the cold baths? No? Very well!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"You promise?"

"Yes, yes!"

"All right, then."

The distant sound of the dinner gong floated in.

"We settled that just in time," said Ashe.

Mr. Peters regarded him fixedly.

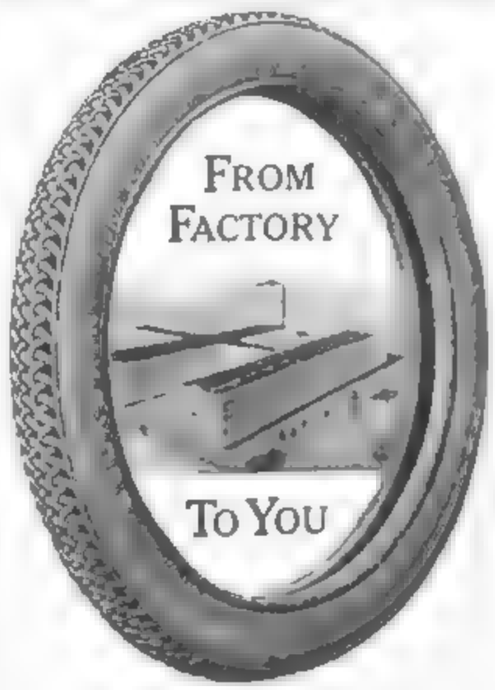
"Young man," he said slowly, "if, after all this, you fail to recover my Cheops for me I'll—I'll —— By George, I'll skin you!"

"Don't talk like that," said Ashe. "That's another thing you have got to remember. If my treatment is to be successful you must not let yourself think in that way. You must exercise self-control mentally. You must think beautiful thoughts."

"The idea of skinning you is a beautiful thought!" said Mr. Peters wistfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BUCKSKIN
PLAIN & NON-SKID
Guaranteed TIRES



Low In Price—High In Quality

Here is your chance to secure an absolutely guaranteed tire of tested quality at the lowest prices quoted in America. Note the following tables.

A FEW OF OUR MANY SIZES

SIZE	PLAIN		SIZE	PLAIN	NON-SKID	
30x3	$8 46	$9 40	34x4½	$ 17	$24 75	$
32x3½	10 [illegible]	12 [illegible]	36x4½	[illegible]	25 [illegible]	4 11
34x3½	12 47	13 [illegible]	32x4½	[illegible]	26 04	4 51
31x4	15 84	17 [illegible]	[illegible]	28 80	32 24	5 [illegible]
32x4	16 42	18 [illegible]	[illegible]	37 26	41 72	6 [illegible]

We are about [illegible] Buckskin Tires because we make an honest tire [illegible] and [illegible] I have Buckskin Tires on my car now that my chauffeur states have run 10,000 miles." [illegible] If you want [illegible] test of strength, etc.

4,000 Miles Guaranteed

Buckskin Tires are guaranteed to run 4,000 miles. If they don't a credit in full will be allowed immediately on the unexpired mileage and we'll pay expressage both ways. Could anything be fairer?

OUR TERMS: When cash accompanies order, we ship tires by prepaid express, subject to money-back guarantee if unsatisfactory. We also send shipments C. O. D. with privilege of examination. REFERENCES: Dun's, Bradstreet's, First National Bank of Canton, Ohio, or The Cummings Trust Company of Carrollton, Ohio. Give Buckskin Tires a trial.

THE L. & M. RUBBER COMPANY
Manufacturers of Rubber Goods Since 1904
Dept. M. Carrollton, Ohio
Eastern Distributing Office [illegible] Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Dimensions of The Great Ship: Length, 500 ft., [illegible] ft. [illegible] state rooms and parlors accommodating 1500 persons.

A Good Night's Rest Be It East Or West

Whether your trip takes you East or West—break its monotony. Get a night of refreshing rest on a veritable floating hotel with every convenience for comfort and enjoyment. The great ship "SEEANDBEE," the largest and most costly steamer on the inland waters of the world, and steamers "City of Erie" and "City of Buffalo."

Fare $3 Cleveland and Buffalo — Daily May 1st to Dec. 1st

Leave Cleveland—8:00 p. m. (Cen. Time)
Arrive Buffalo—7:30 a. m. (East. Time)
Leave Buffalo 9:00 p. m. (East. Time)
Arrive Cleveland—6:30 a. m. (Cen. Time)

Connections at Buffalo for Niagara Falls and all Eastern and Canadian points. At Cleveland for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Put Semble, Detroit, Toledo, Detroit and all points West. Round trip tickets reading between Cleveland and Buffalo accepted for transportation on all steamers. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C. & B. Line.

Send 5 cents for colored puzzle chart of the Great Ship

"SEEANDBEE"

Also ask for pictorial booklet (free).

The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Department R, Cleveland, Ohio

Put the GRAY & DAVIS STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEM on your FORD car

EQUIP your Ford car with the Gray & Davis system. Eliminate the drudgery of hand-cranking. Discard gas and oil illumination. With electric equipment, you sit in the driver's seat, press a pedal and the engine starts. Touch a button and the lamps are lighted. Think of the comfort! Consider the luxury of such an accessory!

Your Ford is one of the most serviceable cars. It will do everything an automobile should do. Yet, the Gray & Davis Starting-Lighting system adds *still greater service*, for it provides the necessary up-to-date conveniences found on high-priced cars.

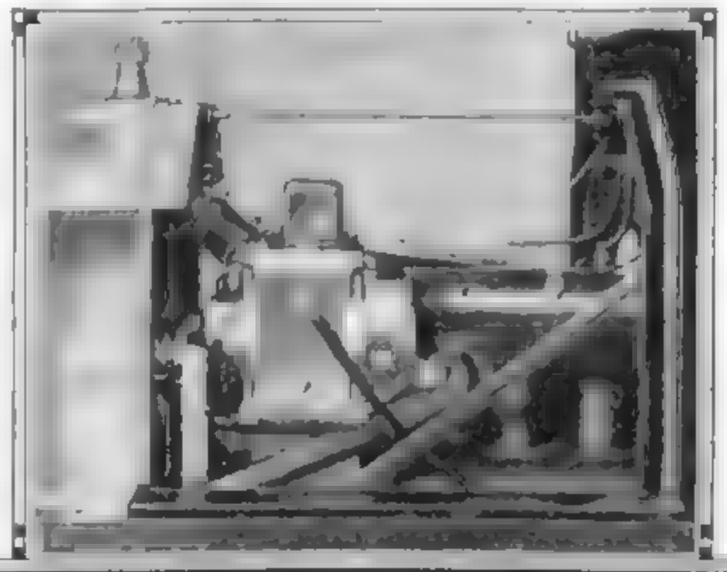
The system is readily attached to any new or used Model T. Any garage or machine shop can make the installation. Simple in design, high in quality, and neat in appearance. Immediate delivery if desired.

Gray & Davis are specialists in the production of electric equipment for automobiles. The system is backed by an immense organization. It is in no way an experiment, but a time-tested, reliable device in actual use on over 200,000 cars.

Get this system *now*, install it on your car, and enjoy the *real pleasures* of motoring. Send for our "Ford" catalog which gives full information.

How to Order

Any garage, dealer or supply house can order for you through one of our Distributers, listed below. Or, if you reside near a Distributer communicate with him and he will see that you are supplied. Price $75, f. o. b. Boston, including all necessary parts. At some points in the far west, there is a slight additional cost for transportation. If you have any difficulty, write us and we will arrange delivery.



Dealers: Your Attention!

There are many Ford owners in your vicinity who are interested in securing this equipment. Why not write us or our Distributer covering your territory? The Gray & Davis System for Ford cars has become one of the most attractive accessories on the market, and systems are being sold as fast as we can build them.

Here is an unusual opportunity to connect with an interesting proposition.

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

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Atlanta, Ga	Elyea-Austell Company
Baltimore, Md	Eastwick Motor Company
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CANADA, Windsor, Ont	The Universal Car Agency

Hupmobile
for
Nineteen Sixteen
$1085
FOB DETROIT

Sales Marching Far Ahead of Heavy Shipments

Two important developments followed closely the first showing of the 1916 Hupmobile:

All over America the "old guard" came flocking back to renew their allegiance.

Almost on their heels a new army of enthusiasts marched into Hupmobile stores.

Those of the first group needed no urging.

They know—50,000 and more—how good the Hupmobile is. They ride in it. They drive it.

These men appreciate, better than any perhaps, the full meaning of a Hupmobile at $1085. Hupmobile quality has been real and tangible to them for years.

In the second group are those who, inspired by the good they have heard of the car, have long looked forward to Hupmobile ownership.

To them the lowered price is simply the means to an end.

It brings them the Hupmobile—a greater measure of motor car luxury and quality and value than they thought possible for $1085.

So, almost in less time than it takes to tell it, the Hupmobile market has been doubled—as we were certain it would be.

When we tried to describe the new car in our announcement the first week in June, we told you that we had perfected our plans for a 50 per cent increase in production.

Shipments began on that basis on the day we promised they would begin.

But sales everywhere are marching far in advance of them.

The situation as you will find it in your city, and in every city, is, in itself, such a wonderful advertisement of Hupmobile value that it leaves little more to be said.

The new Hupmobile deserves its good fortune.

In point of past and proven worth, in point of present perfection, in point of size and beauty and luxury—we cannot find a car in the world comparable at the price.

The 1916 Hupmobile shows a distinct gain in quality over preceding models.

It has 20 per cent more power, quicker pick-up, stronger pull on hills and on heavy roads, and even more pronounced motor flexibility.

Gasoline, oil and tire mileage on a par with Hupmobile economy records, in spite of increased power.

Genuine high grade leather and hair upholstery, with deeper and more comfortable cushions. Open bodies completely lined.

Finish of depth and quality heretofore confined to the higher priced cars.

Famous Bijur electric starting and lighting system, especially designed and built for Hupmobile application; and exceptionally complete and high grade equipment.

The Hupmobile dealer will be glad to give you a delivery date as early as orders now in and his arrangements for factory shipments will permit.

Get in touch with him, for delay now means delay in getting your car.

Write for the new catalog, which illustrates and describes the entire Hupmobile line of seven beautiful body types.

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Five-passenger Touring Car, $1085 Roadster, $1085
Sedan, $1365 Limousine, $2365

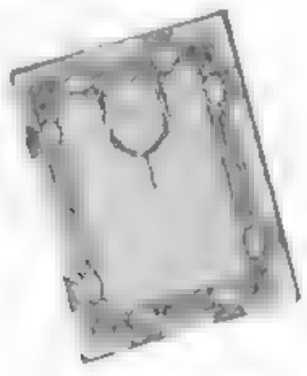
All-Year Touring Car, $1185 All-Year Coupé, $1165
Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1225

IT'S AN EASY (SD) thing to ensure the quality of your advertising matter:—

Write on your business letterhead for our new portfolio of specimen printed sheets of WARREN'S COATED PRINTING PAPERS.

Warren made the first coated paper in America, and LUSTRO represents the finest type of high-finish printing stock. Warren invented CAMEO, the wonderful dull-coated paper, which gave new beauty to engravings. It may be that CUMBERLAND or SILKOTE is just what you need.

The portfolio is valuable and suggestive to makers and users of printing.



S. D. WARREN & COMPANY
162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.
Constant excellence of product—the highest type of competition

Your State University

was built to educate boys and girls for success. But the expenses, though not great, may be keeping you from the college course you want.

The Educational Division of this Company meets that need. Thousands of young men and women have paid all the expenses of an education through its help.

During the coming summer months, hundreds of new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will be secured in every locality. To those who engage in this work, we are offering a scholarship or cash. If you want either, we want you.

Educational Division, Box 950
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

THE ALLY

(Continued from Page 7)

to keep this sort of thing rolling; but there was only one plan to follow and he went ahead with it. He drove to the hotel; got rid of the chauffeur, picked up his light luggage, a cap and greatcoat, and, driving the car himself, returned to the square before Notre Dame. It was wholly deserted and the house was dark. Major Lykoff thought the game was up and began to curse himself for a fool; but his disappointment was premature. In a moment two porters came out of a doorway with a trunk, and behind them was a dark little veiled figure.

The major smiled at the trunk. It was the oldest-fashioned one imaginable, covered with worn horsehide and an abundance of brass strips.

The porters put the trunk into the tonneau. The major flung them a few franc pieces and got down with the coat and cap. The girl slipped into the greatcoat and pulled the cap over her head. The major helped her up into the front seat beside him. Then he patted her on the shoulder.

"Good little girl!" he said. It was the caress of final possession.

As Major Lykoff said, there was no difficulty in getting out of Paris. Everywhere the French authorities were eager to show their appreciation of the Russian Expeditionary Force. The Grand Duke's aide could go anywhere he wished at any hour. He was bowed along, so to speak. Was he not the friend, the Ally, the guest of the French people? He could do no wrong!

Once on the great road beyond Paris he let the car out.

The major was perfectly content. There was some compensation in war after all.

Now that she had decided and set out, the girl, after the manner of women, was cheerful and inclined to talk.

Major Lykoff learned that she had been several years in London, in one of the great shops. There she had seen the Princess Neuva; in fact, she brought the Princess Neuva to Madame Bousset when she returned to Paris. Then she added:

"Is the Princess Neuva a relative, perhaps, monsieur?"

The major lied at once.

"Yes," he said, "a cousin, quite near; we are jolly good friends, you know." And he turned the conversation backward. "So you lived in London once, mademoiselle?" he went on. "London is an open house—anyone who likes comes. The city is full of Germans."

"Ah, yes, monsieur," she replied; "Paris and London are open to everybody. Everything that goes on in them must be known. Only the Germans, monsieur, are able to keep their secrets."

"Quite so!" the major commented, thinking of something else.

"Then, monsieur," she said with anxiety, "the Germans will know of the Russian Expeditionary Force you are bringing into France."

"Of course they will know," replied the major—"that is, that an Expeditionary Force is coming in; but a thing they won't know is that we intend to turn the German flank, and that we are putting in five hundred thousand men, instead of fifty thousand, to do it."

He went on, glad to divert her from the Princess Neuva; but she returned to that annoying subject.

"You must be very nice to your Russian women," she said. "I fear a Frenchman would not go to so much trouble for a cousin on his way to war."

"Oh," said the major, "we grew up together, you know." Then he turned about in the seat and patted her on the shoulder. "Besides, my dear, I should not have found you but for this lucky commission."

It was great restraint that held him from stopping the car and making love to the captive on the spot; but he had experience in these affairs.

However, it was a difficult stoop in order to conquer—the wet night, the silent road and the little armful of beauty under his fingers. He could feel the pressure of her soft shoulder now and then when the car lurched.

The car traveled north at great speed. Everywhere a French line was drawn Major Lykoff went through, as he had said, like a rocket. The Germans were hammering the center and there was desperate need of this Russian Expeditionary Force.

The retreat from Paris was merely a withdrawal into a strong position. Something

"I Work In Comfort"
David Belasco.

Speaking of his Robbins & Myers Electric Fan, David Belasco says: "I enjoy its breezes. It keeps the air in circulation. I work in comfort."

If you have spent fanless summers in your home or office, make a change now. Learn how truly comfortable you can be. Switch on the cool breezes from a Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Electric Fan. A new delight awaits you. Hot days will no longer distress you.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans

There are fans and fans; but the fans with 19 years' [illegible] back of them are Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans. They [illegible] and economy in buying. You can't go wrong when you ask for R & M Fans. Motor and wire [illegible] extras. For [illegible] Ceiling, desk, bracket or [illegible] Fans. You can get R & M Fans for $9 and up.

A Robbins & Myers 8-inch fan consumes less than half the current used by an ordinary electric light. Attached to any socket. No after trouble.

There is an interesting book by Elbert Hubbard [illegible]. Write us for it. It is free. We will send you the name of the nearest R & M dealer. And you never have to look far for a Robbins & Myers Fan. Our dealers are everywhere. That's another advantage in buying. Write for the book today.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO., Springfield, O.
BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Rochester, San Francisco.
Agencies in All Principal Cities

Remington UMC

A BOY'S insistent demand for a Remington-UMC Rifle more often than not is the outgrowth of his father's often-expressed preference for Remington-UMC.

Son is a chip of the old block and he can't help wanting his rifle to be like those that father talks about so highly—the *Remington-UMC*.

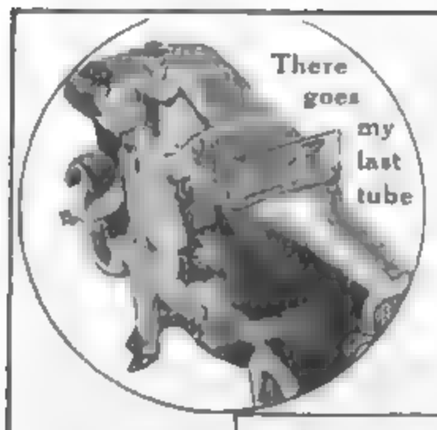
Whether you prefer a Slide-action Repeater or an Autoloading .22 Rifle—for yourself or for the boy—you will find sportsmen everywhere sharing your high regard for these two rifles.

As to ammunition—everybody knows the predominating position of Remington-UMC.

Look for the dealer who displays the Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC—*the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.*

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
Woolworth Building (233 Broadway) New York

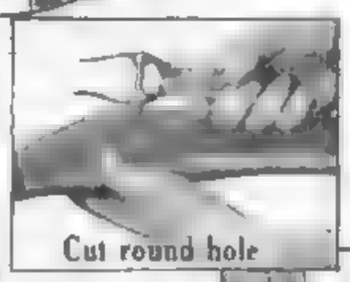
REMINGTON UMC



Repaired Forever in 1½ Minutes

You can repair any puncture or small blow-out in 1½ minutes after locating the puncture. The repair is permanent—the tube will never again leak at that point. The tube is not injured. The shoe is not affected, for, when inflated, the plug makes no "bump." No cement is used and no cleaning or scraping required. Anyone can put in a Sampson Plug, so simple is the operation. Results are absolutely guaranteed. With the tool, you make a round hole of puncture. Spread hole with tool to admit plug. Screw down plug; snap off end of bolt with thumb. The puncture is repaired forever.

Guarantee



NO— Cleaning Cement Patches Vulcanizing

SAMPSON Feather-Edge Innertube Plug

Most Supply Dealers and Garages sell Sampson Plugs. If you have any trouble in finding them, we will ship direct, prepaying carriage charges.

Money refunded at any time if you

3 Outfits

No. 1 Sampson Plug Outfit. Forged Steel Tool and 6 plugs of assorted sizes in carton—$1.50.

No. 2 Sampson Plug Outfit. Forged Steel Tool and 12 plugs in black enamel box—$2.50.

No. 3 Motorcycle Kit. Forged Steel Tool and 6 plugs in substantial wallet—$1.50.

Stevens & Co.
Established 1899
Manufacturers and Distributors to Wholesalers of Automobile, Motorcycle and Bicycle Supplies.
375 Broadway New York City

had to be done—some strategic move, some powerful unexpected thrust—if the German armies were to be cleared out of France. So, everywhere, wings were given to the Russian aide.

The night changed; the rain ceased; only a white mist rolled about, gathering from the fields. For the last hour Major Lykoff had given every energy to getting all speed out of the motor. Literally it raced over the road. Now, on the ascent of a hill south of Soissons, the girl reminded him of the farmhouse.

"It is at the summit, monsieur—a little road on the left."

He found it in a moment and turned out. Then, within half a mile, he entered a farmyard. It was paved with cobbleatones and inclosed with walls, as is the custom in France. The gate had fallen down and in the night the ancient farmhouse seemed deserted. Major Lykoff got that impression with a great sweep of the heart upward.

The girl jumped down and knocked on the door. The door opened; and a moment later the courtyard was full of German soldiers. They seemed to come out of the walls like rats.

Major Lykoff sat still, like a man changed by some sorcery into wood. The soldiers were opening the trunk in the tonneau and taking out the light steel frame of a portable wireless tower, such as the German army carries packed in a chest on the field.

The girl, standing in the glow of the motor lamps, was speaking to the officer in charge. She was saying that the Russian Expeditionary Force was five hundred thousand men instead of fifty thousand, and that it was going against the German flank instead of against the center.

In the glow of the lamps, her hair spun sun mist, she was a golden woman. And all at once, as though by a rift in the wall of darkness, he remembered how Maupassant's wonderful description of this type of beauty began:

"Sometimes there comes down from the Rhine a woman ——"

Nothing From Him

JUST before the beginning of a so-called championship boxing bout, which took place recently, the master of ceremonies announced that sixty per cent of the gate receipts would go to the defender of the title.

As soon as the first round started it became evident that the sixty per cent gladiator was desperately afraid of the challenger. He dodged and ducked and ran from mix-ups until the crowd grew personal in its remarks.

At this juncture a particularly indignant occupant of a cheap seat in the topmost tier of balcony chairs stood up and addressed the referee.

"Say," he bellowed, "as a favor to me, don't give that guy no part of my money."

Too Refined

A BIG and typical New York crowd attended a boxing meet at an East-Side athletic club not so very long ago. The preliminary goes proved fairly satisfactory, but the participants in the main bout of the evening developed simultaneous and mutual distaste for punishment. They shadow-boxed beautifully and they danced smartly about the ring, but for three rounds neither of them inflicted or sustained a really painful blow.

From his place in the gallery one patron finally arose.

"Who rehearsed this here sketch, anyway?" he inquired in loud and disgusted tones.

From the other side of the building an answer floated back.

"Vernon Castle."

Peace on Earth

HARRY GILBERT, the young American pianist, happened to be in a small Kentucky town one Christmas Eve. Passing the principal saloon he noticed a long, angular farmer with huge, knotty hands who marched angrily to and fro in front of the establishment.

Eventually the farmer lost patience altogether. He jerked open the swinging doors and called to some unseen person within:

"Ezra, my beloved son, you kin stay in that thar place and git drunk if you wanter, but I'm acertainly goin' to whale hell out of you when you come out."

A Million Corns Went Last Month

Last month, a million corns were ended in this easy, simple way. And every month a million more go like them.

To each corn was applied a little **Blue-jay** plaster. In every case the corn pain ended there.

Then the wax in the plaster—the B & B wax—gently freed the corn. In 48 hours nearly every corn came out, without any pain or trouble. A few stubborn corns required another plaster.

That's the story of some seventy million corns ended by this invention. It will be the story of your corns in 48 hours if you treat them in this scientific way. Your friends will testify to that.

If you don't do this, in all probability, those corns will stay for years.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Write today for free catalog

Beautiful—economical. SAVES IT'S PRICE IN COST OF ICE. Round metal body, snowy-white. No dirt-catching corners. Revolving shelves. Cork-insulated

White Frost Refrigerator Co. Dept. F 2, Jackson, Mich.

Red Head
[Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.]
"BIG BOY"

sales are climbing higher and higher because *Red Head* Spark Plugs make good our guarantee that *Red Heads* outlast the car. Made in all sizes to fit all motors. Ask your dealer or direct. $1.00.

Emil Grossmann Mfg. Co., Inc. Bush Terminal Model Factory 20, Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A.

All the Good 1916 Cars

should have as regular or special equipment the engine-driven tire pump that has behind it six years of leadership.

Engine Driven KELLOGG Tire Pump

For 1916 Cars, Kellogg Pumps are

Regular Equipment on
Franklin, Pierce-Arrow, Stewart, King, Premier, Velie, Lexington, Simplex

Special Equipment on
Buick, Flat, Mitchell, Chalmers, Hupp, Stearns, Chandler, King, Westcott

Thousands sold with attachments to Dealers for
Buick, Hudson, Dodge, Overland, Ford, Reo, and many others

The Perfect Pump with Perfect Attachments
"Guaranteed Not to Spray Oil with the Air"

Model 101 With Complete Attachments—$15
Special Dodge Outfit—$10. Special Ford Outfit—$9.50.

All Kellogg pumps are made with metal piston rings—

supplied with poppet valves, both intake and exhaust

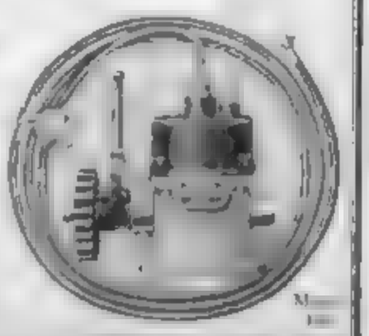
and heat the air), as well as other features which make for its superiority.

Attachments Designed for each Car Make Installations Easy—Without Machine Work
Stock Carried by Leading Distributors and Dealers Everywhere

Save time by sending us $15 with name and model of your car and your dealer's name. Satisfaction or money back. We protect our dealers.

Descriptive matter free. Give name of car and dealer.

KELLOGG MFG. CO., 10-24 CIRCLE ST., ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Tire Pump Specialists. No other business.



Start Your FORD From the Seat

This odd shaped wheel will start your Ford car, Maxwell 25, Saxon, Hupp 20 or Metz—every time

It is the exclusive feature of the

SANDBO Two Compression STARTER

is the starter that starts your motor in the logical

you can turn it by hand. The engine must start if

New price $14. Booklet mailed free. Agents and Dealers Wanted.

SANDBO STARTER COMPANY
29 Sandbo Building Rock Island, Ill.

Highest Quality at Lowest Price

A. H. HEISEY & CO.
DEPT. 87, NEWARK, OHIO

Sani-Flush Proves Out

Actual use of *Sani-Flush* for cleaning toilet bowls and *keeping* them clean is the best argument for it. It does its work quickly and well without dipping out the water. All discolorations disappear with the use of

Sani-Flush

Even the hidden trap is made clean. Don't think that because the bowl itself *looks* white it is in a sanitary condition. If the trap is foul, it gives off odors. Don't wait for stains to appear—prevent them with *Sani-Flush*. Not a general cleanser. Does only one thing and does it *well*. Patented—nothing is just like *Sani-Flush*.

Your grocer or druggist probably has *Sani-Flush*. If not, send us 25c for a full-size can, postpaid.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
168 Walnut St., Canton, Ohio

25c a can

The trap which Sani-Flush reaches, cleans, keeps clean.

Money back if Sani-Flush fails to do all we claim.

Ivory Garters Lessen Leg Sweating

THESE are the garters for hot-weather comfort. They are free of pads and are light as a silk sock, mighty cool and agreeable to your bare legs.

Ivory Garter clasps are non-rusting, non-corroding and sanitary—there's not a bit of metal on them. They can't tear your sock or scratch your leg.

This absence of armor makes Ivory Garters surprisingly comfortable. If they don't do just what we say, shoot them back and get your money—that's our guarantee.

Take our word for it—put up a quarter or fifty cents for Ivory Garters—at most haberdashery shops. If not at yours, send to us.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Dealers: Write for our unusual selling plan.
IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans

In *The Country Gentleman*

OUT TODAY

"We Want Good Roads!"
Peas in a Mountain Valley
The Submerged Tenant
Pigs in the Blue Grass
Fireproofing the Wood Lot
Putting Cherry Town on the Map
How Many Eggs in a Dozen?
The House on the Hill
The Place of the Rural Clubs

And a Score of Other Articles

FIVE CENTS THE COPY *$1.00 THE YEAR*

Automobile Advertising

"No tale of Aladdin's lamp is more marvelous—the full development of an industry from infancy to maturity in a decade; a decade in which merchandising methods went the full gamut of evolution. . . . Out of the troublous past is emerging a great and powerful industry, with its merchandising methods safely grounded on the solid rock of national advertising."

From report on Automobiles, by the Curtis Division of Commercial Research

This industry which, free from hampering tradition and precedent, seized so early upon national advertising as its chief support, also determined early upon THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as a chief pillar in that support.

Note the growth of the advertising of automobiles, parts and accessories in the POST, as shown in the tables which follow:

Total Advertising of Automobile Classification in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Year	Lines	Amount
1909	83,841	$ 298,668.46
1910	173,162	782,704.89
1911	218,855	1,218,428.11
1912	292,134	1,737,407.79
1913	316,843	2,099,495.10
1914	346,421	2,385,458.18

It is worth noting, in passing, that these sums for advertising in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, large as they are, represent only about one-half of one per cent of the retail sales of the industry.

A further analysis of the figures shows some interesting tendencies, as follows:

Growth in Number of Automobile Advertisers and Unit of Space in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
Number of advertisers, . . .	65	109	108	121	128	124
Number of advertisements,	274	420	517	678	628	763
Ave. unit of space (lines), .	306	412	423	431	505	454
Cost of ave. unit of space, . . .	$1,090	$1,863	$2,357	$2,563	$3,343	$3,126
Ave. investment per advertiser,	$4,595	$7,181	$11,282	$14,359	$16,402	$19,238

There has been a steady increase in the number of large space units used, which for the past three years has been as follows:

Number of Full Pages of Automobile Advertisements in the POST

1912	1913	1914
338	407	416

In 1912, 79% of the automobile advertising in the POST was in page or larger space.

In 1913, 87% of the automobile advertising was in page or larger space.

In 1914, 82% of the automobile advertising was in page or larger space.

There were in 1914 five automobile advertisers each of whom invested $100,000 or more in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST space. Never before had there been more than one.

* * *

These facts are important in their bearing upon the advertising plans of automobile manufacturers.

They are even more important, however, to other industries which have not as yet "run the full gamut" of merchandising evolution.

There are several great industries to which the same sort of development is possible if they will follow the same bold lines of attack.

Manufacturers in various lines may be interested in a 36-page booklet which we have just published, entitled "The Merchandising of Automobiles." A copy will be sent upon request.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Pair of
Good Socks, 15c

Oh, yes, it is quite possible. There is no reason why good socks should not be had for the price of a collar.

Invest three nickels in a pair of No. 1650 Ipswich Socks, and you will learn that this is true.

You also will learn that SOFT KNIT

№1650 IPSWICH 15¢ SOCKS Guaranteed

are surprisingly comfortable—easy and cushiony; also that this cushiony weave doesn't cut or break through as quickly as harsh, hard-knit socks—it yields and gives and wears long.

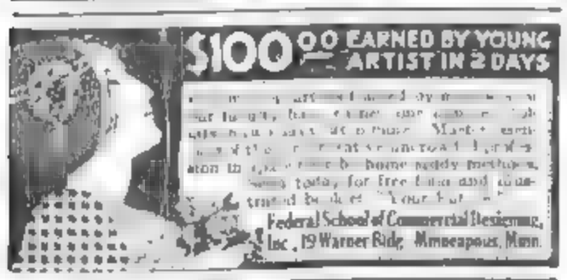
Good looking, too—made from the best of cotton, with absolutely fast dyes. But the "rubber-sole comfort" is what you will like best, unless it be the saving of half your sock bill.

If your dealer can't supply No. 1650 Ipswich Socks, send us 25c for two pairs or $1.50 for a dozen. State color and size, and name of dealer

We make annually 36,000,000 pairs for [illegible] and children

If Ipswich Socks fail to give good service, return them to us with name of dealer, and we will replace them or refund your money, as you prefer.

IPSWICH MILLS
Established 1822
23 River St., Ipswich, Mass.



POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE · SWEET · WHOLESOME

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

COLLEGE or JOB?

Let us help you to choose

IN the past twenty-five years the Educational Division has paid the college expenses of thousands of ambitious young students. Our arrangements with colleges all over the country enable us to offer scholarships for a comparatively small number of subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

A word of inquiry will bring you details of the plan which will help you through college. Address

Educational Division, Box 947
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE ALL-BRITISH OFFICER

(Continued from Page 15)

The training of an officer includes, besides specialization in his own branch of the service, a broad technical knowledge of the other branches with which he coöperates, first in maneuvers and later, perhaps, in the field.

The Indian officer is a professional soldier—technically and practically so. He has little outside income or he would not be a professional. His salary is larger, army examinations are harder and more frequent, and a considerable linguistic ability is necessary.

In the opinion of the Tommies their English officers are dead game sports. The "Tommies' Tales" are never about themselves or what they have been through, but invariably about the experience and bravery of their friends. There are many stories of the coolness of their officers under fire, and there are good grounds for them.

There is one thing, however, the British officer is afraid of—he is afraid of being afraid. New officers have been wounded while doing foolhardy tricks to prove to their commands that they were not afraid. Coolness can be affected, but not so frequently as we have seen it.

We have seen them walking out from the Field Ambulances, midway between the artillery and the infantry lines, to the communication trenches, where the fighting trenches are entered. At Ambulance One-Two-Nine the road had been shelled twenty minutes before, and so heavily that the ambulance wagons, bringing in the wounded from the "dressing points" along the line, were forced to leave the road and make a wide detour across a turnip field to avoid the shell holes. "Done by the map!" said one officer laconically.

Guineas or Guns?

They were walking out—two of them—smoking their brier pipes and beating the bushes along the roadside with their sticks, hoping to scare up some partridges and rabbits that had not been killed by the shells, perhaps with an air of "Ripping morning, isn't it?" Half of the time, as they went out, they were within rifle range of the German positions, though screened from observation by underbrush and young trees.

Governing is the first profession in England and fighting is the second. Great Britain has need of both just now. They have gone hand in hand so long that military efficiency has become an inborn quality of the British diplomat, and a diplomatic freeze has become one of the strong characteristics of the fighting man. The real man is successfully hidden beneath the tan of British civilization. Let no man judge the all-British officer until he learns that quietness is not stupidity, but efficiency; freeze is but diplomatic deception, which he learned in India, and the hunting-field vocabulary shows his country training.

At Sailly-sur-la-Lys an ambulance column, then attached to the Fourth British Army, running at night without lights—even without the customary oil side lights—was ditched by the side of the Estaires-Sailly road to allow the passage of a battery of field artillery. The third gun round the corner struck an uncharted stone and, with its carriage and horses, skidded into a deep mudhole. The off leader was badly tangled up in his traces and threatened to break a leg. Two of the battery officers immediately rode up, reined in their horses and highly fitting and apropos of the mishap, inquired:

"I say, have you seen Hardinge?"

"Oh, yes; he lost eight, you know."

"Eight guineas?"

"No; eight guns."

"Rarelly! And ware they the big ones?"

"No; the small ones."

"What extr'ord'n'ry luck for him! The Threes, then?"

"Yes; he's got a mention out of it for fighting them so long."

"Well, the lucky boy! I say, has he a new battery now?"

"Well, rather; all new and from England this week. It's new harness, all of it."

"Jolly good, that!"

Meantime the whole battery of eight guns had halted. A sergeant had dashed up on a great roan horse, dismounted and jumped into the thick of the trouble. The cursing he gave the men, who were assisting

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

JUST say, "Fishing!" and hear your little neighbors shout for joy.

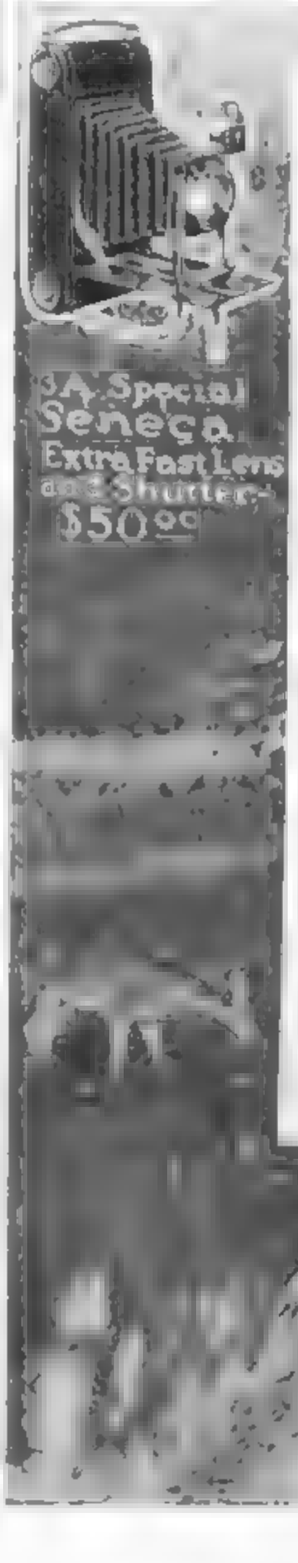
Fill the lunch basket good and full—they'll be hungry—plenty of sandwiches thick with their favorite spread—*Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.*

Everyone now-a-days values *delicacy of flavor*—the reason why in better-conducted households the selection naturally falls upon Beech-Nut.

Selected Spanish and Virginia Nuts, blended to a nicety, the acrid hearts *completely* removed—delicately roasted, lightly salted, crushed to the appetizing butter.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes in *vacuum-sealed* jars of three sizes—10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents (in the extreme West, a little more). Your grocer has it.

Makers of America's most famous Bacon—*Beech-Nut Bacon*
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.



Get Out Into The Woods With A Seneca

Renew health and happiness on a Seneca Hunting Trip. Girls and Boys, Mothers and Fathers thrill alike with the joy of pursuit and capture if they hunt with

Seneca CAMERAS

Built to produce fine results under trying conditions of light and shade and to work so quickly that the game seldom escapes. Get acquainted with the entire tribe, then select one that suits you—Seneca Scouts range in price from $2 to $6. Folding Scouts from $8 to $12. Roll Film Senecas from $10 to $50, according to size and equipment desired. Ask your dealer or send a postal for the

Free 1915 Handbook

It tells just the things you want to know about these simple, easy loading Senecas and contains many valuable aids for the amateur.

Druggists, Opticians, Jewelers and Stationers—we install wonderfully complete Camera Departments for $50. It will pay you to write today and see if there is an agency open in your town and secure our dealers proposition.

SENECA CAMERA MFG. CO.
263 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Have a Colt-Fortified Home!

Insure *your* home with a Colt Automatic and be assured that your family has instant responding protection. Automatic quickness and automatic safety are the advantages you get in a Colt Automatic. There's no pistol fear in the home that is Colt-fortified. Because with

The COLT Automatic

you must purposely *grip the grip* and pull the trigger to make it let go. It's automatically *locked when cocked;* that's why "you can't forget to make a Colt safe." While the Colt is secure against involuntary discharge, it is eye-quick in response, shoots like a flash, is perfectly balanced and never-failing in need.

The Colt costs more to make, but its price to you is no more than the ordinary pistol. Your nearest dealer in firearms is ready to show you the Colt *now.*

The Colt was adopted by the Army and Navy because of its "Marked superiority to any other known pistol."

Write for free Colt booklet, "How to Shoot," and catalog No. 85.

"The Colt Fires the First Shot First."

"You Can't Forget to Make a Colt Safe"

THE COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once
H. B. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON D. C.

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

A request for our free Booklet "M" carries with it no obligation to open an account. All we ask is the opportunity to explain why your savings should earn 4%—the rate paid by this bank since 1868—and why your money will be absolutely safe if sent by mail to this large, strong institution.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 50 CAPITAL & SURPLUS $2,500,000.00 MILLION DOLLARS.

Gauze weight with *good* wear

Here is the ideal summer sock. It's a cool gauze in leg, ankle and upper part of foot. But, unlike ordinary socks, the reinforcement of the toes extends farther back on top, and through the sole to a point well *above* the heel line of a low shoe, giving it double strength every place where there is "rubbing" or hard wear. (Note picture.) You who have worn ordinary gauze socks can realize what such *complete* reinforcement means in extra wear.

Iron Clad No. 599—only 25c

Beautifully mercerized—and it *stays* silky. Colors: Black, White, Heliotrope, Grey, Navy, Tan and Palm Beach. Sizes 9 to 11½. You should have a supply of this ideal sock now. If your dealer does not carry No. 599, we'll send to you direct, prepaid, postage to introduce it to you. Order today—stating sizes and colors wanted.

Our new catalog is pronounced by experts to be exceptional in design and beauty—shows IRON CLADS in colors—write for it today.

Cooper, Wells & Company
212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

Send for beautiful new free catalog

'Iron Clad'

with what looked like a hopeless wreck, was a preliminary necessary to teamwork. He racked them up and down, stung them to the certain degree of fury necessary to lift the heavy weight, and then carefully subdued them, with a flow of molten lava, into heaving together at the critical second. In four minutes and fifty seconds, flat, as I timed it by my wrist watch, the gun was on the road again and the horse was successfully untangled.

"Right-o!" was called along the line, and the column was off at a brisk trot under command of the noncommissioned officers.

The two officers were sitting their horses so close to my car that I did not dare start the motor and possibly frighten the horses into a runaway—a dangerous accident on a dark road choked with moving troops. Their talk had now reached "What a great thing this year's polo championship was for England!" and whether the ponies were not being bred a bit too low.

"By Jove! He's off!" cried the nearest; and they both galloped away to find their battery already near its position.

Could officers be more inefficient, inattentive and regardless of meeting emergencies? By no means. No; we are wrong. This is the best kind of leadership for British troops. These were officers and men of the old Expeditionary Force, where each man was a specialist.

"'Arry in th' mud'ole knows 'ow t' get th' smoker"—gun—"out!" He does it to perfection. And Squinty—battery observation officer—can figure the range with amazing accuracy and swiftness. An assumed unconcern regarding what can better be done by subordinates—an air of inattention and inefficiency, really the policy of "My hands off your work"—makes for real efficiency.

The name of one of the Royal Field Artillery officers we met at the mudhole has since appeared—for gallantry—in the gray booklet issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office, called: Naval and Military Dispatches Relating to Operations in the War, with List of Honors and Rewards Conferred. Crown Copyright Reserved.

Blissful Depravity

IN A BORDER Southern town lives an elderly negro carpenter who is locally distinguished for two things—his use of large words and his abiding fear of his wife, who is big, impressive and domineering. In this town a trio of young professional men keep bachelor quarters together.

Not so very long ago one of the three called the darky in to do some small repairing jobs about the apartment.

"Boss," inquired the old man, in the midst of his work, "does you white gen'l'mens live heah in total depravity of de feminine sex?"

"We do," was the answer.

From the bottom of his henpecked soul the old darky fetched up a long, deep, sincere sigh.

"Well, suh," he said, "ef I wuz ez you is, I should suttinly remain so."

Two for One

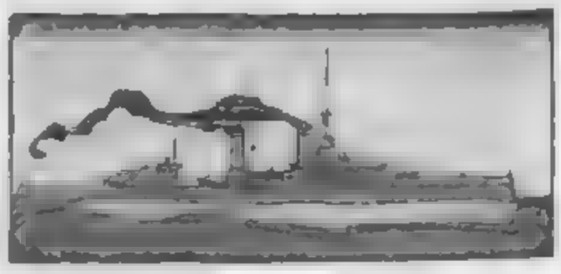
DURING the run of a play at the Cohan Theater in New York last winter a wobbly person teetered up to the box office one Saturday night when the place was packed and demanded a good seat.

"Nothing left except standing room," said the box-office man. "Sell you standing room for a dollar."

The wavering one produced a dollar and went inside. But so many general admissions were grouped at the rear that, over the intervening hedge of heads, he caught only vagrant glimpses of what went on upon the stage.

He foggily considered the situation for a spell. Then he rocked his weaving way back again to the box-office window and put a second dollar on the shelf.

"Gimme nozzir one of them standin' rooms," he ordered; "can't see the show at all if you only got one."



Make Your Pleasure Car A *Profit* Car

Manufacturers, merchants and tradesmen in almost every line are transforming their pleasure cars into Rapid Delivery Cars—merely by adding the Universal Auto Trailer. Thousands of users testify to its merits. Does not load motor or weight it down. Loads 1000 to 1500 pounds of fruit, groceries, trucks, vegetables, ice, sewing machines, printing supplies, lumber, meat, groceries, stoves, furniture, ice cream, pop, bread, wearing shoes—in fact, almost any commodity imaginable.

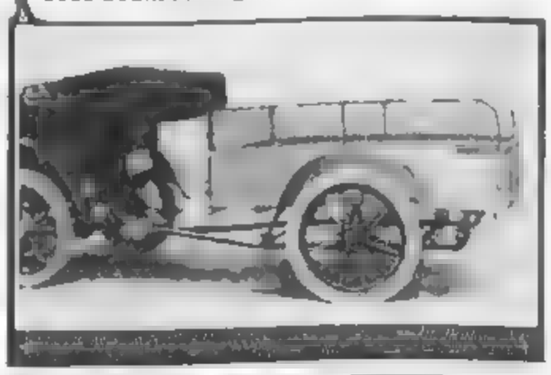
Universal Auto Trailer

Built like an automobile—auto springs, chassis, etc.,—pneumatic tires, solid rubber or iron. With or without Auto Top. Ingenious hitching device assures *perfect* trailing, regardless of roads. Turns short as any car. Best seller on the market. A proven success. A reasonable price.

A real *money maker* for any motorist. All that is wrong in coasting, backing or turning [illegible] and automobile owner knows regarding [illegible]

Dealers who want to handle one of the fastest selling automobile accessories ever designed should communicate with us at once—before all territory is [illegible]

Universal Trailer Company
Dept. A
1118 South Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.



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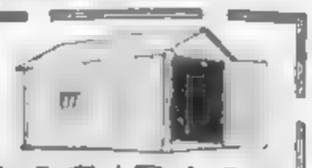

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Save one half of the construction cost of your garage build for yourself [illegible]

THE McCLURE COMPANY, The Large Silo Mfrs.
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Your Telephone Should Pay You a Profit

IF you have a telephone in your home, and a little determination and ambition in your brain, you can add the three together and make all the extra money you need.

This statement is substantiated by the experience of Miss Louise Hamilton, of Illinois. Her duties as housekeeper for her father limit the amount of her spare time. Consequently, she is very largely dependent on the telephone for building up her Curtis subscription business and retaining old customers of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* Can it be done? Listen to Miss Hamilton's clear-cut statement of facts:

"I go after most of my renewals by telephone, and get about 95% of them. I averaged six new subscriptions a day during my first six days' work. The work is not only easy, but decidedly profitable."

If you have a telephone and could use a few extra dollars each week, ask for particulars of our commission and salary plan.

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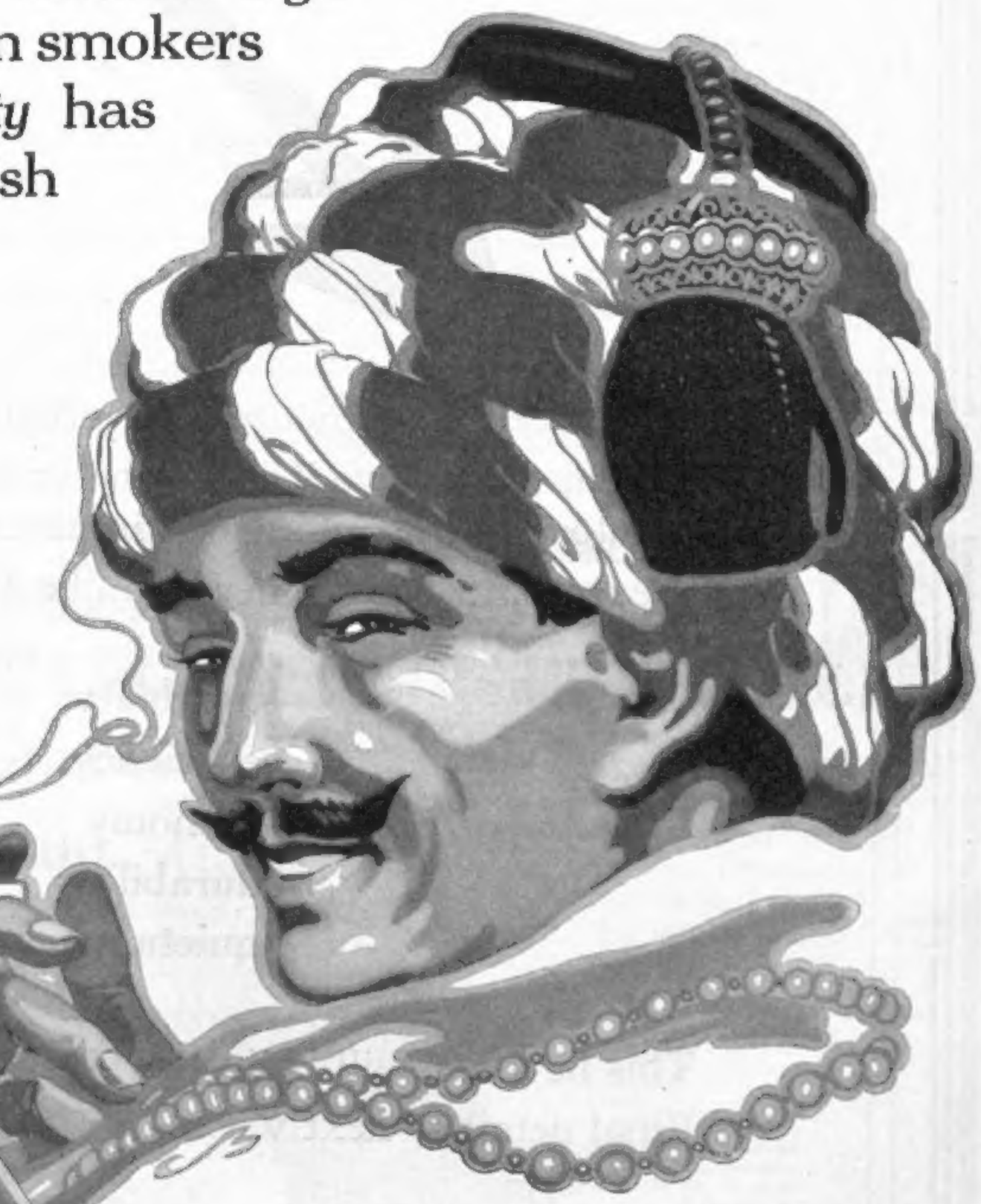
The New York World, August 23, 1914, quotes the New York Medical Journal as stating: "In Europe, where a good deal of logical thinking still prevails, there is probably not one smoker of distinction in any walk of life who does not include the cigarette in his nicotine armamentarium."

MECCA is the favorite cigarette of millions of American smokers in all walks of life. *Quality* has made this wonderful Turkish blend of MECCA the first choice of the nation—has made MECCA the largest selling brand in America today. If *you* would prove that quality—make comparisons.



In the handy slide box, 10 for **5c** In the oval foil package, 20 for **10c**

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

To Those Who Have About $1000 To Invest In An Automobile

Next week we announce our greatest achievement.

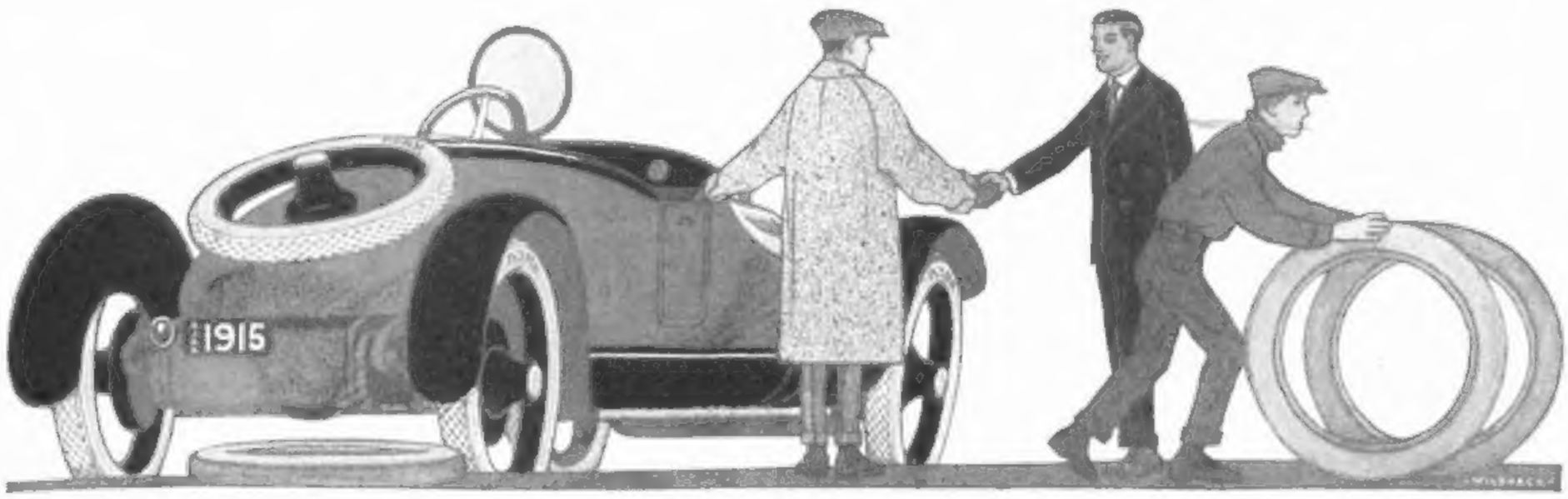
In fact, we believe it to be the greatest accomplishment in the history of the automobile industry.

We will introduce a new standard of

—flexibility
—efficiency
—economy
—durability
—quietness

This new car will be in the $1000 class.
Final details—next week!

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



On his way—rejoicing!

Off again—on again—gone again, rejoicing in a splendid new equipment of Ajax Tires, carrying the maker's *written guarantee* of 5000 miles. This young man takes leave for the friendly open road, secure in the thought that his Ajax Tires have more mileage capacity, more reserve strength and are of higher *in-built* quality; and knowing, too, that his tire investment is protected by the Ajax written warranty.

For ten years Ajax Tires have been raising the standard of tire quality, as our tire making knowledge became more and more efficient through skill.

Keeping pace with this advancement in the art has been the motoring public's appreciation, for more and more Ajax Tires are built in each year, and for four years the Ajax factories in Trenton, N. J., have operated continuously 24 hours a day (Sundays alone excepted) in three shifts; yet the demand has always exceeded the supply.

The higher quality of Ajax Tires has come from a steadfast determination to make better tires, and to justify the confidence we have in the tires we build. This confidence is expressed in the Ajax *written guarantee* of 5000 miles, an obligation of tire quality which we voluntarily assumed. Every Ajax Tire ever built has been so guaranteed.

Opportunity is given us to exercise a fine discrimination in the choice of crude rubber and of long staple Sea Island yarn fabric. Most important, perhaps, is the regularity of Ajax factory operation, the even, well-ordered routine of continuous tire making, which is only possible when there is appreciative and never flagging demand.

So the Ajax circle of users grows, until now there is an irresistible enthusiasm for Ajax Tires. Their higher quality is championed by experienced motorists who know that they obtain, in Ajax Tires, more miles for the price they pay, and thus realize real tire economy.

You Should Use Ajax Tires

Why be satisfied with less mileage than Ajax Tires give? Why look forward to 3500 miles of tire life when Ajax Tires are *guaranteed in writing* for 5000 miles?

If you are undecided about tires, if your experience has been unfortunate, know that there is a better day; that there are Ajax Tires, and that your important investment is protected by the Ajax *written guarantee* of 5000 miles!

AJAX TIRES

Guaranteed
in writing
5000 Miles

"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

Decide Now to Try Ajax

Investigate! Look deep into the subject of tires. Act upon your present strong impulse. Decide today to try Ajax Tires on your car.

Let your next tire purchase be an Ajax casing and Ajax Superb red and gray tubes. The makers of Ajax Tires build into their product quality that justifies the guarantee. There is an Ajax dealer close by to serve you. Write for "The Story of Ajax Tires."

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

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Cleveland, 18th & Euclid Aves.
Dallas, 2117 Commerce St.
Denver, 1518 Broadway
Des Moines, 909 Locust St.
Detroit, 507 Woodward Ave.
Indianapolis, 423 No. Capitol Ave.
Kansas City, Mo., 1730 Grand Ave.
Los Angeles, 1229 So. Olive St.
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